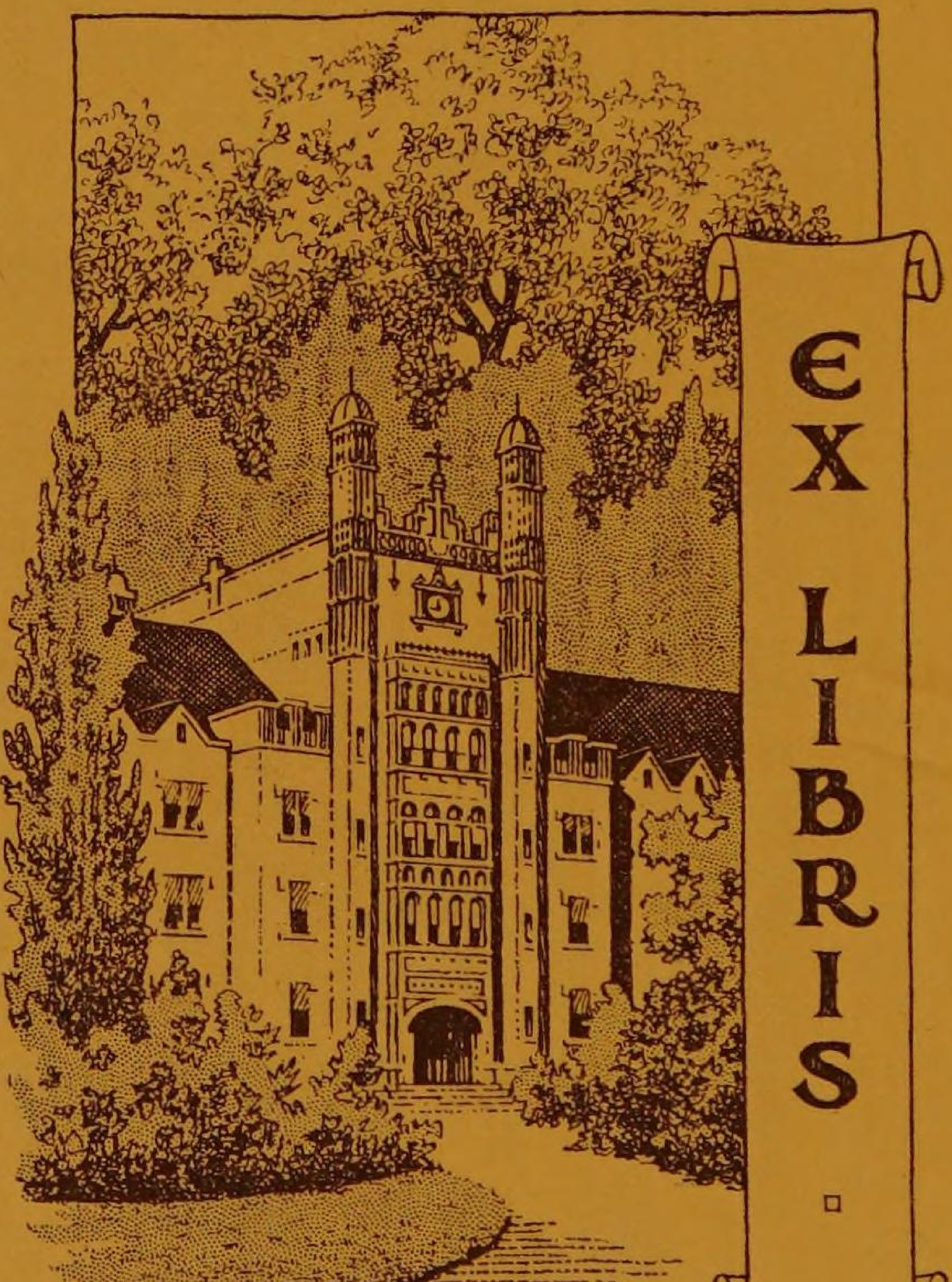
Father Coughlin's Radio Sermons Complete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FATHER CHAS. E. COUGHLIN'S RADIO SERMONS

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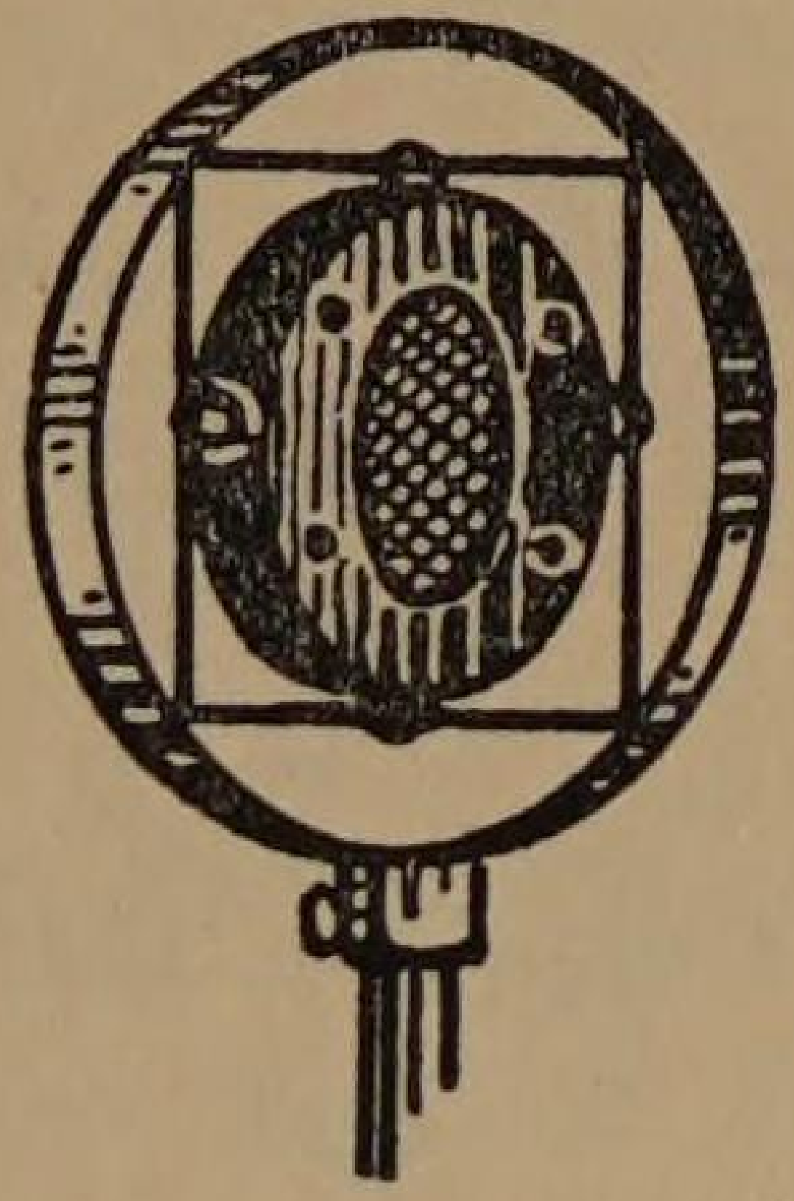
FATHER COUGHLIN'S
RADIO SERMONS

OCTOBER, 1930--APRIL, 1931
COMPLETE



Published By
KNOX AND O'LEARY
102 So. Frederick Street,
Baltimore, Maryland.

Nihil Obstat

Rt. Rev. M. J. Grupa, D.D., LL.D.
Censor Librorum.

Imprimatur

Rt. Rev. M. J. Gallagher, D.D.
✠Bishop of Detroit.

Detroit, Mich., June, 1931.

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DEDICATION

These discourses which were broadcast from the Shrine of the Little Flower during the autumn and winter of nineteen-hundred-thirty and the spring of nineteen-hundred-thirty-one are humbly dedicated to the Man of Sorrows and to His many brothers and sisters for whom He died.

May He Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life guide our nation by the lamp of His faith to a happy solution of its many difficulties!

FATHER CHAS. E. COUGHLIN.

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PREFACE

The winter of 1930 and 1931 was a stirring time for our world. The lean wolf of Hunger that we thought dead under the wheels of our modern progress came back from his hiding place, all the more fearsome because we were soft and unready to face him. Our feeble prattle about the abolition of poverty was blown away by the cold wind of merciless events. We discovered anew that there is no substitute for work. The house of our fancied security wavered and sagged and almost fell in upon us.

Then there came proof that science had not abolished religion. A simple smalltown priest came to us with a message. He preached God to us and his voice was heard by millions through the scientific marvel of the radio. This mechanical triumph of the material mind became the vehicle for such a golden tongue as we have not heard since Peter the Hermit preached the First Crusade and opened the spillways of that flood that washed away fuedalism and bore the ship of human freedom to its first safe landing.

This priest had no host of skilled press agents to win the attention of the public. Hardly a newspaper admitted his existence; many omitted mention of his broadcasts from their daily radio programs. At first, only a chance few heard him—but those who heard took their amazement to others. Every Sunday night more and more were added to his audience until nearly half the people of the United States listened and pondered—and listened again.

He told us why we suffered and he gave us hope that brighter days are coming. He spoke of the problems of the common man and in the common tongue. He demanded the human rights that are being denied to too many of us—and yet he preached no crusade against property. He asked only that the world be made a better place to live in—and he asked that in the name of the God so many of us have forgotten. Every sentence that flowed from his lips drew its inspiration from the great doctrine of a great man—the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII on the rights of labor.

The Golden Hour of the Little Flower became the most popular feature in the short but vivid history of radio. Father Charles E. Coughlin's name became the most widely discussed name in America. Protestants and Jews and those of no religion listened, waiting for the disclosure that this was "more propaganda" to win converts for the Roman Catholic Church, waiting for the fly in the ointment, the trick behind the scenes. As they listened, they forgot their unworthy suspicions and themselves became believers in the message of this man from the little country church.

Father Coughlin has preached God. He has told the truth—and because the truth is mighty and shall prevail, he has been heard and believed by millions.

Many questions have been asked about Father Coughlin—and, no doubt, have been answered in countless instances by people who had no knowledge of the facts. The story of this man and his work is a simple one—most great accomplishments are very simple—and a story which could happen in no other country but our own.

Father Charles E. Coughlin is not quite forty years old. He is the pastor of a little shingled Catholic Church at Royal Oak, a suburb of Detroit, Michigan. His parish contains some sixty-four families, most of them poor in these days of depression.

Father Coughlin began broadcasting from his church four years ago, speaking over a single Detroit radio station. Three years ago he again spoke over the same station during the winter months. Two years ago he added stations in Cincinnati and Chicago to his Detroit facilities and last year he increased his outlet to fifteen stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

This last season of 1930 and 1931 was his first appearance before a national audience. What happened is your own experience multiplied by many millions.

The Golden Hour of the Little Flower, in which Father Coughlin spoke, is not endowed financially. The radio time used is purchased and paid for at the full commercial rates. The money to pay for the radio time and for the larger expense involved in answering the great volume of mail received is all borne by voluntary contributions from the listeners. These contributions are never solicited over the radio and no canvassers are authorized to solicit them in person. They come entirely as freewill offerings.

The recent season closed with a deficit of many thousands of dollars. A great sum of money was received, but a greater sum was expended. The values contributed to American life cannot be expressed in terms of money.

The pages of this volume contain the most vivid and compelling discussions of modern life that have ever been put into words. They link our crowded streets with the road to Calvary, they scourge the oppressors of our own poor with the same whip that drove the money-changers from the Temple.

This is the book every American should read.

PROLOGUE

During the past four years it has been the privilege of The Shrine of the Little Flower to conduct a regular Sunday broadcast.

Beginning in a humble manner these services enjoyed the facilities of but one radio station. Last year two other stations were added to the local Detroit outlet.

During all that time it has been our endeavor to be charitable in whatsoever remarks were made; for without charity on our part, it would be preposterous to seek your attention. Thus, remembering that you, our old friends, and you who comprise our new audience, are receiving us as a guest in your homes during this Golden Hour of the Little Flower, it is to be hoped that throughout this entire season at this same hour we shall always feel as if we are welcome guests and not intruding strangers.

Although this hour is primarily dedicated to an exposition of Catholic Doctrine and of Christian morality, we have at no time been remiss in discussing both the evils and remedies of such topics as Communism-Socialism, which, like a red serpent, is slowly insinuating itself into the folds of our national life. This last year we were happy to assist in our own way in pointing out the nature of Communism, which has been officially condemned by our Church because it is both immoral and unpatriotic. Its internationalism and pacifism strike at the root of our Constitution and American civilization. Its ambition, in the words of its great exponent, "is bent upon tearing God from His false throne." Its theory of economics will not be satisfied until it will have constructed a massive prison whose walls are both the Gulf and the Great Lakes, the Atlantic and the Pacific—and we, the free citizens of that new Siberia, shall become slaves, disfranchised of our vote, dispossessed of our property, despoiled of our religion and destitute of our families.

In the face of the recent German election; of the turmoil both in China, India, and elsewhere; of the underselling and dumping of wheat *into countries whose granaries are already choking with last year's crop, it is only a superficial observer who believes that this thing called "Communism" is making no progress throughout the world—a progress that is as silent and stealthy as is the advance of any other deadly serpent.*

Naturally and logically, certain causes have contributed in bringing this enemy within our gates. Naturally and logically, the simplest and most certain method of engaging in successful combat with this pernicious evil is to remove the cancerous cause of its growth.

Thus, my friends, under the patronage of the Little Flower, Ste. Therese of Lisieux, whose great desire it was to become a missionary of Jesus Christ, and through the financial assistance of just a few hundred ordinary citizens of our country's middle class, we have gladly purchased the facilities of the Columbia Broadcasting System to discuss those Christian principles which are the only efficient weapons of policy and of practice that can guarantee the continuance of our nation and the eternal happiness of those of its citizens who are willing to adopt the Gospel of the Crucified Christ.

Ordinarily, this Golden Hour of the Little Flower will be divided into song and sermon and Thought for the week.

FATHER CHAS. E. COUGHLIN.

CHAPTER I

CHARITY—THE POLICY OF CHRIST

THE FAILURE OF THE PAST

There is scarcely a person who does not recognize the quotation from the ancient Scriptures: "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

I make mention of this merely to use it as a point which will serve to crystallize the statement that in ancient times the great social law of justice was held to be the foundation upon which the structure of civilization was built.

There are many angles to this virtue of justice. One of them is to let each man have what is due him. Another one which is commonly represented to us by the balanced scales of the blind goddess prescribes that there should be a "quid pro quo"; an eye for an eye; an equal giving for an equal getting.

Without digressing further into the nature of justice, I wish to repeat that this virtue was the basis upon which was built all civilization before the time of Christ. Justice was the foundation upon which was constructed the culture of Athens and the commerce of Carthage. Justice was the spirit which inspired the legal statutes of the Roman Senate and of the Jewish Sanhedrin.

The most unique thing about all these civilizations is not that each in turn predominated the known world. Rather, it is that each in turn withered and practically disappeared. Their proud flags long since have been furled in the tomb of time and covered with the dust of forgetfulness.

The great anti-climax evidently has passed unobserved by the builders of other empires. But in the face of this constantly repeating historic fact, is it illogical to conclude that any civilization whose systems of jurisprudence and education, of religion, industry, and commerce which build solely upon the foundation of justice as did these of the ancients cannot endure?

CHRIST'S CONTRIBUTION

With the coming of Jesus Christ into this world the ancient theories, both of good government and of lasting civilization, were radically altered. Not that Christ came to destroy. His mission was to perfect. Not that He was a radical Who advocated the abandonment of a necessary virtue without which no civilization could endure. He came to preach a more perfect doctrine which was designed to fill out the shortcomings, to sustain the foundations, and to supplement the strength of justice.

This doctrine which is known amongst Christians as charity is Christ's greatest contribution to the spiritual and intellectual advancement of the world.

CHARITY NOT ACCEPTED

After twenty centuries have elasped since the founding of Christianity we are forced to admit that a great percentage of so-called Christians and Christian nations while clinging on Sunday to the teachings of Christ on this subject of charity, are anxious on Monday to disregard it. In practice the greater portion of the world refuses to accept Christ's interpretation of this basic virtue because it appears to conflict too keenly with the law of self-preservation, with personal advancement and individual greed. In its stead we discover that the ancient philosophy of individualism, of unrelenting justice still holds sway especially in the industrial life of the world.

In vain has Christ preached that our fellowman is actually our brother. In vain has He insisted that we shall love this brother as ourselves.

Both in the parable of the Good Samaritan and in the mandate of loving our brother as we do ourselves, Christ has condemned the excessive individualism of justice so conceived by the pagan—a concept that was born in a murderer's heart as his hand dripped with the blood of his brother and his lips snarled to God the barbaric sarcasm: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

I am not quite so concerned this evening in outlining the history of the early Christian Church which actually attempted with no small degree of success the practice of Christ's charity in its political and industrial life. I am rather concerned with the modern attempt to substitute for charity a new science called political economy which, in many quarters, is considered to be the practical application of justice taken in a broad sense for our political and industrial relations.

It is not long since the so-called age of reason dawned upon us. With its coming we witnessed the stupendous development of the material world. New continents were explored. The spinning-jenny gave way to the loom. The coach and four were supplanted by the locomotive. Graham Bell with his telephone; Marconi with his radio, have rendered obsolete slower means of communication. The mass production factory with its robot machinery has multiplied the necessities and the luxuries of life beyond the most fantastic dreams of our forebears. Meanwhile Christian faith and Grecian myth have become terms which are dangerously synonymous.

Today the well read political economist who is sincerely interested in the further development of his country, of its laws, of its industry, not only marshals figures and costs, demands and supplies, but is interested also in every supplemental science: medicine, whereby the citizens of a nation can be kept healthy; engineering, by which our railroads can be constructed and our factories distributed; navigation, by which our Lusitanias and our submarines can conquer the sea and make safe its tempestuous paths for commerce; aeronautics, by which we can achieve dominion with our zeppelins and aeroplanes over the uncharted channels of ethereal distances; pedagogy for the education of the younger generation. Whatever tends towards the production of wealth, either directly or indirectly, has fallen within the scope of the political economist.

Meanwhile we have watched decay the various systems of government and of policy. England has become a mock monarchy. Russia, with one chaotic spasm, has leaped from czaristic tyranny to red communism. The modern world has clung steadfastly, nevertheless, to its determination of treating Christ and His policy as a piece of impractical poetry having no reasonableness within either the mind of its Deviser or in the sanity of its practice.

While modern industrialists still proclaim the name of Christ; still dress their language in phrases coined by His own sacred lips, they reject Him and His policy because He appears to be a detriment to good business.

When I use the term "industrialist," I refer both to employer and employe, who, for the most part, are equally to blame in this new trial of Christ, as in common they raise their voice in chorus in the ancient blasphemy of: "Give us Barrabas! Crucify Christ!"

As a concrete example of this modern betrayal we can turn to our census report. According to its figures there were approximately 63% of our citizens who were honest enough to admit that they had no affiliation with any church whatsoever. God knows the number who evaded giving the correct answer in the negative, perhaps through shame!

THE AWAKENING

Although within the short span of one hundred fifty years our nation has evolved from a wilderness infested with hostile animals and unfriendly Indians, into the most powerful unit of civilization within all the world—and this chiefly through the policies advocated by our practical political economists—nevertheless, there are those who are beginning to question the continuance and permanence of our prosperity.

About sixteen years ago the first shock of disappointment came thundering upon those of us who believed in the efficacy of our modern, Christless, reign of reason. We lived through a war more savage and destructive than ever befell the nations of medieval or barbaric times. We survived through days and years when international law was thrown into the scrap heap. We began to catch a glimpse of our new god of political economy with his feet of clay and his traitorous heart.

It was a war to end wars. But instead of having made the world safe for democracy through the instrumentality of that figment known as the League of Nations, we encounter the results of our mad materialism as they appear under the forms of revolution and the spectres of anarchy.

Behold the spectacle! Russia boasts of the largest conscripted army that ever has threatened the peace of the world; one-hundred-fifty million population. China almost hopelessly lost to the anarchy of the communists; India determined in its revolution—over seven-hundred-fifty-million population. The great German nation seriously threatened with a radical upheaval. The exchequers of England, France, and Italy are spending approximately six million dollars a day for military preparations. In our own country, with its lakes and rivers teeming with fish; its mines heavy with minerals; its granaries and freighters choking with wheat; its banks teeming with money, there are approximately five million unemployed men walking aimlessly through the streets of our cities and the by-paths of our countrysides, seeking not doles but labor. Man's noble experiment to make worthwhile progress without Jesus Christ is worthy of your consideration, as is also the text of the inspired King David: "Unless the Lord buildeth a house, in vain do they labor who attempteth to build it."

CHARITY EXPLAINED

My purpose in addressing you this evening, my friends is not to be hypercritical touching merely upon the negative side of things. I consider it rather a privilege to discuss for you in brief the forgotten law of Christ's charity.

There is no one so senseless and unintelligent as to charge that the American people do not spend considerable money in building orphanages, poor houses, hospitals and schools for the unfortunates of our country. The existence of these institutions is a concrete proof for our great American philanthropy.

I am citing this simply to insist as a Christian and as a Roman Catholic that these gestures of almsgiving, be they public or private, in themselves do not constitute charity.

The public mind is oftentimes deceived by false definitions of this virtue. We find ourselves occasionally identifying it, to use the Scriptural phrase, with giving our goods to feed the poor or our bodies to be burned. These are laudable things in themselves. But they do not constitute charity. Paradoxically as it may sound, the poor man must extend charity to the rich man as well as the rich man must bestow this same virtue upon the laborer. At the same time this same virtue must be possessed by both the poor and the rich. It is a two-sided coin: upon its face there is a giving side; upon its reverse there is the having side. You must give it and still you must have it. It must not be identified merely with hospitals, with doles, with soup kitchens and other physical materialities. In his thirteenth chapter to the Corinthians St. Paul is most explicit in telling us that if he should give all his goods to feed the poor and have not charity, he is nothing. Thus, according to the Sacred Scriptures there is no logic on the part of any Christian who defines charity by the synonym of almsgiving.

If I were asked to translate this borrowed word of charity into a simpler word I would use the one single term of love. Charity is love. First of all, it is loving our God with our whole heart, with our whole mind, with our whole strength. It dares not compromise His principles. It is loving our neighbor as ourselves. Not less than ourselves. The man who would possess real Christian charity must acquire a new concept of his fellowman. He must regard him not merely as a piece of flesh and blood born either to be a slave or a master, a competitor or a protector. He looks beneath the accidental conditions of wealth, of social prestige, of nationality, and catches a glimpse of a real brother. He is closer in one sense to his fellowman than he is to a brother of his flesh for the simple reason that Jesus Christ, the Elder Member of our family, died for all of us without exception and introduced all of us into His common brotherhood by which we can cry: "Abba, Father," to Him Who created us.

Behold, the maid servant in your kitchen is your sister, the denizen of the dope house, the panderer of a brothel for whom Christ also died, the laborer in your factory is your brother and not your economically-termed employe. Your attitude towards these persons must be no whit different than were each one a Jesus Christ standing over the lathe where stands the laborer.

I use the word "brother" not in the sleek, commercial sense as it is employed in lodge rooms. I use it in the sense even superior to that for which the word originally was coined when it refers to the brother fathered by the same sire and born of the same womb in which we were conceived.

The Christian concept of charity demands this. We must accept the instruction of our Divine Redeemer that "whatsoever we do unto the least of His little ones we do unto Him."

ST. PAUL ON CHARITY

Ladies and gentlemen, this is not poetry. It is the basic law of Christianity denied by neither Catholic nor Protestant, but rejected more or less by the modern business and industrial world about us.

There are man-made theories which plan our social relations one to the other. One emphasizes the master and servant idea. Another proclaims to us that there is an eternal conflict between the laborer and the capitalist. Then there are those in our midst who preach to us a doctrine of Marx and of Lenin with all its bloodshed, its hate, its greed. And finally there is that omnipresent political economist who persists in putting the cart before the horse as he prates to us of methods and means to acquire wealth and prosperity by following the worn-out doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But there is only one divine policy which transcends every human thought upon the subject of social relations. It is the one conceived by Jesus Christ on the hillsides of Judea and repeated by Him from the pulpit of His cross.

Pause a moment as upon the screen of your imagination there flashes the scene of the Crucifixion! Our Saviour is surrounded by a jeering crowd. His head is encircled with the regal crown of thorns. His body is arrayed with the royal purple of a thousand stripes. His hands and feet are bejewelled with the blunt nails.

With a last effort He raises His head and whispers: "Mother, behold thy son!"

Could He have said more to us with His last breath? Could He have been plainer in identifying His own brotherhood with John, our representative, who knelt at the foot of that bloody throne?

Still withal, the world rolls on preferring the Roman policy of cowardly justice which crucified Christ rather than the heroic charity which His divine lips pronounced. How long, oh God, shall we continue to re-echo that ancient blasphemy of: "Give us Barrabas! Away with Christ!"

Our America has prospered beyond every dream in its rapid advance towards the peak of material prosperity. But unless all history of the past has been written in vain in its effort to teach us; unless the universal spirit of discontent which broods dangerously over the entire world cannot make us pause, we need never expect to bring about a lasting settlement of the social questions which vex us. Christ was serious when He exclaimed: "Without Me you can do nothing."

I appreciate that we have been like little children concerned more with what we shall wear and wherewith we shall be clothed. Hitherto we have taken our philosophy and many of our customs without pausing to weigh there validity.

But today we find America grown into manhood, fully franchised to think for itself, fully capable of choosing to follow in the footsteps of Him Who is the way to happiness, the unfailing truth and the constant light whose golden dawn shall lead us out of night into the daytime of happiness.

Now that evening has come and sober thoughts remain. I invite you to open your Scriptures at the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's first letter to the Corinthians. Pause and ponder upon that most beautiful passage as you read the inspired words:

"If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And if I should have prophecy and should know all mysteries, and all knowledge, and if I should have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

"And if I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor, and if I should deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

"Charity is patient, is kind: charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely; is not puffed up, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

"Charity never falleth away: whether prophecies shall be made void, or tongues shall cease, or knowledge shall be destroyed. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.

"When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child. But, when I became a man I put away the things of a child.

"We see now through a glass in a dark manner; but then face to face. Now I know in part; but then I shall know even as I am known.

"And now there remain faith, hope, and charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity."

A THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

"SHUT-INS"

Before wishing you good-night, may I leave with you a thought for the week.

Depressing in one sense you might think it. Golden and joyous when you discover the beauty within it.

Were you gifted with the wings of fancy, I would ask you to come with me to the hundreds of hospitals scattered throughout our great nation. Each is a Calvary. Each bed is a cross where suffers in pain and in anguish some brother or sister of Jesus Christ.

Or else, journey with me as we pass by the cold, gray walls of our poor houses; the barred windows of our prisons; the uninviting entrances of our insane institutions. There, too, are your brothers and your sisters, lonely and sad and broken hearted.

How many roof trees shelter a lonesome mother?

How many poor unfortunates in whose hearts the fire of hope burns so lowly, so dimly! Magdalens, some of them; sinners, all of them!

Did you ever weigh the tremendous power of a little prayer, a little act of mortification which you could offer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ Who loves everyone of them?

Perhaps, the prayer which you will whisper each day this week for those unfortunates will be the purchase price of resignation to God's holy will on the part of a sufferer; will be the turning point in winning the grace and benediction from heaven's throne of mercy for a sinner; in moving a calloused heart to murmur an act of contrition as the cold, lean, uplifted finger of death beckons someone to his last resting place.

If a cup of cold water given in His Sacred Name shall not go unrewarded, neither shall your prayer or mortification be unremembered.

I ask you to look beneath the sadness and squalor and poverty of life and see in our less fortunate friends another Christ as he hangs upon the cross desolate and dejected.

I ask you to remember His words: "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me!" "At least, you, my friend, have pity on me!" is the cry of the spiritual, the mental, and the physical shut-ins.

I.

"O Christ upon Thy cross,
I look upon Thee now,
The thorns about Thy
brow,
Thy arms pinned down
With blood a-crust,
Thy feet with blood red-
dyed,
The spear-thrust
In Thy side . . .
I pity Thee . . . "

II.

"O Christ, look on me now,
Nailed to the cross of life,
Life's cares about my brow,
My arms pinned down
By fear and lust,
My feet by sloth and pride,
Love's spear-thrust
In my side . . .
And pity me . . . "

In conclusion let us reverently move our lips and hearts in prayer for those our forsaken brothers and sisters; a prayer which He composed: "Our Father, Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, lead us not into temptation and deliver us from all evil. Amen."

CHAPTER II

THE KING IN PILATE'S HALL

A RESUMÉ

AS it is my privilege this evening to be a guest in your homes, I come to tell you a story of a King. For more than nineteen-hundred years His flag has been unfurled; His constitution and government have been more or less respected. He is a King without either army or navy. His courtiers are numbered not so often among the wealthy of the world. The poor and the maimed, the peasant and the laborer are more evident around His throne.

Judged by the standards of others, His reign has been a failure because He cannot promise wealth; He dare not promise power; He will not promise pleasure. However, one thing alone He does promise —and that is happiness. Peaceful happiness.

During the time at my disposal this evening may we consider the King Himself from Whose Sacred Heart came the life blood of our redemption.

IS THERE A GOD?

The story woven around the name of our King is suggested this evening by one of His disloyal subjects who said in his heart: "There is no God."

Although he observed the vast world about him, with its rivers and lakes and boundless seas; its continents teeming with life and activity, yet he became so thoughtless as to conclude that the immensity of it all was conceived in the womb of inert matter and fathered by the blind happening of some unintellectual chance.

Life is too crowded with things which have little relation either to matter or to chance to permit our accepting such a statement. There are love, loyalty, and patriotism which transcend everything merely made of earth and air and their tributary elements. There is the keen intelligence of an Aristotle or of a Thomas of Aquin; the sublime concepts of a Shakespeare and of a Dante to remind us that besides matter there are such things as spirit and intelligence in the world.

Look aloft at the myriad lamps let down from the ceiling of heaven. Vaster than this earth which we inhabit, each is a planet whirling through the confines of space during unmeasured years at a speed hardly computable.

Observe night as it follows day, or the rosebuds of spring which bloom after the killing frost of winter—all without interruption, with regularity.

Dare you hold your timepiece in your hand and see with what relative accuracy it announces the seconds and minutes and hours and then stultify yourself by saying that its jewels and wheels and intricate springs through some happenstance have fallen together to measure the flight of time with such precision?

It were better to utter such foolishness rather than glance at the stars above held together, as they are, by the laws of gravitation as the seconds of the days, the minutes of the seasons and the hours of the years are chronicled by the master timepiece of the universe.

If intelligence has been required to devise and manufacture the frail, uncertain watch, what masterly intellect must have planned this great universe, which is constantly tolling off for us the requiem of Time amidst the changes of birth and life and death!

AN OBJECTION

But the atheist who said: "There is no God," protests against such reasoning. "Realize," says he, "the poverty and the crime of life. Read the history of wars, of slavery, of massacres, of broken oaths. Then, dare you tell me there is a God?" Dare I? I will first tell you that there is such a thing called free will. I will first insist that your wars and your poverty are man-made products. Then I dare tell you that there is a God-Man Who came amongst His creatures to be one of them!

CHRIST IS BOTH GOD AND MAN

Without any attempt to prove either that there is a God, or that we are wilful sinners; without any attempt to prove that Jesus Christ is the infinite Son of God Made Man, I have made this digression simply to recall both of these facts and to remind you that the lowly Nazarene Who put on the cloak of our poor humanity is the same God Who created us.

All the blessings and benefactions which we have received; the love of the parents who bore us, the civilization which we enjoy, the faith, the hope and the charity which carry us safely through the stormiest years of existence—all these we will gladly admit have come from the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ.

But this admission reminds me much of the loud hosannas which sounded through the streets of Jerusalem when Christ had come triumphantly from the hills of Judea after having cured their sick, raised their dead, and fed their hungry fellow citizens.

However, the hosannas soon changed to blasphemies; the palm strewn street only led to the portico of Pilate's Hall, where those same individuals put Christ on trial.

I repeat, it reminds me of this because in the hearts of many of us there is being duplicated the same occurrence.

BEHOLD THE MAN

Come with me to Pilate's Hall. It is the eve of the Crucifixion. There are gathered those who hated Jesus Christ because He had driven some of them from the holy temple of God as they were in the act of desecrating it with their bargains and sales. There are others who detested Him because of His condemnation of that type of person whose only philosophy of morality was to make clean the outside of the cup and hide its contents beneath the cover of hypocrisy. Then, there were those few who remembered the parable of the Good Samaritan; or others who execrated Him because of His friendship for the outcast Magdalen.

Not one of His accusers dared attempt to convince Him of sin. Even the lily-livered chief magistrate of the Romans, who feared rather the criticism of man than the questioning of his own conscience, found no fault in Christ.

Amidst the tumult of their black devisals and heated words a figure appears upon the upper balcony. It is the Christ! Upon His brow there is a crown of thorns woven by the cruel fingers of our sins. About His shoulders there droops and clings a garment crimsoned with His precious blood. Silence reigns at the ghastly sight. "Behold the Man!"

Gaze on Him, my friends. It is He Who spangled the heavens with the jewels of night, each more brilliant than this earth upon which we walk; it is He Who wove the veins of silver and gold throughout our mountains; He Whose mind devised both the beauty of the rose and the beauty of a babe! He, the Infinite God, the Possessor and Maker of all things, stands there in Pilate's Hall. But beneath that crown of thorns there is the imperishable circlet of Divine Majesty. Hidden by that garment made bloody by the stripes of the flagellation there is infinite power, infinite justice, infinite mercy and infinite love throbbing within His Sacred Heart.

"Behold the Man!" Behold your God!

HIS THOUGHTS

While His enemies were taking counsel, plotting against this innovator and trouble-maker Whose only crime had been one of love, I wonder what thoughts were lighting their candles in the mind of Jesus Christ! Perhaps, in reverie He had turned back the pages of time to the days of Bethlehem and its poverty. How glad He was that He had chosen to be poor!

In His great heart He remembered the love and the kisses which were bestowed upon Him by His Immaculate Mother; the hardships of Egypt's exile; the fatiguing labors in Joseph's carpenter shop; His wanderings throughout Judea when He had no place to rest His head. He remembered the little children who played about His knees. He remembered His royal reception into the Holy City.

Perhaps, looking down the vista of time, He caught a glimpse of all His little brothers and sisters whom He longed to have come play about His knees and rest their heads against His Sacred Heart; envision all the heartaches, all the pains, all the sorrows which His big brothers and sisters must endure as they, too, stand trial before the Pilates of this world.

Perhaps, my dear friends, His Sacred Heart beheld you and me and everyone of us filled with heedlessness, thoughtlessness, and selfishness, as we stand idly by while a new Annas or a new Caiaphas or a new Pontius Pilate will not only wash their hands of Him and of His doctrine, but will swear falsely against Him, perpetuating that tragic scene while the world crys in derision the ancient heresy of "Ecce Homo!" "Behold the Man!!" forgetful that He is also our God.

WITHOUT ME—WHAT?

During the past few months we have been experiencing a national affliction which, for the lack of a better name, has been called a depression. By no means is it an unique happening in the history of this country or of any other country. It is one to which every generation has grown accustomed.

This constant problem which has confronted kings and presidents and legislators of every age is so intricate in its ramifications, so ancient in its existence, and so novel in its recent aspects that the political remedies of yesterday are but the hindrances of today.

Yet, were Christ in our midst this very evening, He would not be so greatly perturbed either about depression or poverty, greed or graft, as he would because of the spiritual depression of faith and of morals which down the centuries has always been the cause of so many of our physical and national ills.

My friends, our nation cannot get along without Jesus Christ nor can we, its citizens. We must either hate Him or love Him. It has always been so from the history of time. It will always be so until the dawn of eternity.

THE ETERNAL CHRIST

Intensely hated and intensely loved, Jesus Christ has held magnetized the heart of the world. Since His coming, His presence has predominated every scene in life's drama. More than that, before His entry upon the stage of the Great Human Tragedy each scene was but a partial prologue. The songs of David were filled with the hope of His coming. The prophecies of Isaiah, of Ezekiel, of Jeremiah were like vagrant rays of dawn-light announcing the sacredness of His birth, the noonday of His mission, and the blood-red sunset of His going.

From Him apostles drew inspiration to venture into the arena of pagan civilization, clasping the weapon of the cross in their hands and cherishing the policy of His charity in their hearts. It was love for Him that encouraged more than five-hundred-thousand martyrs in the reign of Nero alone to lay down their lives for His principles.

Every stone in every college and cathedral was set in His blessed Name. For centuries every birth was patterned after His own. Every funeral cortege throughout Christendom mingles joy with sorrow when the mourners remember the story of Naim, the tomb of Lazarus and the first Easter morn.

Then, there are scenes where His enemies seem to conquer and overwhelm Him. If there was a Thabor of glory, there was also a Calvary of thunder.

So it has been down the centuries. Gethsemane has been perpetuated when even some of His chosen ones could not watch during their short hour of life with the Sorrowing Master. If He wept over Jerusalem of old, He also shed bitter tears as the Red Napoleon and his like made shambles of Europe and a mockery of brotherhood. If He sorrowed on the mountainside because "many walked with Him no more," His heart must have been crushed as Clemenceau shut the door in His face and forbade the mention of His Name in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles.

So through the ages the story runneth. At one moment Christ, the hero of the human drama, is glorified. At another, treated as the veriest villian, He is condemned. At one moment listening to the shouts of those who would crown Him King; at another betrayed by a Judas. At one instant, the inspiration which filled monasteries with men like Francis; at another, the target of Julius the Apostate, Voltaire, the Atheist, and Lenin, the Communist. The eternal Christ Whom the world has either loved or hated, crowned or crucified! Yet, without Him, we can do nothing!

Thus, the pacifists can preach in vain their doctrine of universal peace until they learn to enroll themselves under the banner of Him Who is the Prince of Peace. Congress and Senate, kings and princes, industrialists and laborers can take counsel in common from now until the next depression discussing their problems of over-production, of unemployment, of tariff walls, as were those problems discussed down the centuries of civilization. But all this will be with little gain until the hearts of the people begin to beat in unison with the Sacred Heart of Our Redeemer.

Those words have a ring to them as if they were the thoughts of an idealist. However, my friends, I am practical enough to understand that the nations of the world will not turn over night from their irreligion to practical Christianity. And I am not forgetful that Jesus

Christ promised that there would be wars and rumors of wars until the end of time; that a famine and a plague and a depression more extensive than this world has ever experienced are still to be chronicled upon the last pages of its carnal history; that His followers would be persecuted unto death by those who thought that they were doing God a generous act of kindness.

Still withal, the Sacred Heart of Jesus is the King of Kings. Paradoxically as it may appear, His greatest victories are not those which can be weighed in the terms of food, of worldly peace or worldly prosperity. He Who called Lazarus from the tomb has promised to revive every cold corpse throughout the world, for He is the resurrection and the life. He, the Man of Sorrows, Who heard the prayer of the good thief on his cross, beholds every sufferer, every tear-stained cheek, every broken heart, and whispers to them: "This day thou shalt be with Me in paradise." He Who saved the sinner Magdalen from being stoned to death and Who whispered to Her that much hath been forgiven because she loved much, hath conquered despair in the heart of every sinner.

These, my friends, are victories which far surpass the empty, vaporous victories of your Alexander or your Napoleon. Moreover, they have guaranteed a liberty which shall last forever beyond the grave—more priceless than the liberty won by a Washington amidst the sorrows of a Valley Forge.

THE CHALLENGE

How many of us are willing to enroll ourselves under the banner of Jesus Christ? Today as His Trial is being perpetuated in the Pilate's Hall of our politics, we stand with the mob while they shout: "Away with Him!" Many of the hungry whom Christ fed on the hillside; the sick whom He cured; the proud Jairus whose daughter He raised from the dead, perchance, were in that crowd. But not one of them had courage to raise his voice in protest! Even Peter denied Him!

Are we, too, who have fed on the bread of life of His faith, willing to join with them?

My friends, if ever in the history of our nation there was need for a revival of faith, it is imperative today. We are a democracy where the majority of voters necessarily mold the minds of the legislators. Legislators are no more in our scheme of things than representatives and puppets who move and are moved by the majority of their constituents.

If we do not consecrate our ideals and our actions to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, then let the radical come with his communism and his materialism to make a heaven of this earth because he believes in no heaven hereafter.

But if like the crusaders of old, you and I and everyone of this audience, consecrates himself to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, there shall be a revival of that ideal Americanism; of that unsullied Christianity such as this world has never dreamed of.

I remember a story told in the annals of ancient Scotland about a King Bruce and his captain, Robert.

It was in the days of those crusades when kings and knights and peasants vowed to redeem the tomb of Jesus Christ which had fallen into the hands of the Saracens.

Bruce assembled his soldiers and sailed with them across the sea to the coast of modern Spain. Shortly, they arrived at the foothills of the olive-sandaled Pyrenees. To his consternation, the hosts of the Saracens had marshalled above them on the crest of the mountain. There seemed to be no possible strategy which could be employed to break through the ranks of the enemy.

Undismayed, the brave Bruce ordered his troops to advance. But amidst a shower of stones and arrows, amidst the clanging of battle-axes and the moans of the wounded the Scottish troops were repulsed and driven down to the plains.

Alas! There was the king mortally wounded. Young Robert knelt by his side. And the old king whispered to him: "My boy, take out my heart and carry it with you to the tomb of Christ."

The corpse of Bruce was burned on a funeral pyre. His heart rested in a silver casket which Robert held close to his bosom.

Meanwhile, the Scottish troops were re-assembled. Robert was now in command. With grim determination he ordered another attack against the Saracens. Up the hills the troops were marshalled. Down came a new shower of arrows and missles. Once again the Scots were about to turn in defeat when suddenly young Robert, taking the silver casket from his bosom and holding it high in view of his entire army, turned and hurled it into the midst of the Saracen host.

The sight of that electrified his troops. With one sudden onslaught they brushed aside the weapons of their enemies. They stormed the heights. They won the day and they rescued the heart of their beloved leader who had inspired them to such heroic deeds.

My friends, today the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ has been hurled into the ranks of His enemies. It is being trampled upon by the hordes of greed and lust and selfishness.

If you have within your breast a spark of courage or of loyalty, in God's Holy Name re-assemble your broken ranks. Return to the faith of your childhood and cease keeping Christ your King writhing on the cross. His death hath not been in vain. And your life must not be in vain.

CHAPTER III

OUR SOLITARY BOAST

THE REALITY

IT APPEARS to be extremely old fashioned and unintellectual to make mention of such a thing as original sin. Nevertheless, it does not require a keen observer to discover the effects of some titanic catastrophe which has befallen the human race. In their happiest moments of idealism our poets can sing their songs of things as they should be. Our painters can cover their canvases with winsome madonnas, not as they really are, but as they could have been. A Thomas More may thrill us with his Utopia free from tears and misery and poverty. But our social workers in the slums or in the courts can take both poem and picture, dream and fancy and supplant them with the sordid prose of life's realities.

Now a thoughtful man will pause and ponder when he contrasts the story of things as they really are with the poem of his ideals as they should have been. He is anxious to discover a cause for this great betrayal of human nature; anxious to discover in the test tube of his judgment the nature of these germs of error, of moral ugliness —the thousand germs which have produced the feverish existence in which we labor.

One thing is certain: If you search long enough you will find that the blood of every human being with whom you come in contact has been tinctured with a common poison—a poison that is productive of error; a poison that blinds the spiritual eye, that withers the love of the heart. The blood of it flows in the veins of every human being. Everyone, say I? Yes, everyone, save a simple Jewish maiden.

MARY, CO-OPERATOR IN REDEMPTION

It is fitting that I speak to you this October evening of our tainted nature's solitary boast; fitting, during a month long since dedicated to her devotion. She is a person who was not only born free of this universal blight called original sin, but also was conceived without its least taint soiling her soul.

It is not to be wondered at that so many arrows have been pointed at the breast of those creatures who bear upon their bosoms the image of Jesus Christ. It is the expected thing. Christ was always persecuted. The legacy of pain, of sorrow, humiliation and heartaches has been bestowed by Him upon those who are closest to Him. Thus, it is that down the centuries there have reverberated the thunders of criticism bursting over the brow of His Immaculate Mother, and flashing its vivid lines of lightning at her purest breast.

Not that Mary would will it otherwise. It was she who nursed Christ at Bethlehem, she who became crimsoned with His blood at the foot of Calvary's cross. She glories as she shares His crown of thorns. For she likewise shares in His victory and His triumph.

THE PARAGON OF GOD'S CREATION

Upon the wings of fancy, come back with me to a day when this vast world of ours had not yet been fashioned. God was planning silver rivers and deep blue lakes; planning snow-peaked mountains and veins of gold which weave throughout the bosom of the earth. In His creative mind there was the picture of forests and dales, the song of thrush and lark, love of myriad angels who hovered about His throne.

And then did come the day of creation. The sky was mantled in a robe of peerless blue. The earth laughed in song and in gladness. The first gentle spring had come, heralded by the first melodious harmony of feathered songsters.

At length the progeny of man began to build their homes, but homes that knew tears and sorrow. Looking down the vista of time, the mind of God beheld one creature, the greatest of all His works of art, in whom the first ideal should not perish. From all eternity He had planned her. It was the mother of His only begotten Son! For her He robbed the skies of their blue; He stole from the birds their songs to fill her heart; He borrowed from the liquid gold its purest strands from which to spin her hair; and from the Seraphim and Cherubim He captured their love—all for her, the paragon of His creation.

SIN'S VICTORY OVER NATURAL IDEALISM

It were blasphemy to arrogate to ourselves a quality which God did not possess. It were sacrilege to attribute to ourselves a power of love or affection which our Creator did not have in an infinitely superior manner and degree. If we have a spark of wisdom within our soul, His mind is flooded with its infinity. If our hearts have learned what a precious thing it is to love a mother, His Sacred Heart has had that love in a boundless degree. Neither limitation nor curtailment of any kind dare speak to the infinite heart of God-Made-Man and tell Him, "thus far may you love and no further. Thus, you may dream, but never hope to realize."

But, my dear friends, for a moment may you and I who have climbed the rungs of the years upon the ladder of life look back in memory to the days of our girlhood and our boyhood. As we pin back the curtain of time there is the vision before you of your mother as she used to be. Golden hair, blue eyes, tender hand and queenly heart come leaping before your reminiscent mind. But it is only a memory which remains to mock you as you look from the topmost rung of your ladder of success. Silver hair and dimmed eyes, bent shoulders, yes, for many of you, a heart that is stilled in death was the last picture engraved upon your mind of this queen, your mother.

It would be irreverent for me or for anyone else to play upon the strings of the human heart, with the soft, sentimental music of words. But bear with me a moment, ladies and gentlemen. If it were in your power at this instant to lift away the clods of clay, and silence the cold winter's blasts which sing sad requiems over your mother's grave—if it were within your power, you would bring her back again, breathe life into her still, numbed body, laughter unto her lips and fill the chalice of her poor, cold heart with the purest wine of joy, would you not?

That may be a fanciful thought. But it is one that is born with an honest idealism which exists in every boy's heart; in every girl's heart. If you were king, your mother would be queen.

Are you forgetful of the story of the Boy, Jesus Christ? That Boy had sentiments not only as pure as yours and mine regarding mothers' love—His were divine. Unlike you and me, He was not forced to remain only an idealist. His wish was His command. You and I can conjure up the unseemly forms of hostile elements which in their combined effort have taken the mother from our arms and have made a mockery of her youth and smile and girlhood beauty. You and I can simply bow our heads before their inevitable victory. But that Boy when He grew to manhood calmed the angry seas; cleansed lepers and, at His word, brought back life to the cold corpse of the little daughter of Jairus. That Boy had command over every element of death and destruction because He is God as well as Man. Therefore, He Who is of infinite power need not remain a mere idealist when there was question of extending to His own mother whom He loved best and most, the gifts within His power!

THE NECESSITY OF IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

That is why He stole from the stars the silver of their voice. That is why He borrowed the beauty of the blue heavens to crystallize them in her eyes. That is why He saved her from the touch of that thing called original sin—original sin that darkens the intellect and hides truthfulness. Original sin that, like cancer, eats away at the heart of us as it weakens our will. Original sin, that is the sworn foe of all true beauty.

From the battlements of heaven, long before He became man, Almighty God had witnessed the travesty which sin and Satan were making of His handiwork. Long before His infant lips uttered their first cry amidst the poverty of Bethlehem, He had realized that if He were to be the David of the New Testament, born to slay the giant Goliath; the Moses of the new age come into the world of bondage to lead His fellowmen to the land of promise, He, too, must be raised and nourished by no daughter born in slavery, but by the princess herself. He could not afford to have Satan stand on the steeps of Calvary Hill and mock the blood that flowed from His thousand wounds as blood that had come from a mother's heart once under his bondage. Here was a necessity of fitness that no lien or mortgage be held upon those priceless, ruby drops of blood, by one from whom he was exacting the last farthing. Scripture cannot prove it to you conclusively. It is a thought which comes leaping down to us from the heart of reason, from the soul of every son and daughter.

If Christ could have done what you or I in our dream hours would like to do; and if it were most befitting that He should have done it lest His Own flesh and blood would bear the insignia of Satan, unless within His Own veins there should run the bacteria of original sin as He suckled life itself from her chaste breast, it follows that Christ absolutely did perform the work which He could have done and which was befitting for Him to do.

This is not my argument. Rather is it one conceived by the eminent Duns Scotus who defended his Immaculate Mother at Oxford University centuries ago.

HUMANITY'S NEED OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

I have heard thoughtless people remark: "What need have we of an Immaculate Mother of Jesus Christ? We have Christ Himself to be our pattern, to be the mirror in which we may dress ourselves and after Whom we may fashion our virtues." Thoughtless people talk like that. But I can imagine a sin-ravaged sinner as he stares from the gutter of his crime upon the cross of Christ—I can imagine him as lifting up his hand and pointing to the crucifix, he says "It is very well for you, Christ, to preach purity to us. It is well for You to become the apostle of poverty and the exemplar of charity. But, Jesus Christ, do not forget, You are God as well as Man, and I am only a broken, battered piece of humanity. You are the Eagle Who can fly over the mountain tops of temptation with the wings of our divinity. But I am only the animal who slips and falls as he tries to scale the snow-capped peaks of purity."

Perhaps, Jesus Christ thought of that centuries before He came down to become like unto us in all things save sin. Perhaps that, among other reasons, is why He chose the flesh and blood of His Own mother, pure human being that she was, to walk ahead of us and be the morning star to light a way across the desert life.

Thus, no sinner dare assail Christ and build up for himself an argument for his depravity.

MARY, EULOGIZED BY AN ANGEL

It was once an angel who became the eulogist of the mother of God. It was Gabriel himself, from highest heaven, who, neither wasting words nor sentiment, summarized the totality of her holiness, her sanctity, with one expression: "Hail, full of grace!" As if he had said to her, "Thou art all fair, my love, and in thee there is no stain." Every best gift conceivable by God Himself shines forth like a gem of rarest beauty within thee.

And, my friends, why should I or you or any other mortal man attempt to eulogize the mother of God once Gabriel has spoken. Far less why should one of us attempt to search for a frailty with the glow-worm lamp of reason, when her perfection stands so brilliantly illuminated before the mind of an archangel!

This is the doctrine which is expressed in the angel's words. It is the same doctrine which was always believed by everyone who was proud to call himself a Christian. Some one may suggest to me that this is not in harmony with Protestant belief. But I know that Protestants as well as Catholics join hands and hearts with us today in paying this mead of tribute to the Immaculate Mother of God.

I can almost smell the blasphemy which rises from the stench of Voltaire's sarcasm as he dips his dirty pen into the ink pot of hell and tries to scratch and besmirch the name of Mary with his burlesquerie. Voltaire mocked Christ and derided Him. Then he was logically forced to deny the Immaculate Conception.

But times have changed. Both Protestants and Catholics today who have a grain of faith would never hesitate to pay this reasonable, truthful homage to the mother of Jesus Christ, nor would hesitate to sing with our Protestant poet: "Thou art our tainted nature's solitary boast." And thou art the ideal after which we would have patterned our mothers, our sisters and our daughters.

O Mother Mary! thou immaculate sweetheart of the Holy Ghost, whose virgin breast was the cradle and nest of the only begotten Son of God, we are not jealous of you. Readily do we understand why your name has been the inspiration to a Dante in poetry, to a Murillo and a Raphael in painting. Thou alone are perfect as far as human being can possibly aspire!

MARY, EMANCIPATOR OF WOMANHOOD

But, my friends, bear with me if I appear to be dabbling in superlatives while speaking of the superlative work fashioned by the hand of God. At least, we can be historians in calmness. May I recall for you the plight of womanhood in the days of Augustus Caesar at Rome, or in the reign of the majestic Pericles at Athens? Woman was always a chattel, always a thing. Not only was she denied the rights of citizenship, but she was bought and traded as a man would purchase or sell a horse. Nevertheless, it was her hand which was supposed to rock the cradle of progress. It was her breast that was supposed to feed the citizen. Those were the times when men began to deify their lusts and their passions under the name of a Venus or an Aphrodite. Those were the days when the little lamp of civilization saw its sickly flame extinguished until the so-called erudite both at Rome and at Athens out-barbarized the Goth, the Vandal and the Tartar in his cruelty, in his immorality.

Not until Mary, the Immaculate Virgin Mother, came upon the horizon of history, did the noble soul of womankind begin to cast its warmth and benediction upon the works and destinies of human kind. Men may boast of their valor and courage. But the Christian woman may be praised for her love and her sacrifice. Men may be renowned for their intelligence and inventiveness, but women will always be known for their motherliness—a word which compounds every beautiful quality which enters into the vocabulary of man.

MARY, COMFORTRESS AND MOTHER OF MANKIND

This evening, therefore, when we can cast a glance about us and envision the legions of shut-ins whose bodies are racked in pain, the myriads of impoverished who look for hope in vain; the great river of crime mingling its muddy water with the stream of virtue, we pause and take inventory of what nature is as we find it. But at the same time, as a miner in the depths of a hole which he has dug into the bosom of the earth can look aloft even in the broad daytime and see the stars scintillating in the heights of heaven, we, too, from the depths into which we have dug ourselves by sin, can envision the purest of creatures, can catch a glimpse of what we might have been had not sin come to scatter its error in the intellect, its weakness in the will and its propensity to every evil known to physician and scientist and sociologist and the clergy. Alone she stands, our tainted nature's solitary boast, the one spotless creature, unblemished by sin! She is the ideal to which we aspire, the tender mother not only of Christ, but of everyone of Christ's brothers and sisters who are not forgetful either of Bethlehem's miracle or of Calvary's tragedy.

Thus, to thee we turn, our spotless Queen, and in unison we say:

> "Remember, O most pious Virgin Mary, that no one ever had recourse to thy protection, implored thy help, or sought thy mediation without obtaining relief. Confiding then on thy goodness and mercy, I cast myself at thy sacred feet, and do most

humbly supplicate thee, O Mother of the eternal Word to adopt me as thy child and take upon thyself the care of my salvation! Oh, let it not be said, my dearest Mother, that I have perished where no one ever found but grace and salvation! Amen."

CHAPTER IV

ON SACRIFICE

Ladies and gentlemen, this is a letter which has been received from Baltimore, Maryland. As it suggests a very important subject to anyone who professes an interest in religion, I am of the opinion that it will be received respectfully by the entire radio audience.

The letter reads as follows:

> "Baltimore, Maryland.
> "October 21, 1930.
>
> "Reverend and dear Sir:
>
> "No doubt I am one of the many thousands in our great nation, who for one reason or another, has ceased practicing a formal religion. I suppose you would classify me among the 63% of Americans who profess no affiliation whatsoever to any church.
>
> "Recently I have been reading in my history text books that all the ancient tribes and nations who practiced one form or another of religion seemed always to identify it with some sort of sacrifice.
>
> "Through curiosity I have been inquiring into our modern religions as practiced in this country, only to discover that all save the single exception of your Church appear to get along with more or less success without any sacrifice whatsoever.
>
> "I believe it would be interesting if you would spend a few moments of comment upon this thought in letting your radio audience understand your views towards sacrifice in general and its relation to religion and sacrifice in particular, insofar as it is called the Mass.
>
> "Personally, to me the Mass is an empty poetic arrangement of song and incense and ceremonial.
>
> "There is no unkind thought whatsoever suggested in this statement. I believe that I am one of the seventy-million Americans who profess no belief, but who is anxious to find out what it is all about.
>
> "Cordially yours,
> "J. C. O."

Ladies and gentlemen, perhaps the question which has been raised by J. C. O. of Baltimore will be of interest to many of us.

While my remarks are addressed primarily to this straightforward gentlemen, I am quite sure that neither he nor I will take any umbrage because there are a few hundred or a few thousand more persons listening to the brief explanation which I shall endeavor to make on the subject of sacrifice and the reason for its existence in any religion.

My dear J. C. O., whenever I have stood close to the surging waters of Niagara as they tumble precipitously over the falls, I have always pictured a frail, bark canoe moving majestically, swiftly. On the banks of the river are hundreds of Indians with hands uplifted in prayer. Lashed securely in the little boat is the most beautiful daughter of their tribe, helpless to disengage herself from her floating prison. As the craft swiftly glides towards the brink, it suddenly plunges with its fair cargo into the depths of the black waters beneath.

Superstition! Barbarism! These are the thoughts, perchance, of the erudite American who reads the story long since enacted in our midst —the story of the Indian sacrifice. But, in the minds of the Iroquois and the Algonquin and the Huron; in the mind of every tribesman, this sacrifice of a tender maiden was neither founded upon superstition nor related to barbarism. It was his tribal offering of the fairest flower which bloomed in their midst to the god whom they worshipped.

As a matter of history, there was neither race of man nor religion of any sort which had not its sacrifice until the coming of Mohammed with his legalized polygamy and his hypocritical detestation of the fruits of the earth.

The ideas which are suggested by the word "sacrifice" at first may appear to be rather complex. In reality they are very simple to comprehend.

Consider the vast universe about us, still a mystery in many senses to the astronomer. Its myriad planets and constellations swing through the realms of space at a speed incomprehensible as they hold firmly our little world within their grasp of gravitation. Of one thing we are certain that springtime comes with a regularity. The warmth of the sun spangles the orchards with blossoms and bedecks the fields with the green promise of abundance. Fruit and vegetable and grain wax unto maturity through the gentle ministration of sun and rain and summer breeze.

Here a flock of sheep; there a herd of cattle peacefully graze on the green pastureland until autumn comes, that season of mellow fruitfulness when the golden grain is stored against the chilling blasts of winter, when the cellars are filled with apples and pears and the casks are loaded with wine. The farmer has gathered his sheep in the fold. Long since their fleecy wool has been sheared. And now, his good wife spins warm garments for her boys and her girls. When winter comes the farmer has slaughtered his beeves. His house is in readiness. All nature has served him by bowing down its head in death that he may live.

No matter what theory one may hold, he is forced, when confronted with this panorama of birth, of maturity, and of death so evidenced in the material world about us, to proclaim aloud his belief in a divine Provider. One quick glance upon the earth as it spins along the path of the years should convince the greatest skeptic. Season follows season with accurate precision. The lower creation is ever sustaining the higher. The death of one guarantees both the birth and the life of the other.

This thing called life, what is the mystery surrounding it? It is more than baby hands and dimpled cheeks. It is more than is evidenced in the schoolboy at his books or as he sports in play. It is infinitely more than the laborer at his lathe, the farmer at his plow, the banker at his desk. The biologist who looks at the germs of life in his test tube is quick to admit that the golden grain which bows its head in the morning breeze is possible only because a seed had been planted in the bosom of the earth—had rotted and decayed; that the babe who sits enthroned upon his mother's chaste breast can smile and cry only after a germ of life had decayed within his mother's womb; that the boy or the man has reached out here and there, capturing strength and sinew and muscle, only after the luscious fruits, glowing grain and healthful sheep have been sacrificed in death for him to live.

"Life is death," wrote the poet. We live but by the corpses strewn down the highways of our years.

In one sense, then, life is a fantastic mystery. It comes from death. It hastens towards the goal whence it arose. Today there is a babe suckling at his mother's breast. A year ago neither his plaintive cry nor tender smile had been dreamed of. Tomorrow, perhaps, his little form will lie cold in the arms of a winter grave. The little candle of life was both lighted and snuffed out, not by your power nor by the power of any human being, but by One Who fashioned this complex creation out of nothingness just as He perpetuates it out of death.

My dear J. C. O., there is one thread of thought running through the foregoing statement which I have spun out for you. I am sure that you grasp its meaning when I tell you that all nature about us at some time or other offers up its life in its entirety that we may live. But when you consider that we ourselves are merely creatures of a higher species, then we are confronted with the elemental concept which is the foundation and bulwark of this thing called sacrifice. Need I tell you that the life which we call our own must in turn be offered up to Him Who created it? Need I remind you that He Who is life itself, possessing all beauty, all goodness, all perfection, and these from all eternity, has absolute possession, complete ownership of your life and my life, of your faculties of thought, of your heart of love, of your immortal soul? In a strict, legal sense God has not given you life. A gift is a form of contract which necessitates both the existence of the giver, the existence of the receiver and the acceptance of the gift. But you and I and every creature have this thing called life and love through no contract on our part; through no agreement with the One from Whom all things spring. We simply have it, for we have been created and placed here upon the earth, as has everything else, without having entered into any bargain of any nature whatsoever for the fact of our existence. God still owns our life. God still possesses it.

Following the example of the lower creation, which dies that we may live, we, too, must in an infinitely higher sense surrender the life that we have to the God Who owns it.

This, then, is the elemental notion, I repeat, in sacrifice. It is the first and basic relation existing between creature and Creator. In the dawn-light of this reasoning we begin to understand why the life of the Algonquin maiden was sacrificed in the waters of a Niagara or why tender babes were burned in holocaust to appease the Phœnician god, Moloch.

Barbarians that they were, nevertheless, it was their expression of man's total dependence on his Creator. It was their crude manner of saying to Almighty God: "All that we are, all that we have, all that we hope to be comes freely from You. By this act we acclaim You our Creator."

By no means am I endeavoring to justify either the slaughter of the innocent among the Phœnicians or the murders perpetrated by our Indians. By no means am I relegating the Fifth Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," to the scrap heap of the useless past.

Nevertheless, the basic thought upon which the notion of sacrifice is builded was common to every barbarian in his effort to acknowledge God as his Creator and himself as a creature by their offering to Him in acknowledgment of His infinite perfections and of our own infinite imperfections the life which He has loaned to us.

If I were a mind reader, J. C. O., I would try to follow the thoughts which at this moment must be in conflict within your own soul. Surely you are not objecting to the foregoing by saying that to all men it is appointed once to die; that when death comes like a thief in the night then there is exacted from us this debt of sacrifice, this return of our life to the Creator Who owns it. You are too sensible to make such an objection. Because you and I both know that when death does come it is no voluntary offering upon our part to God. The cold, lean forefingers of death grasp our throat. Its icy spear pierces our heart. Its black film covers our eyes. Our hands are bandaged in helplessness. Our voice is stilled. Whether or not we like it, we must go when death does come.

That is beside the notion of sacrifice. It is foreign to it. Sacrifice must be a voluntary act of offering up to God our Creator our full homage, insofar as we are capable as creatures.

But are you asking yourself why there is need on the one hand of obeying this primal law of our relationship with God—the law of sacrifice, the law of offering up our life unto Him; and at the same time why is there need of obeying the law of this same God Who prescribes "Thou shalt not kill"?

Although it is true that, according to the exactions of justice which demands that we shall give everyone his due, however, it is likewise true that God, Who is infinitely merciful as well as infinitely just, has devised other ways in which the act of sacrifice can be performed.

My dear J. C. O., if you go back in the history of the Jews to their father Abraham, you will find unfolded the story of this beautiful custom where God's mercy and His justice kissed.

It was in the early dawn of their civilization. The great flood which is chronicled in the Book of Genesis had subsided. The progeny of Noah had already failed in constructing their Tower of Babel. Already Abraham had gone out of his country and heard the promise of God that his seed should be the founder of many nations. Came a day when God said to Abraham: "Take thine only begotten son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and go into the land of vision; there thou shalt offer him as a holocaust upon one of the mountains I will show you." You know the story of that eventful day. There is young Isaac upon the altar of the mountain. Standing over him with his naked sword is his father, Abraham, about to plunge its point into the heart of his boy.

Suddenly an angel of the Lord from heaven called to him, saying: "Abraham, Abraham—lay not thy hand upon the boy, neither do thou anything to him: now I know that thou fearest God and hadst not spared thine only begotten son for My sake."

The bonds which fastened Isaac are severed with the sword. A wild mountain goat that was caught in the briars is brought to this first altar of the Jewish people. Its red blood trickled down the stones. The fagots which had been placed under it were then ignited and to highest heaven rose the black smoke of the first holocaust where man, willing to offer his own life or a life that he held dearer than his own, was permitted by Almighty God to substitute the beast of the field by which life was sustained.

The idea of sacrifice, which is so intrinsically wrapped up in the idea of giving back to God the life which you have from Him, is the first and highest form of worship by which we acknowledge God's supreme dominion over us. Without this there can be no such thing as religion.

Sacrifice is the essence of all religion. It is not prayer. You can offer a prayer to God or a prayer to man. You may ask God for a favor or a man for a favor. You may beseech God's forgiveness or forgiveness of a friend. You may thank God for some benefaction or thank some human being. But a sacrifice may be made by man to God only.

That is why, J. C. O., that without sacrifice the essence of religion is lost.

I would ask you to consider how sacrifice was offered up in the revealed religion of the Jews before the time of Jesus Christ. You will plainly see how a substitute victim took the place of mortal man. The scene is the temple of Solomon, blazoned in all its glory at Jerusalem. It is the first hour before dawn. We are awed by the profound silence which reigns over the vast pile that crowns Mount Moriah. The sun is not yet risen. But the east blushes with the roseate purple, and the morning star is melting into its depths. Not a sound breaks the stillness of the hundred streets within the walls of Jerusalem. Night and silence still hold united empire over the city and over the altar of God.

Of a sudden, lances of light shoot upwards and across the purple sea in the east, and fleeces of clouds that repose upon it like tiny ships catch the red rays of the yet unrisen sun. Each moment the darkness flees and the splendor of the dawn increases. As we expect the sun to appear over the battlemented heights of Mount Moriah, we are thrilled by the startling peal of the trumpets of the priests. A thousand silver trumpets sound at once from the walls of the temple! A thousand silver trumpets shake the foundations of the city with their mighty voice!

Instantly the housetops everywhere were alive with worshippers! Jerusalem starts, as one man from its slumbers, and with their faces towards the temple, a hundred thousand men of Israel stand waiting.

A second trumpet-peal, clear and musical as the voice of God when He spake to Abraham of old, causes every knee to bend and every tongue to join in the morning song of praise.

The murmur of voices is like the continuous roll of the surge upon the beach, and the walls of the lofty temple like the cliff, echo it back.

Simultaneously with the billow-like swell of the adoring hymn, we behold a pillar of black smoke ascend from the midst of the temple and spread itself over the court like a canopy.

It is accompanied by a blue wreath of lighter and more misty appearance which threaded in and out and entwined about the other like a silvery strand woven into a sable cord. This latter is the smoke of the incense which accompanies the black smoke of the burned lamb. As we see it rise higher and higher and finally overtop the heavy cloud, we remember that on the wings of the incense went up the prayers of the people as they offer up their lives through this innocent beast of the field to God their Creator.

Thus has been described the daily sacrifice offered up by the Jews to their Creator. Bear in mind that every Jew participated in this sacrifice. Bear in mind that this sacrifice was made every morning at sunrise. Bear in mind that it was offered up by one of the lesser priests in the temple. In one sense it was quite distinct from the other sacrifice of the Paschal Feast which only the high priest could offer in the holy of holies.

My dear J. C. O., what ominous thoughts come to us in this vast nation of America. We have churches without altars and pulpits without priests. We are a proud people, whose hearts are devoid of the spirit of sacrifice. We have come to identify religion with sermonizing and with prayers until too many pulpits have become political rostrums and religionists have stepped down to the gutter of fanaticism. The essential thing of offering up sacrifice has become mingled with the mist either of romanticism or paganism as we solely and foolishly rely upon the one sacrifice which Jesus Christ made on Calvary's altar, deceiving ourselves that, because He redeemed us by the sacrifice of His life, we in turn are free to live lives independent of offering our daily homage to the God Who created us.

My time has practically expired. I may not devote any more words this evening to this subject. However, with the thought in mind that every nation of antiquity practiced sacrifice until the days of Mohammed, who was the first one to introduce amongst men a religion devoid of this climax of worship, I promise that next Sunday evening, I shall endeavor to explain what Catholics mean by the sacrifice of the new law, namely, the sacrifice of the Mass.

Thus, ladies and gentlemen, both J. C. O. and myself are happy that you have listened to this brief lecture dealing with a subject which enters absolutely into the vitals of our personal and social life. I will be happy to mail a copy of this and of next Sunday's lecture, which will complete this subject, to all those who request it.

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

"THE MYSTERY OF LOVE"

The mystery of love is as unfathomable as is the mystery of life. What happiness is his who owns stocks and bonds, lands and gold, whose power is almost boundless, if love is denied him!

Of all human love there is none either so profound or so sublime as is the love of the father and mother for their offspring.

Let down from highest heaven, there came into your home one day a baby child, flesh of your flesh, bone of your bone. As you held him within the cradle of your arms you felt a new throb within your heart, a new joy within your soul. All the gold of America, all the power and pomp of royalty could not buy the least careless curl from your baby's brow.

Yours? Entrusted to you by God our Creator! Cooperating with you, father and mother, in bringing forth the mystery of life—your baby.

O little curly-headed boy, rest sweetly on the throne of your mother's breast. Soon, soon you will be let down to creep amongst your toys; to play with other boys.

Soon in the lustiness of youthful spring, you will play your little part upon life's stage—learn to work, learn to love, learn to die.

The angels which hover about your throne tonight will sing perchance in holy glee; will weep perchance in sorrow.

I wonder—I sometimes wonder, little boy, if your mother and father who today are so proud, will be forced to don the mourning garments of sorrow as they follow you through the streets of some Naim—your little heart stilled in death, your rosy cheeks wan and cold. I mean a spiritual death where the love of God has been lightly thrown aside.

TO OUR CHILDREN

How often at midnight in days long since fled,
Dear children, have I watched with deep joy by your bed!
How often your brows have I signed with a cross,
And asked God to keep you from sorrow and loss?
The love of our Father protect you!

While calmly you slumbered to keep you in sight;
To watch you and know that your souls were snow white;
To wish for you gladness, and long, happy years;
Untainted by evil, unbroken by fears;
How sweet and how dear were those vigils!

But now in the nursery reigns stillness and gloom;
Gone, gone the glad voices; no sound in the room;
No lamp lights the icon that hangs by the door;
My heart aches, the children are children no more;
What anguish to lose them forever!

O children at midnight to old days be true;
And pray then for one who prays nightly for you;

Who oft on your brows made the sign of the cross;
And asked God to keep you from sorrow and loss;
The love of our Father protect you!

—RACHMANINOFF.

My dear Christian parents, the child in your home tonight is God's son or God's daughter. His immortal soul has been entrusted to your care. You are the pattern after whom your child will fashion himself. You are the mirror in whom he will dress himself.

Can an evil tree bring forth good fruit?

To no priest or minister, to no nun or school teacher has Almighty God bestowed the gift of teaching your child the ways of truthfulness, of purity. You alone are gifted to tell your baby the sweet story of Bethlehem, the sad story of Calvary; you alone can lead him along that pathway of sorrow, of trial, of crucifixion, by taking up your own cross and bidding your loved one to follow.

Love is not time's fool. It is eternal. Born today in the tabernacle of your breast, my mother, your love for your baby must transcend all that passes with time and last throughout eternity.

Remember Monica and the story of Augustine. Her ceaseless prayers and sacrifices changed a sinner into a saint.

Remember the story of the widow of Naim whose broken heart and tear-stained face coaxed back from Christ the life of her boy.

As your turn comes to stand before the bar of God's justice to give an account of your motherhood, or of your fatherhood, our Divine Master will let you peep over the parapets of heaven to your children here below. They will pray for one who prayed nightly for them; who oft on their brows made the sign of the cross; who asked God to keep them from sorrow and loss; may the love of our Father protect you!

CHAPTER V

SACRIFICE OF THE MASS

A DEFINITION

THE discourse of last Sunday evening was inspired by a Mr. J. C. O., of Baltimore, who was honest and frank in his question about the nature of sacrifice in general and the sacrifice of the Mass as practiced by Catholics in particular.

A sacrifice is a total oblation of a sensible creature made only to God to show His total dominion over us and our entire dependence upon Him. The history of every nation gives evidence of this universal practice. While in every instance it became more or less vitiated among the tribes of antiquity it always retained its essential purity among the Jews, who, as God's chosen people, were fortunate enough to possess a revealed religion.

Not until the coming of Mohammed in the seventh century was there any certain knowledge of the invention of a so-called religion which eliminated the notion of sacrifice.

CALVARY

As Christians we turn reverently to the tragedy of Calvary. We are not forgetful of the numerous events which like so many scenes in a drama led to the climax of its culmination. Bethlehem with its poverty; Jerusalem, Bethsaida, the hillsides of Judea which still re-echo the golden words of His doctrine; the great temple where His death was plotted; Gethsemane and its dereliction; Pilate's Hall with its scourges, its thorns, its blasphemies and perjuries—these are all preliminary acts, as it were, which lead to the climax of Calvary's crucifixion.

And more important, we still remember throughout the turmoil of time the main motive which induced Jesus Christ to extend His hands voluntarily and welcome the blunt nails as they fastened Him to the cross—the motive for His bloody death. In one word, it was to redeem us.

Here He is the sacrificial lamb of the New Testament giving up His life for the redemption of the world—giving it up in pain, in sorrow, in a most bloody manner.

That is the sacrifice par excellence. In that sacrifice we have the most eminent Victim ever conceived by the mind of man. He is not a mere animal of the field. He is more precious than any Indian maiden given to death by the Algonquin of old. He is the Infinite Son of God-Made-Man, the Creator of heaven and earth, the Infinite Victim paying the price of the infinite debt incurred by sin.

At the same instant the high priest who is so revered in the ancient law of the Jews is totally inferior to this High Priest engaged in the sacrifice of Calvary; for Christ, the same Divine Victim, is likewise the Infinite High Priest.

I repeat, J. C. O., that the sacrifice of Calvary is the sacrifice of redemption.

Without wishing to go astray from the exact point of your question, I can't help remarking in a passing manner that this thing called redemption is greatly different from what we mean by salvation. By the mere fact that Christ redeemed us by His infinite sacrifice of Calvary, it is no argument that you and I and everyone who proclaim faith in Jesus Christ shall enter into the kingdom of heaven. You remember what the Scripture says about those who cry, "Lord, Lord," and "shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven"? You remember the multiplicity of Scriptural passages which signify that "faith without good works is dead"? Christ redeemed us. But we save ourselves through the application to our own souls of His grace and merits which were won on Calvary's heights.

The above remarks were necessary to preface what we mean by the sacrifice of the Mass. In brief, the Mass is the sacrifice of the body, blood, soul and divinity of Jesus Christ in an unbloody manner under the appearances of bread and wine. Essentially, it is the same sacrifice as was Calvary. Nevertheless, it differs from Calvary because it is unbloody; because Christ, Who "rose from the dead to die no more," as Scripture tells us, shows His death by the change of the substance of the bread and the substance of the wine into His body and blood and this through the ministry of His priests to whom He extended this power. More than that, the sacrifice of the Mass is the sacrifice of the application of the merits and graces won by Jesus Christ to the souls of men.

Need I rehearse for you the story of the Last Supper? Need I tell you how on that occasion Christ took bread into His hands and pronounced over it those divine words: "This is My body"? You do not doubt for an instant that Christ possessed this power any more than you doubt the miracle at Cana, where water was transubstantiated into wine. Nor do you interpose an objection stating that Christ was nothing more than a mere poet on the very eve of His impending death, speaking of ideals, whispering mysticisms, or playing the braggadocio. No one who pretends to the name of Christian would ever entertain such blasphemous thoughts.

Above all, you remember those words of His which culminated this specific scene of the Last Supper when, turning to His apostles, He solemnly said: "Do this in commemoration of Me."

If you turn back the pages of the original Scriptures, containing the original language in which the Gospels were written, the verb "do this" is expressed in the language of a command, not in the mood of an idle wish.

That is why "His name shall be great among the Gentiles from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same." That is why that the altars of the catacombs dating back to the first centuries of Christianity down to the latest altar of the littlest chapel erected on the far-flung frontiers of civilization tremble to the sound of the little sanctus bell as it continues to announce the never-ending oblation of Christ under the appearance of bread and wine for the salvation of the world.

Lord Macauley can write for us his idle dream of the martial drums of England which beat their reveille as the sun rises majestically out of the eastern seas—a reveille which keeps mounting with the orb of day and sounding the never-ending beat of England's power. But the sanctus bell, in reality, follows the rising sun around the world. Somewhere 'tis always morning. Somewhere, as the golden sun is changing the black mantle of night into a robe of roseate dawn, the sacrifice of the Mass is always being offered. Somewhere the words of Jesus Christ, "This is My body," is changing bread in the hands of some earthly priest into His glorified body and soul and divinity.

"From the rising of the sun," said the prophet, "until the going down of the same Thy name shall be great among the Gentiles."

My dear J. C. O., before entering into the more concrete explanation of the Mass, in which you are interested, I have but one more word to say on a question which appears to be dry as dust.

Supposing you were given the power to do in an instant those things which require years for nature to perform. Supposing you could change an acorn into an oak at an instant!

Supposing you were gifted with that miraculous power of changing the substances of things—wine into water, a corpse into a live man, a little handful of black seeds into a field riotous with red poppies. And supposing that you actually saw some little child upon the street and instantly changed her into a loaf of bread, or what appeared to be a loaf of bread—her substance, her person hidden under the appearances of that loaf—I ask you, is there a jury of men in these United States who would not instantly condemn you as guilty of murder?

I make mention of this simply to draw to your attention what we Catholics believe; namely, that the Consecration of the Mass is that portion of it, that essential part of it which makes it a true visible sacrifice of the immortal body, blood, soul and divinity of Jesus Christ offered up in complete oblation to God. Offered up by the power of Christ through the hands of His minister, for Christ in His infinite glory has submerged Himself under the appearances of bread.

THE MASS

My dear J. C. O., you are rather interested in the Mass, as you find it, with its music, its incense, its sanctus bell and antique vestments. To you it is all meaningless.

May I try in these few minutes which are left to give an interpretation of what these things signify?

In the last decade of years when we were so accustomed to the silent motion picture, how often have you sat enraptured in some great theatre as you watched unfolded upon the silver screen a masterpiece like the "King of Kings"? How often, may I inquire, have you enjoyed such a spectacle without a word being spoken, without a direction being manifested except for an incidental title which interrupts the steady progress of the drama? I recall this fact to your mind because the sacrifice of the Mass, in one sense, is a dramatic representation of the greatest event which ever occurred in the reality of life. As far as the audience is concerned, the language which is employed is not altogether understandable. In the silent moving picture drama, no language at all is used save here and there for titles. But it is the action that counts.

Our people are taught from childhood what those symbolic actions of their priests entail. At the outset the priest comes to the altar. Because his heart should be pure in re-acting this tragedy of Calvary, we have, as it were, a prologue to the Mass, which is called the Introit, the Confiteor, and the Kyrie Eleison. All of which consists in asking Almighty God to forgive us our sins and to have mercy on us. Then comes the first scene. It is the Gloria in Excelsis Deo. It leads to the climax of Calvary. Once again we hear the chants of the angels' song which broke upon the silence of the first Christmas night. "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

Then comes the second scene. For at least four thousand years the Hebrew world had anxiously awaited the coming of the Messiah, the Redeemer. The same moral law, practically speaking, which governed their actions has been preached and broadcast by the apostles of Jesus Christ. The same hopes, in one sense, which have been extended to us were likewise whispered to them through their prophets. Therefore, at this juncture of the drama of the Mass an excerpt is read either from the Old Testament or from the letters of Christ's apostles which deals with our faith in the Redeemer or His moral law. This is the Epistle. At this moment to the understanding Catholic there is being screened before his intellectual eye those thousands of years of hope and anticipation, those wanderings through the deserts of Egypt and of this modern life, whose moral laws and principles which, like stars shining in the dark night of our distress, must guide us to the promised land.

The third scene is screened. The book of the Mass is changed from one side of the altar to the other. Reverently there is read His Gospel. Reverently there is recounted one of His miracles. Again we watch Christ as He changes water into wine, as He cleanses the lepers, as He raises the dead to life, as He preaches His Sermon on the Mount, as He insists upon His Gospel of charity towards all. Nearly three years of His public life are momentarily represented at this scene.

The fourth scene is now unfolded before us. It is, as it were, an interlude, a pause. We call this the Creed or the Credo. After having heard the Gospel, and witnessed again in memory His miracles, we say with St. Peter, "To Whom, O Lord, shall we go?" and with St. Thomas, the doubting apostle, "My Lord and my God!"

The fifth scene brings us speedily to the Garden of Gethsemane. We Catholics call this scene the Offertory. Was it not in Gethsemane, in the silence and desolation of the night, when Jesus Christ offered Himself as a living victim to God the Father for the expiation of our sins? At this moment the priest takes bread and wine into his hands and offers them up in the name of the people. "Not My will, but Thine be done!"

With quickening pulse we pass through a thought that is screened before us by the actions and prayers of the priest. Angels are gathering around. The Seraphim and Cherubim are calling aloud that "Holy, Holy, Holy is His Name." And now comes the climax of the drama. The sixth scene is at one and the same time both the upper room at Jerusalem, where the Last Supper was enacted; it is also the upper heights of Calvary, where the innocent Lamb of God was crucified between two thieves for our sins. In an unbloody manner this scene is acted again. At this moment history gives way to reality; dramatic representation gives way to fact. Ever mindful of the words, "Do this in commemoration of Me," the priest, in the name of Christ, does exactly in the twinkling of an eye what Christ did in the upper room. In a few short seconds there is enacted the identical, essential sacrifice which required three gruesome, tragic hours on Calvary's Hill. The bread ceases to exist. Its appearance, its taste, color, form, weight, remain. Its substance gives way to the body and blood, soul and divinity of Jesus Christ. The eye cannot see it, the ears are not attuned to it, the mind of reason cannot grasp it. Faith—the same faith that burned in the heart of the apostles when they took the body and blood of Christ to eat the night before Good Friday—that same faith burns in the mind and heart of every Catholic.

But let me come to the seventh scene that is being protrayed before us. Christ is dead upon the cross of the altar; upon the modern Calvary. Gathered about Him on the first Calvary were men who blasphemed and derided Him. There were present those who bewailed and lamented and still adored Him. We, too, adoring our God and still professing our belief in Him, still re-echoing His last prayer when He said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," now recite the Lord's Prayer. Solemnly the words are recited, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us."

The climax is over. The drama is about ended. Thus, in the eighth scene, the Communion, Christ is taken down from the cross; is placed in the tomb. But it is not the rock-hewn tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. It is the tomb of our hearts where the priest and the congregation receive Jesus Christ.

The Mass is over. My dear friend, it is impossible for me in the short space of this answer to explain in full the meaning of it all. The whole thing is infinite, is divine. Like a great tragedy, like the play "Hamlet," which is a mere human representation, we are never through in discovering new beauties in the divine tragedy of the Mass. Human plays are appealing merely to human reason. This divine drama appeals to supernatural faith. It requires intelligence and faith and devotion to assist at the Mass, otherwise it would be empty and void and full of vanity. Believe me, we Catholics regard the Mass as the true sacrifice of Jesus Christ. Because of this, it is the pivotal point of our religion. It is the microcosm, as it were, where all Christianity is crystallized, all faith is centered and expressed, because it is Christ's life from Bethlehem to Calvary that is intellectually portrayed before us. It is Christ's death that is really enacted before us.

Just as the Jewish priests of old sounded the trumpets when the victim was about to be immolated, so the ritual of the Church prescribes for us to sound the little bell to announce the new sacrifice of Jesus Christ; just as the Jewish priests vested themselves in the robes of office to signify the holy act they are about to perform, so do our priests, who have been chosen from among men to offer up this sacrifice of the New Testament.

We have gone forth into the fields and stolen the lilies and the roses to deck our altars; we have borrowed from the bees the wax to light our candles, and likewise from the silkworm we have taken the material for our vestments. Our greatest artists have come to paint the picture of this sacrifice, and our greatest architects have builded high into the skies those spires of hope and truth.

I repeat, this is the pivotal point of our religion, where all Christianity is crystallized, all faith is centered and expressed, because it is Christ's life from Bethlehem to Calvary that is intellectually portrayed before us. It is Christ's death enacted before us in an unbloody manner. Christ the Victim, Christ the High Priest permitting Himself to be offered up for the salvation of the world to God His Father through the consecrated hands of those who still fulfil the ancient command of "Do this in commemoration of Me."

THE THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

"THE MULTIPLICATION OF THE LOAVES"

I.

Both the ceremonies and festivities surrounding the Feast of the Passover were to the Jewish people of the most importance. It was a national feast. From the farthest frontiers of Jewry came thousands of men and women and children to the temple at Jerusalem.

Shepherds and tradesmen, artisans and farmers made holiday to thank Almighty God for their deliverance both from the slavery and persecution of the Egyptians.

Outside the city's walls little groups of families were encamped. Here and there some poor cripple was carried, perchance, with the hope that he could be let down into the saving waters of the pool of Probatica.

All week long, while the sacrifices were being offered to God and the ceremonies fulfilled, Jesus Christ and His apostles were busied caring for the poor and the sick. You can picture Him healing the withered limb of the old man who was waiting for someone to let him down into the miraculous waters. Watch Him as He goes about comforting little children, opening the eyes of the blind to the beauties of the green hillsides, which were laughing in their springtime attire; letting the song of thrush and meadow lark burst with their melody upon the eternal stillness of those born deaf. All week long Jesus and His disciples had not spared themselves. As the Scriptures tell us, they were tired; they were in need of a little rest "because they had not so much as time to eat" (Mark 6:31). With what disappointment did the throngs of people watch Jesus and His disciples depart from the city to the lakeshore and then embark, probably in Peter's boat! As the little craft sailed leisurely not far from the shore line, the great gathering of men and women and children followed it along the dusty road that skirted the lake. Scarcely had the Master and His apostles disembarked and climbed the little hill than they beheld the throng approaching them.

So, abandoning all idea of rest; forgetful of His comfort, Jesus went forward to meet His visitors—tired, footsore and hungry! No wonder "He had compassion on them"! (Matt. 9:36).

Here were five thousand men and at least as many women and children who were determined to bask in the sunshine of His presence. Before they returned to their homes on the morrow, this last day of the

Feast must be spent with the Wonder Worker Who cured their sick, comforted their broken-hearted, and spoke to them of the great Jerusalem beyond the portals of men. What cared they that eventide was fast approaching with its springtime rains and sudden storms. Such things were of no concern. These were the thoughts which occupied their minds as Jesus approached and bade them welcome.

II.

At length the Master became concerned for the welfare of His admiring guests. Already He had fed them upon the bread of truth. Now He must be thoughtful for their physical welfare.

"Where shall we find bread that these shall eat?" spoke He to His disciples. "Two-hundred denarii worth of bread is not sufficient that each one may take even a little," responded Phillip disconsolately, as he well knew that this great sum of money could never be found in the purse of the little apostolic community.

But there was a boy present who had five barley loaves and two fishes—black bread and dry salted fish!

Without more ado Jesus ordered His guests to be seated by hundreds and by fifties.

As the setting sun was turning the green waters of the lake into a bath of liquid gold, this great throng seated themselves in the amphitheatre of the Palestinian hills. Jesus reaches for the five loaves; hands them to His apostles, who distributed them to the crowd. And lo! The miracle!

When all had partaken of this miraculous banquet, twelve baskets of fragments were gathered.

The admiration of the throng began to express itself. Here one man rose to hail Christ as their King. His voice was taken up until suddenly a loud acclaim disturbed the peaceful air.

"Hail, King of the Jews!" "Hail, Saviour of our race!"

But Christ, Whose kingdom is not of this world, hid Himself. His daily mission had been modestly performed.

III.

Ladies and gentlemen, I honestly wish that you will neither misinterpret what I am about to state nor take offense at the suggestion which seems to flow so naturally from the Gospel story to which we have listened.

These thoughts come from the bottom of my heart. They bear a significance which at this moment is of paramount importance to everyone who pretends to be a Christian; who proclaims to be an American.

As many of you know this "Golden Hour" is the second time today, as it is every Sunday, that I have broadcast. In the afternoon from three to four o'clock there is conducted from this pulpit a "Children's

Catechism Hour" over our local Detroit station, WJR.

At the conclusion of this hour last Sunday, I made the passing announcement that I had neither money nor positions, nor food to give the poor. But I had plenty of clothes to distribute—clothes which the good people of my neighborhood and of my parish brought to this church for God's poor.

On the following Monday morning the little bungalow which serves as my rectory was surrounded with men and women and children. It was a drizzly, rainy, bleak Monday morning. Coatless, hatless, many of them in borrowed clothes, these unfortunates came in that rain to beg for immediate assistance.

Having prefaced my remarks with these few words, kindly bear with me.

During the four years which I have been broadcasting from the Shrine of the Little Flower I have come in contact with every class of American citizen.

Of one thing I am certain that the hearts of the American people are sound. Of another thing I am certain, being able to gauge it from over 300,000 letters which came to my office, was the alarming fact that there are too many of our laboring class who are becoming set in their opinion that the churches are the pawns of capitalists and of the agents of wealth.

Let me be quick to state that the Prince of Peace came not into this world to establish hostility between the rich and the poor, between the capitalist and the laborer. Let me be strong in asserting that anyone who attempts to build up animosity between the classes is neither American nor Christian. Honest criticism, however, is always honestly accepted. Dishonest propaganda must always be frowned upon.

I ask you, therefore, to credit me with that amount of truthfulness which is devoid of both weak sentimentality and intentional exaggeration, when I pass on to you the fact of the existence of this growing mental attitude of the poor and of the working class towards our churches.

The man or woman who is blind to see such a condition and thereby discounts its irrefutable reality is nothing more than an ostrich who attempts to hide his head in the sands of selfishness while this spiritual tragedy is being enacted in our midst.

If ever there was a time in the history of this generation when there was demand on the part of the churches for duplication of the multiplication of the loaves, that moment has arrived. The faults of the past which have produced our sad predicament are so much water that has flowed under the bridge of time. The promises of the future to relieve our present misery belong to the future. The only remedy must be found in multiplying bread for the needy at the present moment.

We who have learned by rote the corporal and the spiritual works of mercy as enunciated by Jesus Christ must begin to practice our learning today. Otherwise, this growing opinion of hostility towards the churches as has been manifested to me by thousands of letters; this opinion I referred to as existing in the minds of too many of our laboring class—will grow and swell like a tidal wave until its destructive force will be immeasurable, both in things religious and in things politic.

Ladies and gentlemen, I repeat this is the time for action and not for idle boasting of how much gold we possess. Let politicians prate of the fact that our banks are loaded with gold; that the savings accounts of our country have increased. They are loaded with the gold of the millionaire. The savings accounts have increased with the idle money of the millionaire. But let us churchmen be honest enough to admit that the bleak, blighting wind of this November night is piercing like a sword into the heart and soul of the underfed, the underclothed, the unfortunates of our nation whose ominous silence is by far a more eloquent protest than we appreciate.

Let us be honest enough to admit that poverty is stalking in our midst, honest enough to admit the truth of our unemployment situation instead of garbling it under the specious words of fictitious hope.

The Bureau of Census of our present government estimated last August that we had 2,508,151 persons out of employment in this nation.

According to their own admission this Census Bureau did not include persons having jobs, but on so-called vacations without pay, as was stated by the New York Times in their issue of the 24th of August, nor did it count the women and children dependent upon the jobless.

As a matter of fact this classification of people form the bulk of the unemployed. With their immediate dependents, wives and little helpless children, the minimum of our unemployed who are affected is not far from ten million people. Ten million factory workers and laborers who live from hand to mouth. Ten million in whose souls there is beginning to burn the fires of discontent.

The propaganda that wages have not been cut; the lying propaganda that our present distress is a passing fancy is exemplified by the master stroke of contemptible meanness when this last September some government official at Washington issued an order to cut the pay of the scrubwomen of the federal buildings by $1.25 a week.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is high time for us to put aside subterfuge and lying. The silly psychology imported to this country by Dr. Coue that we are getting better and better every day can never alleviate the starving, naked laborers' children who cannot wait until the springtime of promise arrives. Action—concrete action—and not empty words is required.

When the bugle sounds the call to arms, we realize that we are in an emergency where both promise and discussion are of no avail. Every young man is conscripted to serve his nation's flag because a crisis has arisen. In time of pestilence or famine or of this widespread unemployment which breeds both pestilence and famine we are in a condition just as critical when, if necessary, every dollar should be conscripted.

Food will fill the stomach and not subterfuge. Clothes and fuel will protect our unfortunates against the blasts of this winter—not discussion.

This is not a political issue of any nature whatsoever. It is God's issue, which is infinitely above politics. At least it is more important that not one American child, no matter what his race or color or creed, shall go unshod, unnourished, than it is to spend words and dollars on the present American comedy of experimentation.

Where and how shall we begin? I know many churches and religious organizations which already have accepted the challenge from God's poor. Although this little church from which I am addressing this vast audience has a debt of approximately $300,000, which is borne on the shoulders of sixty-four families who belong to the middle class, it is happy to accept the challenge from the poor. It is happy to spread the fire of good example. The spirit of St. Francis is not dead. The spirit of Jesus Christ has not departed. Although we have only five barley loaves and a few fishes, we shall attempt to feed the hungry and clothe the naked.

Over and above what we have given to the Community Fund, to the St. Vincent de Paul organization and to any other poor fund, despite our meagre collection which was taken up today at our Sunday Masses, I publicly pledge that $500.00 will be given tomorrow morning in the name of this church to the St. Vincent de Paul charitable organization.

There is nothing dramatic about this. We are on the crest of a crisis. It is an emergency which has arisen, by whose fault at present we are not interested.

I repeat, it must not be made a political issue. It is God's issue to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked.

If every Christian church in this great nation of America will emulate the Franciscan Fathers of Thirty-first Street, New York, and Vine Street, Cincinnati; if they will take some Sunday's collection over and above all that they have been giving to the poor by other means and spend it in the name of the church for the clothing of the destitute, two things will be accomplished. The first is the performing a corporal act of mercy as counseled by Jesus Christ. The second is the performing of a greater spiritual act of mercy in teaching the poor that they are still God's children and still cared for by His church.

No; we are not gifted with Christ's omnipotence of multiplying five barley loaves so that they are capable of feeding five thousand, but we are gifted with the spiritual power of charity; we are supported by a more stupendous miracle according to Christ's promise that "Whatsoever we do unto the least of His little ones we do unto Him."

So, in view of the fact that our community chests, our poor organizations, our St. Vincent de Paul societies, our welfare organizations are pitifully overburdened with this most severe test to which they were ever subjected, I know that many parishes will be moved with the charity that surpasseth all understanding to bestow, perhaps, the entirety of some Sunday's collection on God's poor, in order to carry our nation over the crest of this emergency.

Of old He had compassion upon them. Hungry and tired as they were, even though the great city about them was filled with festivity.

Today we, His followers and servants, must be the first to have compassion on the poor, even though the coffers of our great nation about us are filled with wealth to overflowing. Let it not be said that Caesar hath surpassed Christ in his charity; nor that the work which was carried down by Christ's Church throughout the centuries has been shuffled upon the shoulders of civic organizations.

Imagine that there is a knock at your door. It is Christ Who stands there, wan, cold, hungry and naked. He asks you for help—now! I know that you will give Him either from your abundance or from your poverty whatsoever you can spare. In reality, the poor of our nation are rapping at your door. Your Christian faith tells you that these unfortunates are Christ's brothers and sisters. Whatsoever you do for them you do for Him.

Fellow Americans, we are confronted by the spectres of Poverty, Famine and Pestilence. We have only one answer to hurl back into their teeth. "They must not pass!" "God wills it."

CHAPTER VI

LEST WE FORGET

ARMISTICE DAY

ACCORDING to a proclamation issued by President Hoover that the eleventh day of November shall be commemorated by exercises to do honor to all those who served our country and especially to the memory of those who died in its service, we are happy to dedicate this Golden Hour of the Little Flower to the observance of Armistice Day.

It is a day crowded with memories both of glory and of sorrow. As Americans we are proud to share in the imperishable glory which crowns our veterans' brows. We are also proud to share in the grief which the mention of those tragic years brings to many mothers' hearts. But transcending both our glory and our grief we feel confident that the lives of those whose corpses lie beneath the earth of foreign soil, in the ultimate sense, have not been wasted. Dare we forget Christ's supreme judgment on this matter when He enunciated "that greater love than this no man hath than he lay down his life for his friends"?

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

As you and I, fellow Americans, pause beside the grave of either soldier or sailor we cannot help but become analytical, questioning ourselves as to what these things, life and death, really mean. If those white crosses mark the end-all and the be-all of our fellow citizens who made the supreme sacrifice, then the price of their victory were too great; then their lives were wasted. But forget not the immortality of their souls! Is there not more length and breadth and depth to human life than there is to the world of nature about us? The golden sunrise of morning may have its death in the blood-red sunset. The warmth of springtime which kisses into bloom the primrose; which revives the song of the thrush and the call of the robin may depart with the killing frost of autumn as it sears the flower and bids farewell to the last vagrant songster who sadly sings his requiem on a naked branch of a sobbing tree. The creatures of the material world may come and go; may live and die. But the immaterial soul, which by its nature is shielded from the attacks of the destructive elements of fire and frost, of hunger and thirst, of shrapnel and every other destructive worldly element, lives on forever. Because it is immaterial, it is likewise immortal!

RESURRECTION OF THE BODY

This truth of the soul's immortality had been ascertained long before the dawnlight of Christianity. But preceding the coming of Jesus Christ the sorrowing pagan mother of a son who had sacrificed his all in battle was content to think that her boy's body had been swallowed up forever in the coldness of a grave. See her as hot tears stream down her cheeks! She turns back the scroll of the years. She beholds baby arms which cling to her breast and rosy feet which know not how to walk. She lives over again the world of her son's boyhood as it broadens and expands. She believes that his lips are silent forever; that his precious heart is stilled for eternity in death!

How different is the Christian mother from her pagan sister!

In the light of her Christian faith she not only clings to the immortality of the soul: thanks to Jesus Christ, she holds steadfastly to the consoling truth of the resurrection of the body. The mothers of our soldiers who during this last summer bended their knees beside the white crosses which mark their sons' repose have a vision of another cross once lifted high on Calvary's hill; have a memory of an empty tomb in Joseph's garden!

EASTER

In the treasury of their hearts they possess the wondrous story of the first Easter dawn. Did not Jesus Christ vanquish death and stand glorious and resplendent both in body and in soul above the stone which but a few short hours previous had held His corpse prisoner? Has He not whispered to every one of these mothers that through Him their love shall not be in vain because He is "the Resurrection and the Life"?

Thus, my friends, the history of Lazarus shall be enacted once again for every sister and woman who has learned to love a man. The story of Jairus' daughter shall live ten-thousand times in reality for every parent who has wept bitter tears upon the flower-strewn coffin of a child. The drama enacted in the dusty streets of Naim shall be perpetuated for every mother whose boy's body lies in Flanders Field.

Flowers may fade; silver locks may come to mock the crown of golden curls; yes, death may come. But thanks to Jesus Christ, there is the resurrection of the body, glorious and immortal.

Indeed, the emptiness of His grave is to Christians more eloquent than all the grammar of living logicians. Let them tell in platitudes about the wastage of life. But we still cling to Christ's teaching "that they who lose their life shall find it."

THE "WASTAGE" OF LIFE

However, this mention of wastage causes us to ponder upon the futility and the barren results which have accrued to the world from this great war.

As we remember, this was a war to end wars. And yet today about two-thirds of the world's population are in open conflict. It was a war to make the world safe for democracy. But we have lived to witness the birth of Bolshevism, the growth of discontent, and such an open disregard for authority that the prince of gangdom brazenly dares to make overtures and compromises for the perpetuation of his racketeering.

Is this what is meant by the wastage of the great war? Have heroes' lives been offered up in vain? Is this the democracy for which those men died to make the world safe? Federal prisons overcrowded; unlicensed saloons triply multiplied; more murders in the City of Detroit alone in one year than in all the British Isles; judgeships besmirched with graft; pacifists organized to scuttle our navy and abandon our army; thirty-billion dollars worth of our national and private gold poured out of the country for one purpose or another and only a few pitiful million dollars begrudgingly bestowed upon the veterans who returned from France!

Not that I imply that a price should be put upon patriotism. But I can readily understand that if ever another call to arms is sounded there is a growing opinion that there shall not only be a conscription of the youth of our country, but also a conscription of the wealth of our country.

There are many paradoxes, seeming contradictions, which cluster around the observance of Armistice Day. For instance, on the pinnacle of the age of reason, when we had satisfied ourselves that progress and prosperity could be acquired without Jesus Christ and His Church, the fabric of civilization was torn asunder by the storm winds of passion.

That a Catholic priest who has pledged himself to be a follower of the Prince of Peace endeavors to lift his voice in praise of valorous soldiers; that the happiest memories which crown this glorious day cluster about the myriad of white crosses which glisten amidst the crimson poppies of foreign fields—these things, too, seem to be contradictions.

ETERNAL HAPPINESS

Nevertheless, while we pause this day to pay our mead of honor to those who sacrificed their lives because of the international policies of Christlessness, our solitary consolation is found not in the fiction that there shall be no more wars; not in the famine and poverty which grip a world made safe for democracy, but only in the justice and mercy tendered to us by Jesus Christ.

Above all, we pause today to dry the tears and assuage the broken hearts of those whose sons have sacrificed their lives in the hope that our liberty should not perish.

My bereaved ones, "it is our belief that without any doubt whatever Christ crowns a soldier's military valor, and that his death, accepted in a Christian spirit, assures us of the safety of that hero's soul. 'Greater love than this no man hath,' said our Saviour, 'that a man lay down his life for his friends.' And he who dies to save his brothers and to defend the hearths and altars of his country reaches the highest of all degrees of charity. He may not have made a close analysis of the value of his sacrifice; but must we suppose that God requires of the plain soldier in the excitement of battle the methodical precision of the moralist or the theologian? Can we who revere his heroism doubt that his God welcomes him with love?"—(Mercier.)

Thus, there is neither philosopher nor poet who can persuade me that our heroes whom we commemorate on this Armistice Day are suffering the torments of the damned, if they died for the welfare of their loved ones. Nor is there theologian who could alter my belief that God's infinite justice will stand annihilated before His equally infinite mercy.

It is our Catholic belief that we who love not for today, but forever, have full confidence in knowing that our dearly cherished dead who have died in friendship with Christ shall not perish, despite the fact that God's justice does exact of them punishment for any wilful transgressions made whilst in the flesh.

PURGATORY

God knows how to make justice and mercy kiss, as the Scriptures tell us. God knows how to permit each one of our faithful departed to cancel his own debt, which is not an infinite one.

In the second book of the Machabees, on the occasion of another Armistice Day, the field of battle was strewn with dead when the bugle had sounded for peace. The great leader, Judas Maccabaeus, so the inspired pages of Scripture tell us, in the twelfth chapter, twenty-sixth verse, sent an offering to the holy temple at Jerusalem in behalf of his slain warriors. "It is, therefore, a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins," were the inspired words of Holy Writ which he pronounced.

Of course, I have hereby suggested to you the Catholic doctrine on purgatory. Call it what name you choose. By it we simply mean that place or condition of temporal punishment, not eternal, for those who, departing this life in God's grace, are not free from lesser sins and faults, or who have not fully paid the satisfaction due to their transgressions. It is not an invention of priestcraft, or hypocrisy, unless we would dare say that the Apostle Paul was the inventor of it, when in his letter to the Corinthians (3:15) he says: "That some will be saved, yet so as by fire." From the earliest days of Christianity, did I choose to become historical, I could recount for you what a Tertullian said upon the subject; what a St. Cyril of Jerusalem wrote upon the same topic, and what practically every Father of the Christian Church, even before the Tenth Century, enunciated regarding it. It is all synopsized in the one statement of this Tertullian, who in his essay, "The Glory of the Soldiers"—the first armistice eulogy penned in the Christian Church—said that the prayers for the dead were of apostolic origin. Among our modern Protestant men of letters, Mr. Mallock wrote in his book, "Is Life Worth Living?": "It is becoming fast recognized on all sides that purgatory is the only doctrine that can bring a belief in future rewards and punishments into anything like accordance with our notion of what is just and reasonable. And the immortal Protestant poet, Alfred Lord Tennyson, is in accord with the philosopher in those beautiful verses taken from "The Passing of Arthur":

"I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure! but
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day."

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY

Thus, my friends, as human words are weak in tendering consolation to the mothers, the wives, the sweethearts, the children and loved ones of our fallen soldiers, our Christian faith is strong in its victory over death. The flag of Christ is resplendent with His glory. Across its white field there is written in letters of gold: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Those of us who gather about to salute it raise our voices in that ancient chant, "Oh, grave, where is thy victory! Oh, death, where is thy sting!" When time will have ceased there shall be that boy's strong arms and smiling face and golden voice glorified standing on the parapets of heaven to greet you!

A SANE PROSPECT

But as an American I hope I am practical enough and sufficiently observant to realize that the same fiendish causes of greed for gold and greed for power; the same lack of Christian faith; the same worship of the fickle goddess of reason which were the underlying causes of the last war are still active in a greater degree today than they were in 1914. Despite the solemn conclaves of rulers to outlaw war, behold Russia with its army of approximately two-million trained soldiers, its designs upon Roumania, and its hostility to the civilized world.

Shall we be content to stand idly by like sheep for the slaughter, with no adequate preparations to meet the emergency? It must never be said of America that she will be the unjust aggressor in any war. But it also must not be said that we of this generation shall build for future years upon the quicksands of presumption.

Soldiers and sailors and our beloved dead, we shall be faithful to you. It were blasphemy for us, to insinuate by unpatriotic word or by traitorous action that your lives have been wasted. We gladly hold the torch aloft which you have handed down. Of love we shall not make a mockery. If your intellects can grasp the meaning of my worldly words, I ask you in the name of those thousands who today join with me in memory of your heroism, to count each tear as a precious pearl which we lay at the throne of Almighty God to form a rosary of kind thoughts and tender prayers and sweet memories.

We shall not be content to consign you to the cold tomb of the past; but our memory of you shall be forever active, vibrant and alive. If you are still biding time midway between earth and heaven, it is our earnest prayer that flights of angels will sing you to your rest. To God we shall offer up our daily deeds for you; to Him we shall consecrate our thoughts for you, else our love were no more than that of the pagans who despaired its immortality. Though your pulse be stilled, though your lips be silent, your second spring of life eternal shall be glorious and everlasting, and your beloved ones left behind shall clasp again breast to breast you who have died in the friendship of Christ.

Mothers, children, sweethearts and friends whose eyes long since have been dimmed with the tears of sorrow, I am quite sure you will be very glad that for a little while you were so sad.

"I am quite sure
That He will give them back—bright, pure and beautiful—
I know He will but keep our own and His until we fall asleep..

* * *

I know that He does not mean
To break the strands reaching between
The Here and There.

* * *

He does not mean—though heaven be fair—
To change the spirits entering there, that they forget
The eyes upraised and wet,
The lips too still for prayer.

* * *

He will not take
The spirits which He gave, and make
The glorified so new
That they are lost to me and you.

I do believe
They will receive
Us—you and me—and be so glad
To meet us, that when most you would grow sad
You just begin to think about that gladness.

* * *

And comes a day
And when they shall tell us all about the way
That they have learned to go—
Heaven's pathways they'll show.

* * *

Your boy, dear mother, and you
Shall have so much to see together by and by.
I do believe that just the same sweet face,
But glorified, is waiting in the place
Where you shall meet, if only you
Are counted worthy in that by and by.

* * *

I do believe that God will give a sweet surprise
To tear-stained, saddened eyes,
And that this his heaven will be
Most glad, most tided through with joy for you,
Because 'tis you who've suffered most.

* * *

God never made
Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade,
And placed them side by side—
So wrought in one, though separate, mystified—
And meant to break
The quivering threads between.

* * *

When you shall wake,
I am quite sure, you shall be very glad
That for a little while you were so sad."

CHAPTER VII

MACHINE AGE AND LABOR

THE QUESTION

IN VENTURING upon this subject of labor and its relative questions of wages and unemployment, I am not forgetful that the path of my pilgrimage is both treacherous and narrow. On the one side there are the quicksands of idealism, of radical socialism, in whose depths there are buried both the dreams of the poet and the ravings of the revolutionist. On the pathway's other side there are the smiling acres of Lotus Land, where it is always afternoon, always springtime, always inactivity. It is peopled by those who are dulled by the opiate of their own contentedness to such a degree that they possess no prospect of what the future years hold in store for our nation.

Thus, at the outset, I believe it is only proper both to myself and to the Golden Hour of the Little Flower to certify my position with the promise that I shall avoid faithfully the treacherous sands of socialism, while still refusing to be detained by the siren voice of those whose senses are numbed to the significance of our labor problem.

That there is a chronic problem of unemployment to be settled is universally admitted. In one sense it is a world problem. But in a more particular sense it is a problem for Americans, who eventually will not be swayed either by false prophets or by purchased propaganda.

Aware, therefore, that I am addressing these remarks to an intelligent people, to a people who are endowed with the innate courage both of confronting enemies from without and of meeting face to face the exigencies which arise from within, I esteem it a high privilege both as an American and as a Catholic priest to approach this vexed question absolutely independent of the entanglements of politics. It is not a political question in the sense that it is partisan, that it is Democratic or Republican. It is an American question, God's question, which transcends the platforms of all political parties. That we shall succeed in solving it satisfactorily is certain. Washington's victories are still green in memory. The days of our American Gethsemane lived through by Lincoln and our forbears will continue to be days of inspiration to us of this generation as we struggle forward towards more perfect things, always holding steadfastly to the purity of our Constitution and to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

We who have builded cities where formerly forests stood; we who have transformed a wilderness within the short space of one hundred fifty years into a teeming nation of activity and industry must tear this pall of depression from our vision; must turn our eyes towards the east, where the new sun of prosperity is arising; must slay this modern monster of unemployment and discontent. If we ourselves do not accomplish this constitutionally, then there is the possible danger of either the socialist or the communist doing it for us unconstitutionally.

However, at the beginning of this series of discussions, I have full confidence that in this new and necessary venture, greater in one sense than was that of the Civil War, we shall not fail. The Civil War conquered the regime of slavery and the political heresy of disunion. The Christian solution of both our unemployment and labor question shall guarantee the lastingness of our civilization.

THE LABORER

In this first lecture of this series it is well to clarify the definition of a word before we employ it. Therefore, who is a laborer? First of all, he is not a Robinson Crusoe who can live by himself and for himself independent of the world about him. He is a social human being for whom the farmer grows his grain and breeds his sheep. The tailor supplies him with clothing, the miner with fuel, the builder with a shelter against the inclement weather, the teacher with education, the actor with entertainment, the priest with religion. I repeat, he is a social human being who shares in the production of things with the citizens of the nation in which he lives. More than that, he is not a mental abstraction. He is a man of flesh and blood, sometimes the victim of ignorance, sometimes the pawn of passion. He rubs shoulders with the thief and the liar, with the idler and the leech.

In attempting to define a laborer, these things must not be foreign to your thoughts.

There is not one item in life which is independent of the laborer. Identified with every gold coin which is sent on its mission of wealth; intimately related to every locomotive which moves freight and produce and human beings across our continent; back of every airplane that skims past the skyline and over the clouds, there is some human being who has delved into the earth to fetch forth the gold, to fabricate the engine, and to spin for us the silken wings which fill the sky.

The laborer, my friends, is the man who makes possible all the inventions and luxuries and utilities of life. Within the scope of that word there is not only he who delves in the mine or he who works hot iron in the mills. There is not only he who fells the tree in the forest or digs the ditch for our water mains in the city. There is that other type of laborer, such as an Edison, who plies his trade of intellectuality while he experiments with the filaments of wire. There is the labor of a Pasteur, who looks into his test tubes to find the germs of cancer and tuberculosis and to discover how to destroy them. There is the labor of every human being who exercises his faculties, be they those of muscle and brawn or those of intellect and will for the development of the human race and for our social prosperity.

Therefore, in its widest sense every American belongs to the laboring class. But in a more particular, specific sense we are dealing intimately with that portion of the laboring class who works in the mines, in the mills, in the factories or elsewhere for a daily or an hourly wage and whose life and the lives of his children and wife are totally dependent upon this revenue. He forms the bulk of our citizenship. Closely allied to him is the farmer. Together with their dependents they easily account for more than ninety-five per cent of our total population.

It is with these persons primarily that the present labor question is concerned.

THE CRADLE OF THE PROBLEM

We are not concerned precisely with the full history of this labor question. The specific problem which confronts us was born within our own generation in the same cradle as was mass production.

Although we have passed through other panics and depressions, nevertheless, the particular thing with which we have to deal could not possibly have arisen before the birth of the machine age. May I remark, passingly, that while we must have a little patience with the wild-eyed poets whose thrones are the soap boxes as they clamor against the industrial evils of the time, yet we must be intelligent enough to realize that the successful struggle for democracy required more than the life of one generation.

The struggle to overcome the ravages of tuberculosis has exacted the toll of centuries. The conflict to throttle bigotry has not been completed, though more than four hundred years have passed.

We are fortunate, therefore, that only after twenty-five years we are beginning to bend every forceful thought of Christian Americanism to harness this Frankenstein of the machine age. And, without doubt, our efforts will meet with success, provided they are not made into a political football.

FACTS TO BE FACED

In introducing this phase of the labor question may I present these facts from which we can make a beginning.

The physical volume for factories, mines, farms and railroads increased one-hundred-and-thirty-six per cent from the year 1900 to the year 1925. But the labor active in this production and responsible for it increased only sixty per cent.

Moreover, in addition to the increase in total output the actual production of each laborer has increased greatly during this same span of years, due to his technical education. Do you realize that there has been an actual decline in the number of farm workers, factory workers and railroad workers? According to figures supplied by Mr. William

Green, the president of the American Federation of Labor, our factories have in the past ten years produced forty-two per cent more merchandise with five-hundred-thousand fewer factory workers than they did in the ten previous years. Railroads have handled seven per cent more business with an operating force reduced by more than two-hundred and fifty-thousand workmen. The coal miners increased their tonnage twenty-three per cent, while there were approximately one-hundred-thousand fewer miners employed.

Moreover, during the last quarter of a century the machines of America produced an enormous quantity of export material, which was consumed by Europe and other foreign parts. Since the war Europe has more or less adopted a policy of manufacturing many of its own needs.

As a sample, behold the automobile industry, which formerly was concentrated at Detroit. It now possesses manufacturing branches in the British Isles, in France, in Germany, in Italy, in Canada and in Russia! More than that, with many European and other nations practically boycotting our products, as a result of the intensive tariff war, it means that certain markets have been discontinued. It further means that our mass production machinery shall be idle over a greater period of time than was hitherto experienced. It also means that under our present condition of hourly labor pay, our workman's buying power is materially decreased.

This industrial awakening in Europe, however, was the expected and the logical thing. It would be presumption upon our part to consider that we had the manufacturing world by the tail, to swing whither we pleased.

I remember of having read in my English history book of an old woman by the name of Jenny Lind, who so vehemently protested against the innovation of the mechanical loom that she threw her milk stool at the preacher who was praising it. It is to be hoped that there are no Jenny Linds left in this audience who will throw verbal milk stools at the fine machinery and wonderful tools which have made possible this remarkable advance of production at a minimum of labor. Only a person afflicted with a retrogressive mind would advance a theory that we should destroy our mass production machinery in order to make work for all over a period of three-hundred-and-sixty-five days.

It is only an untrained and cowardly mind which will disparage our high-powered tools, our better arrangement of materials, our more efficient management.

BEFORE CONCLUDING

For the time being I shall not attempt to draw any conclusions from the facts above cited. These we shall save until I mention two of the moral laws with which they are closely related. The first law is the fundamental law of existence. It is so axiomatic that it is written upon the fleshy tablets of the human heart rather than in the pages of Scripture. It is the law of self-preservation which the Creator of human life has so impressed upon every individual that it supersedes every other law and annuls every man-made legislation which unreasonably comes in conflict with it.

As Americans, we dare not be unmindful of this law. It is the law of bread and butter, of shelter, of clothing and of health; of the primary physical necessities which protect life.

Even in primeval governments this natural law was so evident that armies were created and walls were built to protect the citizens against hostile invaders. In our advanced present civilization this primary duty of governments must still function in building walls of industrial restrictions, in creating armies of legislation, in order to repel the enemies of idleness and its attendant miseries of poverty, starvation and nakedness. These are just as inimical to human beings as were the axes and arrows in the hands of the Indians as they assailed our forefathers.

The second law of nature as we find it is expressed in the first pages of the Bible—"Thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow." In other words, if you live, you must work. A hasty consideration of this universal law would make it appear as unjust or, at least, as cruel to that fellow citizen of ours, who, due to some incapacity, is unable to produce either physical or mental work. But upon more mature investigation we readily discover that, according to this law, such is not the case, because, like every other law, it cannot bind its subjects to the impossible. It merely means that labor is the universal law of life.

AND NOW, A CONCLUSION

But let us weave together a few of the threads already drawn out. They are the threads which express the three fundamental notions of life which I have already mentioned in this discourse. The first is that man is a social citizen. The second: he and every other citizen has the right to preserve his life. And the third is that the primary law of physical preservation is essentially connected with labor. Does it not follow, then, that the State or the government must provide labor in order that the individual citizen may live? Does it not follow logically that the State must be interested in the steady productivity of the farm, the railroad, the factory, the mine, and the mill in order that constant revenues for life will exist?

If the individual has the inalienable right to preserve his life; if individual citizens who are social beings must live under the just laws and regulations of a State which they themselves have formed, and which exists for the majority and not for the few, then in turn that State's government must provide labor in order that these citizens may live.

There is no one who dares assert that any factory or mill or mine may run as it please without just supervision by the State officials, whose first care is the lives and the continuance of the lives of its citizens. This is the logical conclusion if you admit that a government exists of the people, by the people and for the people.

Now, by no means does this government supervision imply that the State shall own either factory or mill or farm or mine. By no means does this logic lead us from the pathway of reason into the quicksands of socialism. It does imply, however, that both human rights and State rights, which latter, after all, are only an amplification of the former, shall take precedence over industrial rights and commercial rights greedily guarded by the few.

Upon this basis rise the walls and pinnacles of liberty.

If, therefore, being lovers of freedom in its highest degree, we have leaned backwards for fear of infringing upon the presumed rights of thoughtless manufacturers—thoughtless, I say, not malicious, it would be well for us to think cautiously of the suggestion which has just been implied. It would be well, except in cases of emergency, to curtail all overtime work, to prevent mass production factories from operating more than eight hours a day; if necessary, to limit them to four days a week; but pay the laborers so that they can live for seven.

Of course, there are many exceptions to every general rule. There are many exceptions to this proposal.

But, we Americans, although a people proud of our progress and achievements, yet are humble and sagacious enough to admit the possibility of our shortcomings. It is only a fool who refuses to humble himself and to strike his breast in contrition for his past negligences. If the God-given inventions of modern machinery and efficient tools have so expedited production that our markets and warehouses are surfeited by a mad seasonal rush of activity, must we say that it is beyond the wisdom of our legislators to rectify the over-zealousness and thoughtlessness and sometimes the greed of our manufacturers so that constant work shall replace seasonal overwork?

CHRIST'S POLICY

If all must work, what shall we do with those formerly employed on the night shifts during the periods of feverish mass-production, but now forced into idleness? The answer to this is expressed in the doctrinal law that is taken from the New Testament. It is in the parable which Jesus Christ wove around the workers in the vineyard.

I know that you will be interested in my reading of this parable in full. It is taken from the twentieth chapter of St. Matthew, verses 116. It runs as follows: "The Kingdom of Heaven is like to an householder who went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard. And, having agreed with the laborers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard. And, going out about the third hour, he saw others standing in the market place idle. And he said to them: Go you also into my vineyard, and I will give you what shall be just. And they went their way. And again he went out about the sixth and the ninth hour, and did in like manner. But about the eleventh hour he went out and found others standing, and he saith to them: Why stand you here all the day idle? They say to him: Because no man hath hired us. He saith to them: Go you also into my vineyard. And when evening was come, the lord of the vineyard saith to his steward: Call the laborers and pay them their hire, beginning from the last even to the first. When, therefore, they were come that came about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny. But when the first also came, they thought that they should receive more: they also received every man a penny. And, receiving it, they murmured against the master of the house, saying: These last have worked but one hour, and thou hast made them equal to us that have borne the burden of the day and the heats. But he, answering, said to one of them: Friend, I do thee no wrong. Didst thou not agree with me for a penny? Take what is thine, and go thy way; I will also give to this last even as to thee. Or, is it not lawful for me to do what I will? Is thy eye evil, because I am good?"

Here, my friends, we find the basis for the expression, "a just and living wage." To those who would bear the heat and burden of the day there was given a just wage. To those others who joined in the work of the vineyard at the third and the sixth and the other hours there was bestowed not only a just wage for the meager time of their labor, but also a living wage. Through no fault of those who were hired latterly, because they said: "There was no man to hire us," were they deprived from working. But because they are citizens; because they are human beings who have a right to earn their livelihood, that livelihood must be extended to them, if the master of the vineyard or the government of the country fails to supply them with constant work.

Someone is liable to interpose and say that such a policy is idealistic and impractical. Yes; impractical to such a corporation which I have in mind and whose profits during the past ten years amounted to practically one billion, five hundred million dollars. But let that corporation bear in mind that the most practical Person Who ever graced our earth was Jesus Christ; that He possessed more wisdom and understanding and solicitude for the human race and for the citizens of a nation than did all the Solomons of history.

By no means am I insinuating either the wisdom or the practicability of the English dole system or of any other haphazard system of corporal almsgiving. It is only my opinion, take it for what you will, that a government which is forced to temporize in doles or in like things has been a neglectful government in not having regulated as far as is humanly possible the produce of the workshops, the fields, and the sources of productive labor.

It is true that the government has no control over the weather; over frost and pestilence and rainless summers. These are emergencies similar to the present depression under which we are laboring. But considering the normal condition of affairs, are we willing to admit the theory that every American citizen who is willing to work and who wants work must be considered as one of the last called laborers in the vineyard, and, therefore, worthy of his livelihood not in the sense of a beggar, but in the sense of a citizen who is justified to receive it? Christ has sanctioned this policy. Shall not we, also?

This suggestion must not be misinterpreted in the light of any newfangled socialism. Nor must it be misinterpreted in the sense that personal ambition or individual talent should be penalized to the extent that the better class of workman should receive no more than the slovenly laborer or the careless artisan.

A PRACTICAL POLICY

As far as socialism and communism are concerned, these things will be discussed in a future lecture. I merely repeat what was said at the outset of this Golden Hour, that unless we Americans meet and conquer this question of labor, there is a possibility of its being settled either by socialism or communism.

Ladies and gentlemen, the growing opinion which is gradually crystallizing itself into a conclusion is this: We shall not only retain our high powered machinery and our productive tools; we shall strive to make better machinery. But with our modern means of transportation, there is no need for our pyramiding all our productivity upon one solitary season of the year as we feverishly work those mass production machines twenty-four hours a day and then in the season when orders are lax have them shut down until the market is normalized. Meanwhile, the day laborer or the hour laborer gradually becomes accustomed to the penalty of progress and to the morbid thought of discontent.

There are those who point out to us that the same causes which produced the French Revolution are present in our own country: immense wealth on the one side and abject poverty on the other. There are those who remind us of what the French queen said to her starving citizens: "If they have no bread let them eat cake." There are those who remind us how the black waters of the River Seine ran red with blood. If we are in the valley of a depression, let us bend every effort to climb its walls. We will rather conscript the wealth of the country than pass through the tragedy of a revolution. Therefore, let us take heart and be not discouraged in the predicament in which we find ourselves.

Times are absolutely abnormal. If necessary, we will confront these times with an abnormal cure. Nevertheless, let us take heart, I repeat, and be not discouraged.

OUR HOPE

This is a problem pertinent to this generation and must be settled not by Democrat, not by Republican, but by every honest American despite his political creed. Let us lift up our hearts to the God Who gave us this country, filled to overflowing with fields of wheat, with forests of virginal timber, with mountains bursting with minerals—a country populated by a courageous citizenship, by indefatigable workers, by peerless thinkers. If we Americans were the first to analyze the ancient problem of slavery; if, under Lincoln, of immortal glory, we were successful in eliminating it, I am fully confident that the same sober citizenship of this generation shall meet and overwhelm, not by radical means, not by idealistic experimentation, but by practical constitutional methods, this modern monster of uncontrolled mass production. Delay will prove costly. For year by year, with new perfections of machinery, there is being conscripted a mighty army of dissatisfied non-workers with no one to hire them.

There is no need for us to step from the pathway of common sense and logical necessity into the quicksands of socialism. Nor is there any cowardly reason for our sojourning in the easy land of the lotus eaters, lulled to sleep by the siren song of purchased propaganda. Deep thought, Christian thought, American perseverance and straightforward action are immediately required so that this nation shall not perish. Its stars and stripes shall still unfurl themselves over a contented land that is of the people, by the people, and, please God, for the people.

CHAPTER VIII

WHERE MONEY IS KING

A RESUME

ONE week ago this evening, my friends, it was my privilege during this Golden Hour of the Little Flower to discuss one of the complexities of labor which has arisen within our nation, due to the uncurtailed operation of mass production machinery.

Our markets are glutted with seasonal production. Because it is impossible for mass consumption to keep up with mass production, our cities are filled with millions of unemployed workmen whose nimble fingers and brawny muscles are no match whatsoever in their uneven race against the tireless, precise and rapid movement of modern machinery propelled by the giants of electricity and steam.

It was suggested that our great stamping machines, dynamos, furnaces and a thousand other minions of mass production be legally harnessed and controlled, lest by their continuous development the army of the unemployed shall be arithmetically multiplied. Machinery must become our servant. We shall not become its slaves.

THE FALSE PROPHETS

In introducing the subject of this evening's discussion it is of importance to remember that the citizens do not exist for the State. On the contrary the State exists for the citizens. Moreover, in a democracy such as we possess in the United States of America, the State also exists by the citizens. This thought has long since been crystallized by our great Emancipator "Of the people, by the people, and for the people."

In modern times this fundamental truth was not denied until there appeared a book by the name of "The Leviathan," in which its author expressed the tyrannical thought that the people existed for the State; that the majority existed for the few; that all human rights, as well as civil rights, receive their origin from the benignity of some king. About this same time, James I of England propagated the sinister heresy of the Divine Right of Kings and its implied conclusion of the divine subjugation and slavery of the people.

It is centuries since both James I of England and the philosopher Hobbes have passed from the world of men. Meanwhile, the monarchical form of government has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. America has declared her independence. England has subscribed to her Reform Bills. But, alas, there are still some within our own United States who persist in retaining the theory of Hobbes, at least in practice, that the people exist for the State; that the majority must live for the few in a new form of modern monarchy where money is king.

FICTION AND FACT

Once upon a time there was a king by the name of Midas. Because, as the story-book states, he had performed an act of courtesy for the drunken god Dionysos, there was promised to him any favor which he should ask. He thought long and hard. At length he petitioned the drunken god to give him the gift of the touch of gold. Under the magic of his hand the stones in the palace glistened in gold. The blades of grass upon which he trod turned to shining metal. The fruit which touched his lips became priceless in value, but worthless as food. The citizens whom he accosted, the son whom he clasped to his breast became statues of lifeless, dazzling brightness. He was king of a golden monarchy whose subjects were inert, unproductive statues. You can imagine for yourself what a curse this touch of gold turned out to be.

In conjunction with this story, I cannot help but reflect upon the immensity of the wealth of the modern Indian princes. Add together the gold of Europe, the wealth of America. It is insignificant compared to the private fortunes of the maharajas of India, one of whom but last week exhibited at London, England, his personal jewelry roughly valued at one hundred and fifty million dollars. India, the land of poverty, the land of untold wealth, is the modern kingdom of Midas—a land of unproductivity and political slavery. Immense quantities of gold or jewels possessed by the few do not argue the general prosperity of the people. History rather points that uncontrolled wealth in the hands of the few forbodes no good for a nation—

> "Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey;
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

My friends, I have no time to spare upon the discussion of the nature of money or of gold, except to remind you that in itself it is more or less valueless. You cannot feed upon it. It will not clothe you, nor shelter you; if sick it will not cure you. Its purpose, because it is so rare and durable, is to represent labor in a medium of exchange or of savings. It is only a means to the end of peaceful living. In itself it is not the end of life.

POINTS TO BE REMEMBERED

Let us not forget that money is substantially related to labor. Let us not forget that every American, rich and poor, is a laborer. If you subscribe to the philosophy that men are social citizens; that each citizen is a unit of a nation whose social duties obligate him first to the political family of his fellow citizens, then the millionaire or capitalist, who certainly has the inalienable right to private ownership of his justly acquired goods, can not use them against the general good of his countrymen. On the other hand, that citizen who through some circumstance or another has not sufficient money or saved labor to care for his immediate necessities, even though this is not his fault, must not forget that he, too, dare not reject the right of private ownership, without which no civilization can endure.

More than that, let me be quick to state that this latter type of citizen must not dig himself into the error of annulling the Tenth Commandment of Almighty God, which is explicit in its warning: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods." This Commandment must be accepted both in practice and in theory, even in the face of poverty, of idleness, or of misfortune.

There is another solution—a Christian solution—for his needs.

Meanwhile, bear in mind that capitalists—or millionaires, as we are accustomed to call them—are necessary in our scheme of things. It is they who undertake the building of railroads; they who develop immense tracts of land; they who build acres of floor space, which are filled with modern machinery for the purpose of producing automobiles, textiles and other marketable products. The basic principle of their existence is in keeping with the morals of Christianity, although, perchance, the method of their functioning, in the words of the late Pope Leo XIII, is oftentimes questionable, because: "A small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke that is little better than slavery." These words were expressed by the head of the Catholic Church as far back as the year 1891.

NOT SOCIALISM

It is a truism that in our scheme of things we cannot get along without capitalists. Only the soft-brained radical attempts to have the laboring man declare a war of sabotage against the millionaire. Moreover, in America every single citizen is imbued with the idea that he is living in the land filled with golden opportunities, where possibilities for personal development are afforded to every ditch digger, machinist, and stenographer.

Both our Constitution and our Christian spirit have given us instruments of reason whereby financial abuses may be corrected. The system of capitalism must not be destroyed. We must not adhere to the false philosophy invented by modern sophists that the abuse of a thing warrants its destruction.

There are millions of inequalities in life. The sentimentalist can daub the canvas of romance with the tears of his lamentation. But until we are satisfied to cast aside the common sense that one man has more talent than another; that one machinist possesses more skill than another; that one laborer is endowed with more energy than another, neither you nor I need pay much attention to the ravings of the extreme socialist who preaches to us his theory of the general confiscation of all wealth followed up by its equal distribution.

Supposing that they should accomplish it today! Tomorrow, because they cannot distribute brains and brawn and perseverance equally, their dream castle would be shattered, their distribution of wealth would be but a saddened memory.

ABUSES—FOOD FOR RADICALS

So much at present for the principle of capitalism. But in defending it there is no need for the Christian committing himself to support the abuses which have grown up around it. There is no need for our supporting the owners of a certain industry of South Carolina who, according to the report of the American Federation of Labor, pay an average wage of $9.56 for fifty-five hours of labor, or their brother owners in the State of Massachusetts who pay $16.47 a week for an average of forty-eight hours. These are flagrant abuses which cry to heaven for vengeance. Nevertheless, while we still remain steadfast to the Seventh Commandment of God, "Thou shalt not steal"; while we still cling to the truth of private ownership, we are not helpless; for we have an efficient remedy, which is founded on the doctrine of Jesus Christ and expressed by His representatives throughout the centuries.

Before I will outline the Catholic Christian theory which permits us to harness wealth just as it does to harness mass production machinery, may I reveal to you some pertinent facts regarding the personal wealth of some Americans. According to the Saturday Evening Post, in a rather recent article, we have over forty-thousand millionaires in the United States. Arthur Brisbane, one of America's leading newspaper writers and himself a reputed millionaire, tells us that there are three men in the United States whose wealth has been estimated at five billion dollars. We have many other millionaires rated at one hundred, two hundred, and three hundred million dollars. Twenty-five years ago, before the birth of mass production, we had only about one thousand millionaires. Twenty-five years ago the largest fortune was estimated at a quarter of a billion. Today we have two fortunes rated at eight times that amount; two more at four times that amount, and hundreds at and around the quarter of a billion mark. It does not require very much knowledge of arithmetic to ascertain that the forty-thousand millionaires have a total approximation of combined wealth of one hundred and sixty billion dollars, provided their average wealth is four million dollars each. Here we have one thirty-third of one per cent of our total population controlling over fifty per cent of the total wealth of the country! Controlling it in such a way that approximately eighteen billion dollars of the money made partially by the sweat of the American laborer has been loaned to foreign countries during the past few years; in such a way that the savings deposits of our banks in this year of poverty and depression have swelled to abnormal heights, while millions of citizens do not know how they will buy their next ton of coal.

While on this subject of loans made to foreign countries, I want you to visualize the many billions of American dollars made by American laborers which are now being expended in building factories and creating industries abroad. Eventually these foreign nations will be our competitors in neutral markets. Eventually they will force down the meager wage which we are extending to our workmen until the American whose forefathers originally came to this country to rid themselves of Europe and its entanglements will find duplicated upon our own shores the standard of living which exists abroad.

More than that, those of you who have read history are aware that from the time Holland became the financial center of the world, credits flowed from Holland to England, France, Germany and all other civilized nations. Later on, as the financial centers changed, this practice was perpetuated. But common to the experience of every nation just above mentioned, it was discovered that the flow of money from a home country to a foreign nation had to be curtailed and stopped by the government. Holland had to do it. Germany did it. France has done the same thing. And now! Behold the spectacle of American money to the extent of eighteen billion dollars loaned abroad since the war. From the year 1920 to 1928 foreign loans amounting to fourteen and one-half-billion dollars were publicly offered and accepted. Since that date other loans have been negotiated privately. And God alone knows how many billions of dollars have been poured into Europe and elsewhere from other sources. Add to this the twelve billion dollars of a government war loan. And the result is, that Europe and South America owe us today at least thirty billion dollars, the interest on which these nations are now unable to pay, and the principal of which, according to the opinion of members of our Banking and Currency Committee in the House of Representatives, will never be paid.

If gold or money is substantially related to labor, then the exportation of American gold in such abnormal and stupendous quantities is equivalent to the exportation of sixty billion hours of American labor valued at 50 cents an hour, or enough to keep approximately thirty million workmen busy for one whole year. Is there any wonder why there is such a thing as unemployment?

The capitalist, to protect his home industry, is careful to build up tariff walls. But the American laborer sits idly by while the money which he helped to create is expended in quarters which not only render practically impossible his gaining anything therefrom, but which actually does him harm. Should there not be a high export tax on every American dollar sent outside of our nation? Money made in America by Americans must first be for the use of Americans, even though its ownership pertains to an individual.

When the communist is confronted with these facts, he runs to the bible of Karl Marx to discover a solution. "Nationalize it! Confiscate it! Let the State be the manufacturer and the mass productionist! Let the government become the capitalist! Let us wipe out the Seventh Commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and every other Commandment because there is no God, there is no morality."

But, thanks be to God, we Americans have not become communistic. Our Constitution was founded upon Christian principles which we can apply to rectify any error which insinuates itself into our social life.

A BASIC PRINCIPLE

Before proceeding further, let me restate the Catholic, Christian principle of the right to private ownership as opposed to the communistic and extreme socialistic principle which militates against that right. This money above referred to and these fortunes, for the most part, were made absolutely in accordance with the laws which regulate our government. For the most part, according to the justice of our courts, they were honestly acquired.

In the lustiness of our youth and in the haste of our development we have forgotten one of the basic principles of Christian ethics. Do not tell me that an owner can do as he pleases with his private property. Do not plead ignorance of the law of Eminent Domain or the sundry laws which bind together citizens. They are all expressed in the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, who said, centuries before Karl Marx was heard of: "The temporal goods which God permits to a man are his in regard to property. But in regard to use they are not his alone, but others also who can be sustained by what is superfluous for him. If the individual owner neglects his social responsibilities, it is the duty of the State to enforce their observance." It is this thought which is at the basis of our system of taxation to which every government subscribes. It is the same thought intimated by a prominent Detroit paper in a recent editorial, which raises the question concerning the morality of those Americans who made their money by the sweat of the brows of American laborers and then expend tremendous portions of it in foreign countries to build up competitors in the industrial market against their fellow citizens whose only livelihood can be gained by labor.

Private ownership of private fortunes does not argue their unrestrained, uncurtailed and unlimited private use. Or, to put it in a way so that the humblest in this audience can understand: By the fact that

I own an automobile, it does not argue that I may drive on the wrong side of the street or park the car on your front lawn. St. Thomas was absolutely correct, as was Leo XIII in his letter on labor conditions, when the one says and the other intimates that God has guaranteed the right to private ownership; but in regard to use, they are not the owners alone. In other words, my friends, it is the sacred duty of our government to define limitations both of profit and of use so that no capitalist shall perpetuate such modern conditions as referred to in the textile industry, where abnormal profits are made by subnormal wages, or in the banking industry, where he uses his money against the best interests of his fellow citizens. It will not be long before the wholesale, uncurtailed and untaxed exportation of money for foreign investments in competitive industries shall be considered detrimental to the American laborer, who represents 98 per cent of our population. Our country shall not become inhabited by a few thousand Indian princes, descendants of King Midas and followers of King James, to whom are subjugated the mass of the population.

The heresy of the Divine Right of Kings and the divine subjugation of the population must not persist in a nation where human rights take precedence over property rights; in a nation whose government is "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

THE DECISION

In a future lecture on this question of labor, wages and unemployment, the inalienable rights of every laborer will be discussed at length. Meanwhile, we who pretend to be Christians and followers of the omniscient Jesus Christ must not be forgetful of His teachings as expressed in the Gospels. Of one thing we are certain, that He insists upon the fact that everyone of us is a steward of whom He shall demand a just accounting. I invite you to turn to the parable of the wicked husbandmen in Matthew (21:33), which reads as follows:

"At the harvesting time he sent to the husbandmen a servant to receive of them of the fruit of the vineyard. They laid hands on him; beat him and sent him away empty. And again he sent to them another servant; and him they wounded in the head, and used him reproachfully. And again he sent another, and him they killed; and many others, of whom some they beat, and others they killed. Therefore having yet one son, most dear to him, he also sent him unto them last of all, saying: They will reverence my son. But the husbandmen said one to another: This is the heir; come let us kill him; and the inheritance shall be ours. And, laying hold on him, they killed him, and cast him out of the vineyard."

My fellow Americans, today we find ourselves in a predicament that is far from hopeless. Our condition is being analyzed by the radical, by the anarchist, by the American, and by the Christian.

How foolish of me to portray for you the picture of the wicked husbandmen who refused to subscribe to the stewardship Gospel of Jesus Christ; how worthless of me to remind you of the rivers of blood which were spilled to make this nation safe for the people; or to recollect for you the sublime doctrine of Christly brotherhood unless I had confidence in both our government and in our leaders. As a Catholic priest, it is not my place to do more than recall these moral principles. I know that our sterling nation will not beat and send away empty the servants of Jesus Christ who come to preach the principles of Christianity. I know that we shall not reject the Gospel of our Master and accept in its stead the principles of pagan Rome.

There is no medial policy to follow. We must be either Christian or pagan in our social philosophy. Our instructors are either men like Thomas of Aquin, Leo XIII, Bishop Kettler, or the great Ozanam, who spoke fearlessly in defense of human rights and in the curtailment of private usage.

Or else we can choose our Cicero of old, that corrupt hypocrite, who became a multi-millionaire in less than two months to the tune of two million, two hundred thousand sestercia after having despoiled with violence the inhabitants of the provinces he administered. Follow our noble Brutus, the murderer of Caesar, who invested his capital at Cyprus at 48 per cent. Let Seneca be our adviser and philosopher—the same Seneca who despoiled Britain by his usury while he was pharisaically preaching sermons on the contempt of riches. Yes, follow them and let the ruin of Rome fall upon us!

Thus, while defending the right to private ownership, we likewise insist upon the great Christian principle which limits the owners of money, of factories, or of whatsoever else using their possessions as they please for their own private gain when such use is hostile to the common good of their fellow citizens.

Thus, the laboring class of America justly protests against the wholesale and untaxed exportation of American gold. This is not socialism, which strikes at private ownership. This is a principle of Christianity which, sorry to remark, has been more honored in its breach than in its observance by thoughtless Americans, who, filled with a spirit of internationalism and selfishness, have had little thought or love or patriotism for the common good of the Republic or for the common good of the people.

The Catholic Church stands four-square behind the capitalist, although it dares condemn the abuses which have grown around him. When his voice is silent and weak, and his hands unclean, we will confront the communist and socialist in his defense—and, if necessary, die in defending the Constitution under which he gained his wealth. He need never fear our swinging to the left of radicalism. All we ask and pray of him is to cast down his eyes from the mountain pinnacle of his achievements, upon which shines the sun of prosperity—cast them down into the valley of sorrow and suffering and poverty, where a patient people are praying that we shall not make a mockery of this democracy, nor crucify Jesus Christ and His principles of sane living.

A THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

"OUR THANKS"

The spirit of Thanksgiving prompts a reflection which I have quite often wished to express. It is this: Directly at the corner of Woodward and Twelve Mile Road there is being constructed a massive cross in stone and marble and bronze. Tonight as I am speaking these words, it rises up to the sky in a fountain of light visible for miles around. The passers-by see carved upon it in heroic height the figure of Jesus Christ. Beneath His feet there is written in great letters the single word: "Charity."

Those in Detroit are referring to this, the world's largest crucifix, as "The Charity Crucifixion Tower." From this day forth, in solemn thanksgiving to those members of the Radio League who have made possible its beginning and to those in the future who will make possible its completion do I dedicate it. For throughout the years yet to be unfolded, they will be responsible for this silent yet eloquent sermon in stone.

It is a sermon of Christ's love for rich and poor, for saint and sinner. From the pulpit of that cross, long after you and I will have been consigned to the grave, the inviting words of Jesus Christ will still reverberate in the cloisters of human hearts: "Come unto Me all ye who are heavily burdened and I will refresh you—My Peace I leave unto you; My Peace I give unto you."

In this year of sadness and sorrow there are many who are really heavily burdened. If you want to be happy and feel the real spirit of thanksgiving, may I suggest to you to search out some poor family in your neighborhood; to fill a basket to overflowing and place it at their door so that this family will indeed have reason to be thankful.

In memory of this spirit of Thanksgiving, I shall count it a privilege to mail you a copy of this pledge and a copy of the sermon to which you have listened.

CHAPTER IX

MAN OR BEAST OF BURDEN

OUR CONCERN

IT is the privilege of the Golden Hour of the Little Flower to continue these discussions on labor and its relevant problems, not with any erratic idea of degrading this pulpit into a political rostrum, but rather with the conviction that this is, perhaps, the chiefest moral question of our generation—a question which is as far above politics as is religion itself.

To quote the words of the head of the Catholic Church: "At this moment," writes he, "the condition of the working population is the question of the hour. Nothing can be of higher interest to all classes of the State than that it should be rightly and reasonably decided." Moreover, as far back as the year 1891, Leo XIII practically commanded that we, the priests of this church, become interested in this vital subject which deals with the relations between man and man, employer and employee. Therefore, it is understandable why a Catholic priest who is interested in the moral welfare of his fellow citizens is consequently solicitous for the physical prosperity and peace of his country. In this present crisis we dare not be silent; for the equivalent of a command has gone forth that every minister of holy religion "must throw into the conflict all the energy of his mind, and all the strength of his endurance." (Leo XIII.)

In last Sunday's discourse reference was made to the stupendous amount of American money which has been exported to Europe and elsewhere for the purpose of building up foreign industries. In the course of events this expatriated money will compete in neutral markets with our own industries. The result will be that our unemployment situation instead of being helped and cured will be rendered more acute and critical in future years.

Do you remember how, in your boyhood days, you were impressed by the stories of bold pirates who, swooping upon the shores of Africa, seized hundreds of natives; transported them to foreign soil; forced them to live in slavery, their usefulness lost forever to their tribes?

I make mention of this because, if money and labor are so substantially related that you cannot divorce one from the other, then you become dumbfounded when confronted with the billions of capital or saved labor which, without tax or hindrance, have been taken from the shores of our United States in this modern revival of slave traffic.

If there is such a thing as patriotism and love of our fellow citizens

—citizens whose labor helped amass these billions—then our international industrialists and bankers have been manifesting these virtues in a peculiar and novel manner.

UNDEVELOPED AMERICA

Before proceeding with the main topic of this evening's discussion, may I suggest a rather hopeful thought on this subject of investments and unemployment.

Did it ever occur to you that there is no immediate need on the part of some of our capitalists to develop foreign industry? Nor is there any altruism or magnanimous charity attached to the action if there be truth in the old saying that "charity begins at home."

Did it ever occur to you that there is a vast, undeveloped empire bounded by the Golden Gate and the Statue of Liberty, by the warm waters of the Gulf and the frozen shores of the Great Lakes? Quoting from a survey made by the American Federation of Labor, we have here in the United States of America five million families who are living below the minimum of the health requirements of food. There are four-million-five-hundred-thousand families with barely enough to sustain life at its level. Here are nine-million-five-hundred-thousand families of more than thirty-three-million persons who are eager to buy the products of our automobile industry, of our textile industry, or any other industry if their incomes permitted it.

Add to these seven-million families of Americans who own no automobile; the twenty-million families who, as yet, possess no efficient radio set; the four-million families in whose homes there is not a bath tub; the thirteen-million families whose homes are not even wired for electricity. What a stupendous, undeveloped empire within our very midst!

Why need we spend lavishly of our American dollars abroad to develop foreign nations; to build up foreign industries; to alleviate the impoverished conditions of foreign peoples when within our very gates there is a huge, virgin market ready for our products? Multiply these figures above mentioned by four to acquire the number of persons actually affected. Conservatively you have a population greater than that of the British Isles; greater than the population of France; out-numbering the people of the Kingdom of Italy; equal to the one-time German Empire. The distant fields of internationalism appear all the greener to the greedy eyes of those who are blind to the land of their birth and to the uplifted hands of their fellow citizens who have helped them amass their stupendous fortune. But the immense profits made by cheap foreign labor is the siren song which coaxes the flow of gold from our American institutions.

View the situation from another angle. We have in the great Mississippi Valley an empire of sufficient acreage and square mileage to accommodate a population of one-hundred-and-twenty-million people over and above those who already claim that district as their homes. These figures are arrived at by taking the ratio at which the average English square mile is already populated. Or if you take Belgium and its rate per average square mile of population there is sufficient accommodation in that Mississippi Valley alone for one-hundred-and-eighty-million persons. More than one-hundred-and-twenty-million potential citizens and consumers of our produce equivalent to the present total population of the United States!

If mass production cannot subsist without mass consumption; if at least ten foreign markets are more or less lost to us by the fact that their own people are beginning to produce their own industries, why need we Americans lose hope and courage when there is at our hands' reach a potential empire almost as great as the ten of them put together?

With a controlled mass production, there is still a sane outlet for American money. Keep American money for American people. It was made by the sweat of American brows. If it must be exported to help wage an industrial war against our own laborers, place an export tax upon it.

In referring to this great Mississippi Empire, my mind reverently goes back to the memory of one of the most outstanding men which our country has produced—a man who taught us the possibility of national development. I refer to Theodore Roosevelt. If the sand dunes and cactus deserts of Arizona have been transformed into America's Garden of Eden, the credit is due to this mighty patriot, who was conscientious enough to expend his whole thought and his whole soul upon the development of his fatherland, rather than waste it upon the poetic ideals of figmentary internationalism. The spirit of this noble American shall not perish. Some day soon our unpopulated States shall bloom forth in prosperity and loveliness under the guiding hand of another genius who has the courage to be of the people and for them.

Therefore, fellow countrymen, in this hour of sadness and depression we dare lift up our eyes to the better things to come. The glorious sunrise of yesterday shall return once night has gone. Pay no heed, therefore, to those men who intimate that our system of economy is basically wrong. Spurn them when they advocate the doctrines that smack of communism, of Russian Sovietism. Another Roosevelt shall have the courage to uncloak the hypocritical human factors who have debased our system—men who have manipulated it to benefit the apostles of privilege at the expense of the public good. Another Roosevelt shall labor for the development of our own country!

SOME LABOR CONDITIONS

The main idea, however, which I wish to convey in this evening's broadcast is suggested by a statement which comes from the far-sighted and analytic mind of Leo XIII. Speaking of the labor conditions with which he was acquainted, he wrote "that a tremendous amount of the disturbance in labor circles has been increased by rapacious usury, which, although more than once condemned by the Church, nevertheless, is present under a different guise, perpetuating the old injustice, and still practiced by covetous and grasping men."

Now, my friends, the man who is content merely to smile at the crisis through which this and every other nation is passing by telling us that prosperity is just around the corner; or that this depression of itself will evaporate, is stultifying himself. I would like to think that such a man is not a false prophet. But I have been taught that effects cannot permanently be removed unless the causes which produce these effects are destroyed. Certainly, anyone gifted with a grain of logic is most fearful that if these causes are not annulled either by the free will of our citizens or by the agency of our Government, eventually they will breed revolution.

The causes to which I refer are deep-seated in the irreligious heart of selfish men; in the rapacity and greed which is too often identified with the compound profits of mass production; in the heartlessness which practically removes the usefulness of a laborer once he has attained the age of forty-five.

It is true that the circumstances which have created our present misery have grown upon us unmolested with the result that due to "the concentration of many branches of trade in hands of a few individuals, a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke that is little better than slavery itself." (Leo XIII.) We are appalled at the tremendous fortunes amassed by some while they bestow a wage that is far from a living wage upon the laborer who is forced to toil for them.

To be more explicit in giving concrete evidence of what is meant by this modern usury I can quote from the actual cost sheets employed in the production of a certain automobile manufactured at Detroit which shows that there is a profit of thirty-three per cent per car over and above the actual cost of production.

Or else, to exemplify how one phase of the usurious profit is made, I can invite you to turn to the Congressional Record of Thursday, April 3, 1930, where you can read the following which was incorporated in a speech of the Honorable Wright Patman:

"The Utica, New York, Daily Press carried the following advertisement prominently displayed in the help wanted column: 'Wanted—100 laborers for outside construction work; 38 cents per hour—ten hours a day. Men must be twenty-one to forty-five years of age and in good physical condition. Apply at the employment offices, Company X of America, Massena, New York.'" In charity I am omitting the name of this world-wide Trust Company which has as one of its heads a man long since rated as a billionaire.

Twenty-two dollars and eighty cents a week! One thousand one hundred and forty dollars a year as long as the laborer remains in good physical condition and does not commit the fault of growing old!

Sickness will disqualify him from a share in such riches, and if he is so wicked as to remain alive after reaching the age of forty-five, he and his family, can go to the human scrap heap!

Thirty-eight cents an hour, ten hours a day for men in the pink of physical condition! This is the offer of a Trust whose industry is protected by an embargo tariff and whose owners, for the most part, are reputed to be billionaires, the bulk of their money having been made through a revival of this usury or abnormal compound profits so openly condemned by the fundamental laws of justice.

These are but samples of a practice which is altogether too common. No wonder that Leo XIII wrote: "All men agree that some remedy must be found and found quickly for the misery and wretchedness pressing so heavily and unjustly at this moment upon the vast majority of the working class."

As we read the story of Shakespeare's Shylock there was, perhaps, a vagrant tear of pity shed for the old man because his Jewish gabardine was spat upon; because he had been rated on the Rialto for his usury. But we have lived to see the day when modern Shylocks have grown fat and wealthy, praised and deified, because they have perpetuated the ancient crime of usury under a modern racket of statesmanship. Thanks be to God they are not all of this type.

Behold the predicament in which many of our working class find themselves! Victims of usury; victims of an hourly pay system with a penalty placed upon their years. And more than that, victims of disorganization! The birth of individualism in the XVI Century culminated in the death of the labor unions and guilds in the XVIII Century. "Gradually it has come to pass (I am still quoting from Pope Leo) that workingmen have been surrendered to the hard-heartedness of employers and to the greed of unchecked competition." It is so noticeable that collective bargaining on the part of the laborer has been practically denied in one of the world's greatest industries, the automobile industry.

The American Federation of Labor with its many branches is all that is left in America of collective bargaining. But in Chicago we find many of its brotherhoods dominated by Al Caponeism. In New York we discover labor unions honeycombed with myriads of racketeers. In the branches of the textile industry we see it infiltrated with communists. It has failed to function in our crisis because it is perpetually endeavoring to operate in the darkness of ignorance and of passion bereft of the light of faith and religion without which no labor organization can last.

Gentlemen of the American Federation of Labor, has the history of the guilds been written in vain?

THE ROBOT OR THE MAN

Nevertheless, from time immemorial the Catholic Church has taught the principle that the workingman or laborer does possess a right for collective bargaining just as inalienably as do the amalgamated bankers or consolidated industrialists or trust corporations.

During this past century a colossal change has transpired in industry. The laborer is fast ceasing to be the laborer. I mean that since the XIXth Century machines are beginning to do the work which was formerly accomplished by hand and by muscle. We have electric welding machines. There are great presses which stamp out hundreds and thousands of automobiles in a single day. There are painting machines. Our ditches are dug no longer with spades but by the iron claws of tractors. In other words, the machine is becoming the laborer. And the laborer is becoming the wet nurse of the machine with the duty to turn a switch there, to release a lever here.

Associate with this thought just expressed the fact that we have practically one-million students in colleges and universities of the United States; in our high schools there are more than two and one-half million students. In five States of the Union it is compulsory for every boy and girl to attend school until the age of fourteen has been attained. Three other States have fifteen years as the minimum. Thirty States have sixteen years; five States have seventeen years, and five more States have eighteen years of age as the minimum for school attendance.

Do you not see the vicious circle in which we are running? We are compelling the youth of the country to acquire an education with which they will be dissatisfied to become the wet nurses of machines. And meanwhile we are building up an immigration wall to prevent foreigners from passing by the Statue of Liberty. I need draw no conclusion for you.

A CHAPTER OF HISTORY

My friends, each generation seems to have its own peculiar problem to face. If you consult the pages of ancient history you will read how the laboring class of pagan Europe struggled to gain what is known as physical liberty. These were the days when the great Roman empire had conquered practically every nation in the world; had boasted that within its walls there were approximately eighty thousand citizens and more than five-hundred-thousand slaves. Eventually the serenity of the Romans was disturbed. While they feasted and sang and scoffed at the idea of an uprising, their empire walls crumbled, their wealth was dissipated, their patricians were led into bondage. Slavery was dead.

Turn with me to another page of history. The freed man, now possessing his own soul, now able in one sense to rent his own labor, found himself in the predicament of being unable to own his own home. Those were the days of feudalism. A few princes, dukes, and earls practically possessing the entirety of Europe, held the laboring class in serfdom. There was a long and bitter struggle. But eventually feudalism passed and the dawnlight of agrarian liberty rose in all its resplendence.

Soon there developed the third struggle in the history of the laboring class. This time we find it raising its head in the period of the French Revolution. It manifested itself in the Reform Bills written upon the pages of British history. It matured in all its grandeur and beauty under the leadership of a Washington. These were the days when men fought for and won the right to political liberty.

My friends, this generation of ours is not without its problems. Those who care to feast and dance and drown out with their gay music the thousand voices wailing under the lash of our present economic misery may be ignorant of the turmoil, the unrest, the desperation which is beginning to rumble outside their own circle. But just as surely as there was a struggle to gain either physical or agrarian or political liberty we are confronted with the problem of industrial freedom which we must settle without bloodshed or else the end of the world is upon us as far as our civilization is concerned.

"There shall be signs in the sun and in the moon and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, by reason of the confusion of the roaring of the sea and of the waves: Men withering away for fear and expectation of what shall come upon the whole world. For the powers of heaven shall be moved.

"And then they shall see the Son of man coming in a cloud, with great power and majesty.

"But when these things begin to come to pass, lift up your heads, because your redemption is at hand. . . . Amen, I say to you, this generation shall not pass away till all things be fulfilled. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." (Luke XXI, 25:33.)

Indeed, this generation shall not pass away until its children will be reasonably satisfied that their livelihood will not be dependent on the uncertain, uncontrolled and unscrupulous use of mass production machinery and the heartless, unjust wage which is too often bestowed upon its operators.

It is the problem for our generation to solve. Unless we accomplish it efficiently and quickly and constitutionally; unless we read and interpret the signs that are everywhere about us, our name shall be written in history, not among the heroes of our country, but among the infamous litany of Roman emperors.

Never before in the history of civilization have we been confronted with the straightforward, practical question of American democracy as we are today. Is this country for the people or for the favored few? Never before has any generation been confronted by the basic principle of Christianity as has this generation. Is my fellow citizen my brother? Must I love him as myself?

Soft words and idle promises must give way to direct action and Christian principles.

This is a moment when each citizen must lend his every effort. Let the labor leaders put aside all their passion and bitterness. Let the employers realize that upon them do we rely for the soundness of their judgment. It is only the privilege of the pulpit both to warn and to encourage. But in this crisis it is the duty of the government to determine and to act.

OUR HOPE

I know, my fellow Americans, that in this emergency we shall not be found wanting. Today as the laborer stands in the hall of Pontius Pilate—his brow crowned with the thorns of worry, his body bruised with the stripes of misfortune and usury, and his hands tied by the manacles of disorganization, neither you nor I dare find too much fault with him. He is more sinned against than sinning!

Let certain high priests of industry and of finance whisper to Pilate that if he meddles with their victim, then he is no friend of Caesar. But despite their intrigue, I have faith that the history of the original Pilate's Hall shall not be re-enacted. Safely and constitutionally we shall meet these problems and, please God, we shall conquer them.

A THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

"THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER"

This is the story of an ambitious man—of one who was filled with the unreasonable desire to acquire power and position.

The streets of the great city were thronged with joyous groups. Gay music; light-hearted songs; flitting figures whose shadows danced in the glow of the many torches!

Upstairs in a spacious room where the echo of the festivity faintly sounded, there were gathered thirteen men. Some were seated; others reclined about a great table upon which were spread dates and figs, meats and bread and blushing wine.

All eyes were turned to the Host. In His hands He held a cup of wine. He had just finished passing to His guests the bread of angels, His body and blood, His soul and divinity! His lips were miraculously changing by their words this ruddy wine into the same ruddy blood which was about to be shed on the morrow!

All except one loved Him dearly. All except one would die for Him. This one thrilled with miracles which he beheld, believed that here was the new David, the new King whose treasury was filled with wealth, whose court was paved with honors. Little by little his false dream was dissipated. Were not the high priests plotting to destroy the Master? Was not His kingdom an idle dream? Certainly his doctrines may be believed by the effeminate and the weak. But for him, the man of ambition, why should he need such impractical foolishness of loving God above all things; loving his fellow men as himself—men who lied and lusted; men who cheated and hated.

Eventually, so he thought, those High Priests would apprehend this poet. Why not take advantage of the situation and obtain whatsoever gain he could. Sell him for what he could get.

So yesterday he went to Annas. He bargained with him. He sold his Christ for thirty pieces of silver . . . What of it?

See him sitting at the banquet table with the blood of his God upon his soul!

Meanwhile, Judas left. Christ and Peter and James and John have gone to Gethsemane.

"A white-faced moon peers anxiously, and there
Is sibilant whispering among the trees,
Which hide an anguished Christ upon His knees,
And strive to hush the murmur of His prayer
Lest lurking enemies discover where
He is. Outside the walls, waiting to seize
Him, the rude mob stirs restlessly. The breeze
Swells the bleak fury, voicing shrill despair.
Misery walks abroad. A Mother's moan
Is heard. The wan and frightened moon betakes
Herself to cover 'neath a cloud. Soul-aches
Are rife. Blood-money on the ground is thrown.
A traitor shudders in the dark alone."

"Whatsoever you do unto the least of My little ones, you do unto Me."

In despair, empty-handed, Judas hanged himself with a halter. He who sells his fellow man can expect to leave life as did he.

CHAPTER X

INTERNATIONALISM

AN OLD TRICK

DURING the past few Sundays the Golden Hour of the Little Flower has devoted its time to the discussion of some of the underlying causes which have helped to produce this critical situation of depression and unemployment.

Our condition was traced back chiefly to uncontrolled mass production, to the wholesale tax-free exportation of money for competitive industrial purposes and to the usury or compound profit system which is practiced in many instances by the industrialist at the expense of a fair and living wage to the laborer.

Lest you be under the impression that I am biased insofar as I place all the blame upon that class of men who are directly responsible for the above abuses, I wish to remind this audience that up to the present moment I have not touched upon the major and underlying cause which has been contributed not only by the capitalist class but also by the laboring class. Both are to blame in having produced this cause, the discussion of which will be deferred for another Golden Hour broadcast.

As a prelude to this evening's discussion, may I mention one of the most lamentable phases of our national misery. I refer to the partisan attitude adopted both by many politicians and many journalists who evidently are forgetful of an incident which transpired in the history of the Jewish nation almost twenty-five hundred years ago. It is recorded in the prophetical writings of Jeremias that a condition somewhat similar to ours was extant at that time among the Jewish people. For personal reasons, their leaders preferred to be blind to the situation, thinking that they could quell the disturbance in the public mind by the childish psychology trick of crying, "'Peace, Peace': when there was no peace." (Jer. 8:11.)

The scribes who depended for their livelihood upon the great men of the nation were content to remain silent lest their revenues be revoked. In fact they even co-operated in this childish diplomacy of propagating the lie "'Peace, Peace': when there was no peace."

No wonder, therefore, that the prophet expressed himself in unmistakable language when he wrote that "the lying pen of the scribes hath wrought our desolation." (Jer. 8:8.)

A similar circumstance has arisen today. The modern scribe or journalist or publisher who depends for his livelihood only indirectly upon his circulation and directly upon his advertising too often finds himself openly partisan at the expense of honesty and brazenly optimistic at the expense of truth as he comforts himself with the sophistry that all the news is not good for the people. Only that news is good which benefits the apostles of privilege.

Thus, it would be amusing were it not so tragic, when we read how a few thousand men were re-employed last week in the automobile industry while not one mention was made of the fact that over five-thousand-five-hundred were forced to take an extended vacation without pay. Or that approximately fifteen-thousand in one factory are to be laid off on the seventeenth of this month for a so-called Christmas vacation.

If the prophet Jeremias were to return he could truthfully ask the scribes: "How do you say, 'We are wise and the law of the Lord is with us?'" And he could truthfully answer them: "And the lying pen of the scribes hath wrought our falsehood."

PATRIOTISM

This evening's discourse deals with internationalism—a heresy which strikes at the root of patriotism and prosperity; and aims not at elevating all peoples to the standard of American living, but rather at the leveling of our standard to the common denominator of foreign misery.

Patriotism, my friends, holds the same relation between a citizen and his country as fidelity does between a man and his wife; as piety does between a child and its parent; as religion does between a creature and his Creator. It is a virtue by which a freed man so loves his country, its customs and ideals and constitution; is so enamored of its lakes and hills and rivers around which linger the sweet memories of bygone days; is so filled with devotion for the souls of those whose sacrifices have made home and its surroundings an immortal benediction, that he would die, if necessary, to defend that country where dwell these things because he loves it not equally with other countries—though they be mightier and more eminent—but more than all countries combined.

Patriotism and internationalism! The one born of Godliness and Christliness; the other, the offspring of atheism and greed!

COMMUNISM

Approximately one year ago there was occasion to discuss on the Golden Hour of the Little Flower the growth in our midst of the modern political and religious heresy called communism. At that time whoever made mention of this was considered to be a peddler of perils. Those were the days when many of our great American industrialists, greedy for gold, were stumbling over themselves in their anxiety to sign contracts with the outlawed government of Soviet

Russia. Whatever was said in disparagement either of sovietism or communism was regarded as inimical to the best interests of American commerce and finance.

For fear lest this government of Russia, which refused to honor their just war debts, would likewise dishonor the international law regarding patents; for fear that the Soviets would begin to produce the highly protected and patented articles of certain American industries, many of our American manufacturers deemed it advisable to trade with them, believing that it was better to make hay while the sun shone even though there was danger of assisting an industrial and military force which was openly hostile to America and every other civilized country. Those were the days when whosoever suggested the existence and the growth of communistic principles in America was regarded either as injudicious or as a patriotic racketeer.

Meanwhile, the Fish Investigation Committee has made the rounds of America and has discovered beyond all argument that there are approximately five-hundred-thousand adult men and women within our borderlands who actually advocate the overthrow of our own government, the desecration of the Stars and Stripes, the abolition of all religion and the substitution for these of the flag of terrorism. Radicalism has certainly made rapid advances in labor circles.

It is not difficult to visualize, therefore, how there is an awakening interest in this subject of communism since it is so vitally connected with the world-wide depression in which we are submerged. Portugal and Spain have felt its lash. Berlin has raised aloft its red flag by the majority of its voters choosing that standard. India is filled with its turmoil. China has practically succumbed to it, while Russia with its slave labor and military rule is preparing to flood the markets of the world with produce so cheap that neither we nor any other nation can hope to compete with them unless we level our laboring class to the condition of theirs, or else build up our morale and patriotism to such a degree that the efforts of the Stalin Government are helpless.

TWO KINDS OF RADICALS

In the United States of America at this moment we have two separate kinds of radicals. To the first class belong those men who have sworn allegiance to the red flag of Russia and whose sole ambition is the overthrow of our government and the subjugation of our people. These unmolested revolutionists, in one sense, are to be congratulated because of their open honesty and straightforwardness.

The other class of radicals, who throw up their hands in unholy horror of the red flag, carry no card which proclaims their identity with the Third Internationale. Unlike their Russian cousins they do not preach sabotage, neither do they proclaim openly against religion nor scoff at patriotism. Both are desirous, however, of building up a world-wide rule of class ascendency. Both are international. The former are less feared than the latter because, due to their power and their wealth, they are the greater menace to the American public's prosperity.

THE RED KIND

Before proceeding further in the distinction between these two classes in their beliefs and in their activities, may I remind you that ex-President Coolidge said: "In this contest between Americanism and communism there is but one place for a real American to stand."

Charles Evans Hughes has warned us that "against this most insidious assault of communism we must build our redoubts and man them with the patriots of peace."

Frank B. Kellogg has not been silent. "I am not an alarmist," says he, "but I cannot be blind to the forces which are working in our self-governing country."

And the immortal words of our late lamented Ambassador to France, Myron T. Herrick, have sounded a warning to which we cannot be deaf: "We intend to protect our country as vigorously from bolshevism as our ancestors defended it against tyranny; and the fact that a government secretly sends against us the germs of a loathsome disease instead of openly dispatching armies, does not make the invasion less felonious or alter our duty to repel it."

What is this called communism? According to its founder, Adam Weishaupt, from whom Karl Marx drew his inspiration, communism is necessarily identified with atheism. "Destroy Christianity and civilization," said he, "and we will be happy." Following his master, Karl Marx emphasized the fact that "religion is the opium of the people." This accounts for the fact that every form of religion has been practically banned from Russia. Hundreds of its churches have been converted into theatres or factories. Catechism is forbidden to be taught to the children. Last year more than two million copies of atheistic books were spread over Russia; ten thousand anti-religious clubs are flourishing; seminaries are established to teach atheism; and under the direction of Commissar Lunatcharsky there is at this moment being conducted a series of atheistic lectures from the Komitern broadcasting station. This accounts for the fact that in the year 1923 alone twenty-eight bishops were murdered; one-thousand-two-hundred-and-fifteen priests; six-thousand-five-hundred-and-seventy-five teachers; eight-thousand-eight-hundred doctors; fifty-four-thousand-eight-hundred-and fifty officers; two-hundred-and-sixty-thousand soldiers; one-hundred-and-five-thousand police officers; sixty-thousand-eight-hundred-and-fifty officials; three-hundred-and-fifty-five-thousand-and-two-hundred-and-fifty intellectuals; one-hundred-and-ninety-two-thousand workers;

eight-hundred-and-fifteen-thousand peasants—martyred because they believed in their God and would not betray Him!

This is the first tenet of communism, because as its founders have said: "Christianity has failed." No wonder the unspeakable Lenin once boasted: "We have rid the earth of its false kings. Now let us rid the sky of its false God."

The second general belief of communism is expressed by the word "internationalism." As a matter of fact, the founders of this new communism are neither Russian, nor English, nor American. As a matter of fact, it was the Imperial German Government in 1917 which sent into Russia the revolutionary leaders who had been gathered from the gutters of every nation. It is international in that it hopes to amalgamate the workers of the world in one great nation known as the human race. Trotsky from New York, Lenin from Germany, Bela Kun from Hungary—men from every nation who long since had devoted themselves to the anarchy, the atheism and the treachery preached by the German Hebrew, Karl Marx. As Lenin himself writes on page sixty-one, volume XVI, of his "Complete Works": "The complete world revolution will be obtained only when the proletariat has won victory in the majority of advanced countries . . . the existence of the Soviet Republic alongside imperialist states cannot long continue."

And lastly, as its name suggest, communism strikes at the right of private ownership. All property, all children, all men and women, all intellectual and material goods are the possession of the State.

As you observe, my friends, the first word in the vocabulary of a communist is "down". "Down with God and religion!" "Down with country and patriotism!" Because it is a negative you cannot define it. Communism is the negation of God, of morality and of nationalism. It is a fester of negatives. One might describe it as a maggot which feeds on the ulcers of civilization. Wherever society has decomposed communism appears. When the bulwarks of religion break down the slimy thing grows fat on the doctrines of atheism. When rulers become oppressors the followers of Marx and Lenin are multiplied on the open sores of tyranny. Where the greed of capitalism and mass production beget idleness and hunger and discontent, the doctrine of "down with private ownership" becomes the doctrine of the laborer. Yes, and I might also add that wherever the integrity and fidelity of matrimony is treated like a scrap of paper, vows becoming a parody on truth, the free love of communism becomes the bible of unleashed passions of every man. Behold the maggot and upon what it feeds! No wonder it waxes fat in America. Last year more than one-hundred-and-ninety-five-thousand divorces or licenses for infidelity were granted. All about us the oppression of the poor, is almost on a parallel with that which oppressed the peasants of czaristic Russia.

And God knows how many of the sixty-three per cent of Americans who profess no religion whatsoever or who have surrendered it for one reason or the other are preparing to breed a generation of atheists. Truly communism is the undefinable offspring which we have permitted to wax fat especially on the wounds of our economic civilization.

My friends, men are not communists by nature. It is an expedient policy to which in their ignorance they cling as they see no hope in their present civilization to remove the burdens which oppress them.

Perhaps you are in wonderment why I have made this seeming digression into a discussion on communism. Before I shall offer an explanation may I suggest to you that in these broadcasts I have tried to manifest a spirit of Christian justice and charity to the working man and to the oppressed whom I have characterized as "more sinned against than sinning." The attitude of the Catholic Church is not one of partisanship. Nevertheless, she is always quick and anxious, even in the face of criticism, to emulate her Divine Founder, Who Himself was a working man, a poor man, and the victim of injustice. If the voice of the downtrodden is weak, hers is strong. If their breast is bared to the sword of injustice, hers is impregnable, protected by the shield of immortality.

Lest there be some who think that I was radical-minded in my utterances, when I enunciated the truth which restrains the owner to use inhumanly and unjustly his goods when his fellow citizens are clamoring for bread, for shelter, and for honest labor, may I corroborate my position by quoting for you what my eminent fellow townsman and fellow priest, the Reverend John A. McClory, of the Society of Jesus, has written in yesterday's Detroit Times:

"TURKEYS AND BULLETS"

"Shortly before Thanksgiving Day we read in one of the dailies that two men, long out of work, took two turkeys, to give their families a much-needed meal; and were shot to death for doing so.

"One is shocked by the disproportion between the offense (if it was one) and the punishment. Two men were killed and their families made desolate and helpless, for the protection of a brace of turkeys.

"One wonders at the zeal of policemen in safeguarding turkeys by shooting down decent men, while grave violence in a hundred forms goes unpunished. Is it not enough for thousands of honest men to go hungry and cold, without their misery being increased by the unseemly violence of the law? All this is nice fodder for Communism and Bolshevism! If the people should rise in force to get bread, who could blame them; especially when wholesale thefts, perpetrated quietly, in a business way by respectable citizens, go unpunished.

"But going deeper into this matter, may we ask: Did not those two slain men in Chicago have a right to the turkeys? It is a principle of Catholic morals (and, I dare say, of Protestant morals, though I am not certain of this) that, because the earth, with its exuberant supplies, was given by God for the support of ALL men, therefore any one in dire need of the necessities of life may legitimately help himself from the abundant stores of his neighbor. True, the neighbor has a right to his stores; only his right must yield, for the time being, to the urgent and more fundamental right of direfully needy men to live by the products of the earth.

"If it be objected that such a principle would breed general and violent seizure of goods, I answer: If so, that would be too bad; but men have a right to live; to eat, drink and be clothed. Moreover, lay the responsibility for such untoward conditions where it belongs, at the door of those who occasion unemployment, starvation and nakedness.

"It must, however, be noted with emphasis, first that the need must be direful; second, that the needy person may appropriate only so much as is required to relieve the direful need of himself and his family. This principle, therefore, does not justify the 'holdups' we read of in the press; the seizure of valuables by thugs who are passably fed and clothed.

"If the press report of the turkey incident in Chicago is correct, I would say the two men in question were murdered for asserting a fundamental right.

"Probably I shall be called by some a parlor Socialist or pink Communist for making such an assertion. But that does not matter. I am only expressing a commonplace of orthodox theology." (End of Quotation.)

Certainly, this is a commonplace in theology. But if you or I reject Jesus Christ and His principles and adopt in their stead the divinity of Karl Marx and the doctrine of Lenin; if we turn traitor to the flag of Christ's cross and adopt in its stead the reeking, bloody flag of communism or any of its principles—what shall it avail us except that we will have destroyed faith, government and liberty only to find ourselves the pawns and slaves of an unscrupulous, militaristic rule called communism.

If the flag of Christ which conquered death cannot save you, what strength has the puny force of communism!

THE GOLDEN KIND

Undoubtedly, one of the first doctrines of communism is political internationalism. Alexander the Great was imbued with it when he desired to Persianize the entire world and wept by the banks of an oriental river because there were no more nations to conquer. So was Augustus Caeser. So was Napoleon whose secret ambition was to make the world his footstool and France his throne.

The most loathsome after-birth of the World War has been the revival of this internationalism which in its last analysis is nothing more than universal class rule. On the one hand the Soviet desires to control the entire world by the military arm of an enslaved laboring class. And on the part of certain captains of industry and finance there seems to be a determination to rule the universe through the agency of wealth.

If Russia established its Third Internationale, conservative Europe kept step with it in the establishment of a League of Nations. If Russia clumsily renounced its foreign obligations, the League of Nations adroitly accomplished the same thing through its establishment of a League Court which claims the authority to legislate for all its members on matters of immigration, of tariff and of other affairs of international character. This internationalism is a greater menace to our prosperity than is the type advocated by the Soviet.

Identified both with the League of Nations and with the World Court, whose correct name, bear in mind, is "The Permanent Court of International Justice of the League of Nations," is this new Colossus called the International Bank, which to all advertised purposes exists to facilitate the payment of war debts.

But in the minds of many there is another story behind its illegitimate birth. It is a story in which are woven the name of the J. P. Morgan Banking Company, the company who are the fiscal agents of Great Britain, of France, of Belgium and of Italy; the name of Montague Norman, Governor of the Bank of England; the names of certain gentlemen in our Federal Reserve Bank which is a depository for practically eight thousand smaller banks throughout the United States. Acting in collusion, these men succeeded in lowering American money to three-and-one-half-per-cent; then exported more than five-hundred-million dollars in gold to Europe despite the fact that the Honorable Louis T. McFadden, the Chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency of the United States House of Representatives, calls this last transaction very questionable insofar as it appears to be beyond the spirit of the law which created the Federal Reserve System.

If victory belonged to one man, it is due to Montague Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England. He has served his country well. He has succeeded in having our bankers establish the international bank at the back door of Great Britain.

Now that our gold has been poured into Europe, these same international bankers of Wall Street and of Washington are anxious that our nation shall surrender its independence by becoming a member of "The Permanent Court of International Justice of the League of Nations." This means that we become identified with that same useless tool during whose brief existence we have experienced so many revolutions and so much unrest. I refer to the League of Nations, whose future is very questionable.

My friends, this internationalism leads only to one thing. It means that the laboring class of this country will be reduced to the same status as that of the worn out European nations. Our ancestors came to these shores to be rid of the persecutions both financial and political and religious which were so common before the XVIII Century. Under brighter skies and with hearts filled with new hopes we and our forefathers built up a standard of living where poverty had practically ceased; where cheap charity was not required and where every man was guaranteed sufficient honest labor and such far-reaching opportunity for advancement that it surpassed the wildest dreams of the peasant class and the middle class of Europe. So today, we are on the verge through a decade of internationalistic philosophy of lowering our standards to meet those of war-torn Europe. The organized effort to accomplish this has been in no little sense responsible for the sadness and sorrow and misery in which we now find ourselves.

Near the close of our great Civil War, in reply to a letter from a friend in Illinois, President Lincoln is reported to have said: "Yes, we may all congratulate ourselves that the cruel war is nearing its close. It has cost a great amount of treasure and of blood. But I see in the near future, a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country.

"As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow. The money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands, and the Republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my suspicions may prove groundless."

Lest you are forgetful, Washington said: "The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop."

It were high time to heed Lincoln's warning and Washington's advice that we refrain from entering into foreign entanglements—entanglements which throw patriotism to the four winds; which are bent on enthroning the basic principle of communism, and reducing the

American common people to the status of a Persian peasant.

Ladies and gentlemen, the present depression has witnessed the reappearance of many old and well-known characters upon the stage of time. There is the banker who tells us of the decline and scarcity of gold in some quarters and the necessity on the part of America to reconstruct its balance. There is the professional business booster who charges it to a depressed psychology. And lastly, there is that type of statesman who blames it on the Russians.

Meanwhile, while words flow thick and fast the depression still remains with us. Meanwhile, at the very peak of it we are about to witness our Seventy-first Congress tomorrow enter upon, perhaps, a prolonged debate whether or not we shall practically sign away our national rights to the World Court of the League of Nations and be satisfied to become identified with Europe with our lisping voice which shall cry in the courts of its wilderness in vain.

Less care for internationalism and more care for national prosperity; less concern for the welfare of Europe and more concern for the welfare of our millions to whom are not given the opportunity of earning a livelihood is more palatable to the taste of the American people.

At this moment I have a mental picture of those wily scribes and pharisees who accosted Jesus Christ trying to catch Him in His speech. They were not forgetful of His beautiful sermon preached on the mountainside. They still remembered His Divine doctrine of charity. Thus, they thought within themselves that He Who preached the doctrine of the universal brotherhood of mankind would be quick to deny the virtue of patriotism.

"Is it lawful, therefore, to give tribute to Caesar?" was their question.

You remember the classic reply which confounded them all: "Render to God the things that are God's and to Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

Christianity, therefore, which insists that we love our fellowman whether he be Jew or Gentile, black or white, does not intimate for a moment that we shall jettison the cargo of our patriotism nor jeopardize the lastingness of our country.

In these days when approximately seventy-six million of our population hold no affiliation whatsoever to any church; in these days when religion has ceased to be an integral part in the lives of everyone of us, is it to be wondered at that the sound principles upon which a lesser virtue of patriotism was built should likewise be held in question?

In things spiritual let us be international. Let there be one God and Father, one faith and baptism and one spiritual domain under which every nation can live. But in things temporal let us render to

Caesar the things that are his.

Thus, the Catholic Church, mindful of the incident when John the Baptist sent a committee to discover the identity of Jesus Christ—mindful of it, we are still proud to conclude this discourse with the words which Christ commanded these men to carry back to John: "The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again and the poor have the Gospel preached to them. And blessed is he that shall not be scandalized in Me!" (Matt. 11:5.)

Moreover, without desire to crave favor or fear to escape criticism, this same Gospel will always be sounded to the poor, who are the victims of those who have forgotten both Christ and country and whose one cry is that of "radical," while they themselves are the greatest radicals which the world has produced.

CHAPTER XI

WITHOUT RELIGION — WHAT?

A PROLOGUE

I HAVE been requested many times to speak at length upon another noble experiment, the history of which shall not add much to our lustre in future generations. On this topic I would prefer to be silent.

At the outset may I be quick in explaining my position that if the legality of the Eighteenth Amendment is now established, it is the solemn duty of every citizen whether he agrees or disagrees with it to honor that Amendment with his obedience.

However, our jails which are dangerously overcrowded; thousands upon thousands of blind pigs which are openly operated; gangdom which has brazenly developed; the universal hypocrisy and disrespect for law which have become so tremendously accentuated—these commentaries are sufficiently eloquent without my besmirching this pulpit with the discussion of a question that is nothing more than a smoke screen before the eyes of the American public. To many of you this viewpoint may appear to be rather novel. But if you are honest you cannot but agree that the interminable discussion which has thundered about the Eighteenth Amendment has accomplished nothing more than the beclouding of your vision from the more substantial and pertinent issue which revolves around the question of labor conditions.

Thus, this pulpit shall not befog itself in the subsidized camouflage of either wet or dry propaganda as long as the substantial question which should engage our attention is not what we should drink but how we can eat and where we shall be sheltered. The past masters of intrigue during the growth of mass production have thrown in the eyes of the American people the tear gas of the prohibition question.

Ladies and gentlemen, the extreme prohibitionist, in good faith, may I add, at one time believed that his policies if practiced would empty our jails, cast a halo of sanctity about our homes and produce prosperity the like of which the world had never seen. It is too bad that his dream is shattered.

"Let men try as they may, no strength and no artifice will ever succeed in banishing from human life the ills and troubles which beset it. If any there are who pretend differently—who hold out to a hard-pressed people freedom from pain and trouble, undisturbed repose, and constant enjoyment—they cheat the people and impose upon them, their lying promises only making the evil worse than before." (Leo XIII.)

Indeed, there is still truthfulness in the old American adage that you can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time.

This evening's discourse will endeavor to show that the principles which underly the just decision of our labor problems are vitally connected not so much with politics as with the principles of religion. During the course of this lecture explicit reference will be made to the so-called Soldiers' Bonus.

RELIGION IN AMERICA

When we are cognizant of the fact that man by nature is a religious person, there must be some cause attributable for the evident fact that the vast majority of the American population professes no allegiance to any church whatsoever.

The reasons which have brought about this sad condition with its attendant consequences are manifold. But the one which is most frequently presented—and I am judging this from the receipt of approximately one million letters which have come to my office—is the fact that too many pulpits have become political rostrums, openly taking sides with party government as if Jesus Christ Himself were He living today would be either a Democrat or a Republican, a wet or a dry. Certainly, He would condemn the modern pharisee who makes clean the outside of the cup, caring not in his hypocrisy for its contraband contents. He would condemn intemperance not only in drinking but in everything else. He would champion the cause of the poor and the oppressed with the same invitation which He pronounced to those of Jerusalem of old: "Come unto Me all ye who labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you."

The fact remains, however, that approximately sixty-three per cent of our population professing no affiliation whatsoever to any church, seemingly have lost faith in all churches where they should look for moral leadership.

I do not mean to infer that these seventy-million Americans or so profess no religion whatsoever. They have simply become resigned to the fact that each man is a religion unto himself; that every freeborn citizen has the right to interpret morality from his own viewpoint, divorced from all authoritative teaching, especially when the teaching he hears from his pulpit has not tried to benefit him in his struggle to acquire just wages and a just livelihood.

Some pulpits because they depend for their maintenance solely upon the pocketbooks of the millionaires have adopted the policy of keeping silent on questions of bread and butter; on discussions of child labor and female factory labor, and on policies which deal with economic questions for fear their words in defense of the oppressed might prove inimical to their heavy supporters. Rather they have preferred to distil all their economic morality to the single dogma of prohibition as if either the observance or non-observance of the Eighteenth Amendment could cure the ills of mass production and arrest the advances of communistic internationalism.

No wonder that so many churches have closed their doors. No wonder that the majority of our fellow countrymen disavow affiliation with any church. The official teachers of the Catholic Church, however, utterly repudiate the theory of the autocratic and anarchial captains of industry that the Church has nothing to do with business.

Before going too deeply into this evening's discussion which deals with the relation between religion and labor, may I draw for you an arithmetical picture of religion as it is in the United States today? The following figures and statistics have been compiled by eminent Protestants, especially by Dr. Luther Fry, and published by the Institute of Social and Religious Research, who collected their information from the Federal Census.

In our nation we have two-hundred-and-thirty-two-thousand church buildings compared with two-hundred-and-fifty-six-thousand public school buildings. There are twenty-one million Sunday School scholars of all ages including adults compared to twenty-four-million-seven-hundred-thousand pupils in our elementary schools.

Regarding religious denominations themselves we have fifty with less than one-thousand adult members; forty-eight with less than five-thousand members. More than half of all denominations in the United States have less than seven-thousand adult members, with only twenty-four denominations having more than two-hundred-thousand.

The largest single denomination is that of the Roman Catholic Church with thirteen-million-three-hundred-thousand adults, which means that three out of every ten adult church members are Roman Catholics.

The second largest denomination is the Methodist Episcopal Church with only three-million-seven-hundred-thousand adult members—almost ten million less than the Roman Catholic. Next is the Southern Baptist Convention with three-million-three-hundred thousand adult members.

Then comes the Jewish congregations with approximately two-million-nine-hundred-and-thirty-thousand members. In order come the Negro Baptists and the Methodist Episcopal Church South and the Disciples of Christ and the Northern Baptist Convention, each of which has somewhere between only one and two-million members. The United Lutheran Church in America and the Congregational Church are both below the million mark, while the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of the entire United States do not total more than seven-hundred-thousand. No other denomination has as many as five-hundred-thousand.

An arresting bit of information is that an analysis covering twenty-one leading denominations which represent 74% of the entire number of churches in the United States shows that almost three out of eight ministers of white denominations—not counting the Negro—have never graduated from any college or seminary. This does not include Catholic priests who may not be ordained in America unless they have graduated both from college and seminary.

Now I readily realize that you can neither legislate a man into religion any more than you can legislate him into heaven. I also realize, as does everyone of you, that while Christ died for all men to redeem them, no one can be so illogical as to propound the view that this death of Jesus suddenly transformed every Judas into an angel and every cowardly Pontius Pilate into a John the Baptist. Unfortunately there are still those in our midst who sell their fellowman for thirty pieces of international gold. Unfortunately there are some of our modern Pilates who dodge their official duty lest they offend the high priests of industry and finance. In other words, you cannot become a Christian by crying: "Lord, Lord!" unless you are willing to follow the principles laid down by Jesus Christ.

While religion is a necessary virtue without which it is impossible to obtain everlasting happiness beyond the portals of death, it is also a virtue without which there can be no lasting civilization and no peace on this side of the great divide. As fast as legislators can make laws, man who neither values justice nor charity, nor truth, nor purity, nor fidelity, nor patriotism can break them.

Truly, these felons sometimes are apprehended. But there are more criminals resident outside our jails than within their cold, gray walls.

Unless the court of conscience in harmony with the law of God is sufficiently active to deter a man from thievery, from selfishness, and from any other vice; unless the motive and the thought of that eternal judgment throne before which each one of us must some day kneel to render an account of our stewardship is sufficiently powerful to prevent a human being from out-Heroding Herod. In other words, unless human legislation is backed up and supported by living, vibrant religion that is the same for rich and poor, for German or Englishman, Chinaman or American, with one final court of appeal, to what hopeless extremities are we doomed!

Christ came into the world not to destroy but to perfect things. It is true that His Gospel has no affiliation with physical force, because they who use the sword shall perish by it. But it is likewise true that the preaching of His Gospel of charity which overthrew the heresy of slavery is not meant to be cashiered and pigeon-holed in this day when, to quote the words of the late Head of the Catholic Church: "A small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke that is little better than slavery itself." (Leo XIII.)

The communist, or the socialist, or the international radical can over-turn the present system of things only to discover the same human elements which wrought past immoralities of cheating the workman will continue to exist in the unbridled, impassioned hearts of those who eventually will operate the new scheme of things. Abstract the ideals of death, of judgment, of heaven and of hell from the scheme either of politics or of economics and the result will be that selfish men who are careless of the future life will always endeavor to make a heaven of this world by the same dishonest means and malpractices which have marred the pages of world history.

Thus today, my friends, when dealing with the labor and unemployment question, we are confronted with a major question of justice and rights. Once more may I quote from the writings of Leo XIII, who says: "It is the opinion of some, and the error is already very common, that the social question is merely an economic one, whereas in point of fact, it is above all a moral and religious matter, and for that reason must be settled by the principles of morality and according to the dictates of religion."

It is the doctrine of our Church that the working man or the citizen has the right to a livelihood gained by honest labor; that the State has the duty to provide this labor; that the citizen has the right to exact a just wage and a living wage from his labor; and finally, that the State in turn has the duty to safeguard this right.

History is replete with too many instances where man left to his own ingenuity without the assistance of religion has fallen prey either to intolerance in politics or to intolerance in finance.

Has the history of the Republic of Athens been written in vain? Has the story of the Roman Republic been forgotten? Shall the pulpits of America fear to preach the justice and charity of Jesus Christ and condemn the modern pharisees who lay "heavy and unsupportable burdens upon the backs of the people"?

In retrospect I have a mental picture of our Divine Master as He sat on a hillside overlooking the great City of Jerusalem. It was eventide. The last rays of the golden sun had disappeared. One by one the silvery lamps of heaven were being lighted. The great moon shone down in all her splendor upon the gilded minarets of the spacious temple. Throughout the city were thousands who had not only heard the voice of Christ but who had witnessed his miracles. Tonight they had forgotten Him. Tonight some in that city were plotting His death because they had been stirred up by bigotry against Him. Happy were Annas and Caiaphas to think that they had so easily deluded the people.

As Christ beheld the scene of His triumph and the scene of His future betrayal He exclaimed: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee under My wings as a hen does her little ones— and thou wouldst not."

My friends, those same words are sounded to you this evening as you are gathered in the cloister of your home, you who are suffering from labor conditions—"and thou wouldst not."

WEALTH AMIDST POVERTY

Meanwhile temporary measures are being adopted for our emergency relief fund. It is, therefore, to be hoped that they shall give way to permanent Christian legislation which shall remove the causes of our depression. With the coming of winter the suffering has become more acute among the many millions who are unemployed and their dependents. Meanwhile the savings deposit vaults of our banks in this year of depression and poverty have increased their holdings $47,223,000 over last year. On June 30, 1930, the total savings deposit accounts in the United States of America were, to be exact, $27,245,543,000. Never in the history of any nation that is on accurate record has there been such a tremendous amount of savings deposits stored away and bearing interest as we have at the present moment. Yet there are thousands and perhaps millions in this nation of ours who will spend Christmas Day hungry and naked and cold.

Let me quote for you at this moment the explicit teaching of the Catholic Church without believing which no one can claim affiliation to that Church. The following are the exact words spoken by Pope Leo XIII:

"It is one thing to have a right to the possession of money, and another to have a right to use money as one pleases. Private ownership, as we have seen, is the natural right of man; and to exercise that right, especially as members of society, is not only lawful but absolutely necessary. It is lawful, says St. Thomas of Aquin, for a man to hold private property; and it is also necessary for the carrying on of human life. But if the question be asked, How must one's possessions be used? the Church replies without hesitation in the words of the same holy Doctor: Man should not consider his outward possessions as his own, but as common to all, so as to share them without difficulty when others are in need. Whence the Apostle saith, Command the rich of this world . . . to give with ease, to communicate."

There are thousands of instances where both rich and middle class have donated most generously for the alleviation of our present national distress. On the other hand there are glaring instances where some of those who are blessed with the largest fortunes in America have not contributed even a small portion in comparison to the others.

Now, supposing that the doctrines of Jesus Christ as expressed by the Catholic Church relative to private ownership and to reasonable use were practiced in this nation, would it be asking too much of those Americans whose savings accounts total better than twenty-seven billions to distribute their interest for the alleviation of the national distress which we are experiencing?

"If the individual owner neglects his social responsibilities, it is the duty of the State to enforce their observance," are the words of St. Thomas, perhaps the most eminent teacher which our Church has produced. What a glorious and happy Christmas it would be if the interest of this vast amount of money which would total $817,366,290.00 could be utilized to keep America safe from discontent and suffering! In times of war we do not hesitate to conscript human life. In times of starvation an unchristian nation will hesitate to conscript the interest of hoarded wealth.

SOLDIERS' BONUS BONDS

In having mentioned war my mind reverently reverts to our ex-soldiers, many of whom are living in poverty, looking and longing for the day when the Soldiers' Bonus will be paid them. At least that is the term employed by the majority of Americans—the term "bonus." As a matter of fact the ex-soldiers' Adjusted Service Certificates do not represent any bonus whatsoever. The word is a misnomer altogether. These certificates represent a debt the Government has legally confessed is due the ex-soldier for adjusted pay based upon the service rendered. This pay was due on the fifth day of June, 1918. But according to the present arrangement, instead of the Government's having paid this debt, because, as the billionaire Secretary of the Treasury states, they do not know how to spend their money, these ex-soldiers are paying six per cent interest for the privilege of borrowing on their own money for which the Government pays them four per cent.

According to the Congressional Record of April 3, 1930, page 6541, the difference in interest rate will practically destroy the value of the policy after the first and subsequent small loans have been made. Instead of being a benefit to the soldiers for the full amount which is due them they will be fortunate to receive half of what is owed them. The other half will be absorbed in interest either by the Government or by the banks.

The immediate payment of this just debt, therefore, which was due in 1918, would benefit more than five-hundred-thousand ex-soldiers who are disabled, and God knows how many more who are without jobs.

As a matter of fact there are three-million-four-hundred-seventy-eight-thousand-nine-hundred-and-fifty-six Adjusted Service Certificates outstanding today at a face value of from $51.00 to $1,585.00, making an average value of $1,010.00. Of this number one-million-four-hundred-and-thirty-three-thousand-one-hundred-and-eleven have been borrowed on through the United States Veterans' Bureau alone over and above those upon which loans were made from private banks.

Now we are told the Government cannot afford to pay these certificates at the present time. Meanwhile our national debt has been reduced by approximately $8,000,000,000. Meanwhile, we have managed somehow or other to expend billions of dollars on foreign loans. Meanwhile, Congress adjusted the pay of the railroads to $1,600,000,000. The same Congress adjusted the pay of war contractors on similar Service Certificates to the extent of more than $2,000,000,000.

Why should the Secretary of the Treasury insist on being the guardian for all the ex-soldiers—he who knows not want?

They were not asked if they knew how to give their lives or their limbs nor if they would squander their blood on French soil. But there is danger of their squandering the money that is justly due them—money which is held on the basis of certificates, doled out to them in small quantities; and interest charged upon it.

If there were another war we would vote billions to fund its expenses. But once the World War is over we refuse to pay the $3,000,000,000 or so which by an act of Congress is justly owed the veterans and which money would make up the difference between depression and prosperity.

There is not an American citizen in whose heart there still throbs a sentiment of patriotism who would not be willing to purchase these certificates at face value and give to the disabled and starving ex-service soldiers the money which an ungrateful Government withholds from them, and which forbids the ordinary citizen from purchasing these same certificates.

Here again, ladies and gentlemen, the Catholic Church is fearless in asserting that just and honest debts should be paid. This thing is not a question of politics. It is a matter of basic morals whereby, if able, one should pay his employes their stipulated wages. If a spirit of deep religion and gratitude were existing in the hearts of those who have not enough imagination to put themselves in the poverty-stricken condition of some of our ex-soldiers, there never would have been occasion to make such an utterance.

OR MONOPOLY SUGAR BONDS

It will not be long, my friends, until we hear of another despicable trick of profiteering which practically has been consummated during the past few weeks. It deals with the Cuban sugar market and it will affect every other sugar market. It provides among other startling things that bonds are to be issued to the amount of $42,000,000 to be sold on the American market to those who have money and bonds in savings accounts, the proceeds of which are to be under direct control of President Machado of Cuba for purchasing or selling sugar up to one-million-five-hundred-thousand tons over a long period of years. Do you remember how certain gentlemen back in 1916 purchased the

Cuban sugar output at a figure approximating four cents a pound and eventually saw it sold to the householders of America at thirty-five cents a pound? Perhaps the same thing will be enacted due to this new bond issue. It will mean a national sugar corporation that will dole out only three-hundred-thousand tons of sugar a year. It specifies that the President of Cuba will be authorized to restrict the sugar crop for five years, to determine the amount of sugar to be exported to the United States for five years and to prohibit the construction of new mills for five years. A wonderful monopoly!—to lay unnecessary burdens on the backs of our American people.

Will our American money holders care to invest in such a monopolizing proposition, even at the height of depression, entering into a new alliance with the connivance of certain American international bankers to control one of the staple foods of our nation, when it is possible to invest in patriotism by paying the just wages long since due to our disabled war veterans?

I speak of these detestable things, my fellow citizens, simply to be explicit and concrete in demonstrating how far afield we have gone from the doctrines of Jesus Christ. He came not to destroy the fundamental principles of justice. His mission was to perfect them. He came not to impose unsupportable burdens upon the consciences of men, but by His death and through His Church to lead them to happiness.

Ladies and gentlemen, as a priest of the Roman Catholic Church who is supposed to know both its doctrines and its spirit, I feel that I am only a voice crying in the wilderness, inviting you to make straight the ways of the Lord. I appreciate the fact that the majority of you who are listening to me are not of my faith.

There was a time when crafty politicians, perhaps in the pay of those who feared the doctrines of Catholicism, filled your hearts with bigotry, fired your imaginations with hatred because they suspected lest our doctrines of justice, of charity, of Christliness, and of unsullied patriotism would sink too deeply into the souls of the masses in defending them from the abuses of irreligion which have surrounded us.

Thanks be to God, that day has passed. Thanks be to God there is no need of your being blind any longer to the real issue of our time. There is no need of your rallying around the red flag of communism nor of whispering angry words of revolution.

Behold the star of the east! Its silvery gleam once led the Wise Men across the deserts and through the night to the humble, despised crib at Bethlehem. The same star scintillates on high today! The same Prince of Peace is there to welcome you as He once welcomed the humble shepherds. "Come unto Me all ye who labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you."

THE THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

"PLEA FOR THE POOR"

It was the year of the great census. By government edict every citizen must betake himself to his native town, there to report himself and his family.

Already nineteen hundred and thirty years ago the highways of the Roman Empire are being dotted with travelers. Leaving from Nazareth to Bethlehem, those who claimed David as their royal ancestor are dotting the dusty roads—some in chariots, some on horse, some on foot.

In a few days the closest lineal descendant of this great king will set forth with his espoused wife. She who was soon to clasp in her arms the child of her flesh is seated upon a humble beast of burden which her husband leads.

Soon they shall come to the little town, only to find every room and shelter occupied.

What will he do?

He remembers how in his boyhood he shepherded the sheep on the hills just outside the little city of Bethlehem. As he catches sight of the fires which the modern shepherds had kindled, he remembers a cave where oftentimes he had carried a tender ewe before her little ones were born. There he will take Mary. There this new Lamb of God shall be born!

The King of Kings cradled in a palace of poverty! He about Whose heavenly throne there are myriads of angels, shall be warmed and caressed by the breath of oxen, God's dumb creatures.

Tonight, my friends, there are other madonnas setting forth upon the highway that leads to some Bethlehem. Tonight, there are other Josephs wondering where their little families will be sheltered. Are you going to repeat the ancient heresy that there is no room for them in the inn? Will you not find room in the chamber of your heart for Jesus to be born again? Will you not seek out some family this Christmastide and share with them your meager stores? "Whatsoever you do unto these the least of My little ones you do unto Me."

CHAPTER XII

THE STORY OF BETHLEHEM

GEOGRAPHICAL FACTS

TO most of us there never was extended an opportunity to visit the Holy Land. Palestine is a very insignificant country, if one judges it by size alone. I remember having read that the great pagan Cicero once exclaimed: "The God of the Jews must be a little God, since He has given His people such a little country." It is a narrow strip of land bounded on the south by Arabia, on the west by the Mediterranean Sea, on the east by the vast Syro-Arabian Desert. On the north its territory ends at the deep ravine which serves as a bed for the Leontes River.

This dimension in length is approximately only one-hundred-and-forty-two miles, according to the calculations of English engineers. The width, for that part of Palestine west of the Jordan, varies from fifty-eight miles to twenty-three miles at the extreme north.

The total area of Palestine, including the districts beyond the Jordan, scarcely exceeds ten-thousand square miles—smaller than our State of Maryland, which in area is one of the smallest States in the Union.

The Holy Land forms a part of an isthmus which connects the Taurus mountains with the massive range of Sinai. It is, therefore, not only a mountainous country, but a veritable block of mountains.

Contrary to the common opinion, severe winter cold is almost unknown in the Holy Land. While it is true that snow and frost make their appearance nearly every year, nevertheless the mean temperature of the country is fifty-two degrees Fahrenheit in December.

A POLITICAL PICTURE

At the time of the birth of Jesus Christ, the division of the Holy Land among the twelve tribes had long since given way to another administrative partition. The country was divided into four provinces, one of them Perea, beyond the Jordan. The other three on this side of the Jordan were named Judea at the south, Samaria in the middle, and Galilee in the north.

Of these four provinces, Judea at the time unquestionably played the most important part, since, for the Jews, it was the religious and political and, to a certain extent, the intellectual center of Palestine. It was there that in the course of numerous centuries had taken place the most significant events in Israel's history. There it was that Jerusalem is located with its glorious temple. There gathered the

Sanhedrin. Nevertheless, it was such a poor country that the Roman geographer, Strabo, asserted that there was no one in the world who would think of making war just to seize that territory, whose material wealth was so insignificant.

It was likewise in Judea that Bethlehem was located, approximately six miles distant from the Holy City.

ON TO BETHLEHEM

At the time when the Gospel story opens, the Israelite nation had lost much of its ancient greatness. Sixty-five years before the birth of Christ the great Pompey of Rome desecrated the holy of holies. On leaving Jerusalem he reinstated as its king, but as vassal of Rome, a ruler by the name of Hyrcanus. From this moment the Jewish people were burdened with unjust and unsupportable taxes, made more unbearable by the way in which they were collected.

Meanwhile, relative to our story of Bethlehem, we discover that Augustus Caesar, the Emperor of the Romans, had issued an edict commanding all the male citizens of the Roman Empire and its dependencies each to report to his native city for the purpose of acquiring a correct enumeration of his subjects. Thus we find Joseph, the lineal descendant of the great King David, and Mary, his espoused wife, likewise descendant of the same king, journeying from the little town of Nazareth to Bethlehem, where David himself had been born. In issuing his census decree, Augustus hardly suspected he was serving as an instrument in the fulfillment of a prophecy.

THE DIVINE PROPHECIES

In outlining this story which is woven about the birth of Christ, I suspect that perhaps you will be interested in the prophecies of the Old Testament which are fulfilled in our Divine Redeemer's coming.

Strewn throughout the Bible each of these prophecies has its own beauty. But when we weave them together they form a wondrous fabric that makes them more impressive and striking. Or again, we might compare them to a majestic edifice built little by little by the Holy Ghost Himself, with the aid of secondary architects who are none other than the sacred writers. Each one of them, without knowing the part he played, laid stones that were to support the works of his successors. In fact, notwithstanding the great diversity and large number of the builders; despite the fact that they took thousands of years in constructing it, the whole work is divinely harmonious.

To one who even casually reads the pages of the Old Testament, there is presented the inevitable conclusion that the fulfillment of its promises in Jesus Christ marks Him beyond all dispute as the Son of God-Made-Man. As Pascal wrote: "Had a single man composed a book of prophecies, and had Jesus Christ come conformably to those prophecies, that would be evidence of an infinite power. But it was more than this. It was not one man, but a succession of men; they wrote a book not in one year, but over a lapse of four thousand years, one after the other predicting this same event of Bethlehem."

These prophecies not only supplement one another; more than that, they serve mutually to explain one another, now by adding some new detail, now by developing an older statement to render it clearer and more striking.

Of course, my friends, I cannot enter into detail by quoting these prophetical statements. I can simply invite you to read the Scriptures. Time permits me merely to refer to them.

In the shadows of Eden's Garden, sadly darkened by the fall of our first parents, we discover the utterance of the first glad tidings of Christ's birth. "I will put enmities between thee and the woman and thy seed and her seed: she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." (Gen. 3:15.) This is the first vague and undetermined promise regarding the birth of Christ.

The second promise that Christ would be born carries us to the new cradle of humanity. In one sense it completes what I have just quoted, because it connects His birth by an individual name. Noah, by Divine inspiration, announces to his son named Sem that "God will be his God in a special way, for it is from his posterity that the Redeemer will one day be born." (Gen. 9:26.)

The circle of prophecy becomes more specific as we turn to those chapters of the Bible which deal with the story of Abraham. He, the offspring of Sem, is led from distant Chaldea to the land of Palestine. Explicitly the pages of the Old Testament almost three thousand years before the coming of Christ foretell that Abraham is destined to be the mighty ancestor of the Redeemer. Even Jesus Himself refers to these prophecies when He said: "Abraham rejoiced that he might see My day. He saw it and was glad."

Then in quick succession after Abraham's death the promise of Christ's birth is renewed to Isaac and to Jacob: "To thee and to thy seed will I give all these countries, to fulfill the oath which I swore to Abraham thy father" (Gen. 26:32) were the words spoken to Isaac. Shortly before his death, Jacob uttered a celebrated prophecy in which he announced that the Saviour of the world would belong to the tribe of Judah: "The sceptre shall not be taken away from Judah nor a ruler from his thigh until He come Who is to be sent and He shall be the expected of nations." (Gen. 49:10.)

Some centuries later Balaam, called upon by the King of Moab to curse the Hebrews, broke forth into the wondrous foretelling: "That a star shall rise out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall spring up out of Israel." (Numbers 24:17.)

The circle narrows down when we come to the time of Moses. The Christ is to be the spokesman of Almighty God. He is to be the lawmaker, the mediator, and the prophet. Years later the mother of Samuel, Anna by name, gave voice to the statement that "God shall give empire to His King and shall exalt the strength of His Christ." (I Kings 2:10.)

Then we come to the mighty King David, who tells us that the Messiah shall partake of our human nature; "That He shall be a priest according to the order of Melchisedech." (Psalms 2:7.)

Eventually, about the ninth century before Christ, in the age of the prophets, properly so-called, the promise of the future Redeemer resounded with new vigor and clearness. Isaias sees the virginity of His mother. (Isaias 7:14) "Therefore, the Lord Himself shall give you a sign: behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son and His name shall be called Emmanuel."

Malachias sees Him in the temple. "Behold the Lord Whom you seek presently shall come into His temple. Behold He cometh saith the Lord of Hosts."

And again Isaias, whom we have just quoted, "sees Him glorious in His sepulchre as He vanquishes death." They see Him sold for thirty pieces of silver. "For they weighed for My wages thirty pieces of silver." (Zach. 11:12.)

And finally the same Isaias has justly become renowned by the glorious description of how the reign of Christ would transform the earth into a new Garden of Eden.

To leave nothing wanting in these prophecies they reckon the years of His coming, as we read in the ninth chapter of the Prophet Daniel.

According to the eminent Bossuet, there are allusions in the minor prophets of the Holy Family's flight into Egypt; (Osee 11:1) to Christ coming to the temple at Jerusalem; (Aggeus 2:7) to His priestly dignity; (Zach. 6:12) to His triumphant entry into the Holy City; (Zach. 9:9) and finally to His birth in the meanest, smallest city of Judea, named Bethlehem. (Micheas 5:2) "And thou Bethlehem, ephrata, art a little one among the cities of Judah: Out of thee shall He come forth unto thee Who is to be the ruler of Israel and His going forth is from the beginning, from the days of eternity."

What a stupendous army, my friends, of prophetical writings. Almost four-thousand years in their total composition; almost one-thousand years from the time of Micheas, who, like the star that led the wise men in Christ's own day, was the prophetical light in the sky of antiquity, pointing out to men the humble little town where Christ was cradled!

BETHLEHEM AND THE MYSTERY

Joseph and Mary wend their way to the little town of Christ's birth, which, translated into English, means "house of bread." The present city is built on the site of the ancient town. It occupies the tops of two limestone hills close to each other. The eastern one, somewhat lower, is also wider and its slopes are gentler. It is on the level height overlooking the town where the Church of the Nativity stands. On three sides, at the foot of the two hills, rather deep valleys open out. Within the town the streets are narrow, steep and slippery. To the east the bluish mountains of Moab rise up like a giant wall. In the immediate vicinity terraced gardens stretch out, descending as far as the lower valleys, and shaded by long rows of olive trees. Farther away you see fields and meadows.

It was evening when Joseph and Mary first came to this little town. Hundreds of others had preceded them. There was not a room to be rented, not a shelter to be had. But Joseph, remembering how in his own boyhood days he had often carried into a cavern an ewe which was about to give birth to her little lambs, determined to take Mary there.

Lo! the mystery of the ages is enacted. As the golden sunlight casts its ray through a beauteous window of stained glass, came Christ, True God and True Man, into the lap of His virgin mother! Joseph, who probably had been outside gathering some firewood, looked aloft at the transcendent light which shone across the darkened skies; paused as he heard a chorus of angelic voices raised on high; then came back to the cave and knelt beside Mary, her Babe and her God pressed close to her breast as the silent dumb animals breathed upon Madonna and Child.

The song of the angels rises and swells. The shepherds who were watching their flocks are struck by its melody. Behold, an angel stood before them. He tells them: "Fear not! For I bring thee tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the City of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger." (Luke 2:10.)

My friends, can you not visualize the excitement, the joy, the happiness that came to those shepherds? No wonder they exclaimed: "Let us go over to Bethlehem!" Can you not picture them as they hastened to the manger; as they knelt down to kiss the dimpled feet and caress the rosy hands of the Word-Made-Flesh?

Christmas is the feast of joy, of liberty, of light and of love. For four thousand years the chosen people of God waited in expectation for the Messiah. If during that period they beheld their armies vanquished, their lands destroyed and their entire nation subdued into slavery by the Egyptians, there was, however, never a time when the fire of hope was totally extinguished within their breasts.

Some of them, it is true, built for themselves a golden calf to worship. Some of them disclaimed their God, Who became like unto them in all things save sin.

But eventually He came to preach His doctrine of brotherhood, to suffer a poverty which none of us could ever endure, to preach the glad tidings of liberty, of immortality, of eternal happiness. I can understand how men lose faith in the Herods who would kill Jesus Christ. But I cannot understand how thoughtful men shall refuse to do as did the shepherds of old, to cross over to Bethlehem and kneel this blessed night before the crib where nestles the Son of God, our Redeemer and our Brother.

May my humble words re-echo the angels' song of old that I bring you tidings of great joy!

"Let us go over to Bethlehem!" That has been the watchword down the centuries as nation after nation has taken up the echo of the shepherds. The simple story of Bethlehem from the lips of the Apostle Andrew converted the proud Greeks. No eloquence other than the narrative of the Gospel was required in the sermons of James, who won over the haughty Spaniards. Peter and Paul preached the good tidings of His birth to the Romans. The glorious Patrick brought it to the Irish; Austin to the English, Boniface to the Germans. And this week, the angels' message which was hymned above the hills of Judea shall find echo in ten-thousand cities, in myriads of hamlets. Indeed the prophecies have been fulfilled, "His Name is great among the Gentiles."

My fellow-Americans, we, too, who have been waiting for the coming of a Redeemer Who would lift from our backs the heavy, unsupportable burdens of life; Who would erase from our minds the worries of a cruel death; and Who would burn deeply within our souls the imperishable hope of an everlasting happiness—He has come poorer than the majority of us—an outcast—one that is to be hunted by the Herods of His time—the Prince of Peace, the God of Love.

"Let us go over to Bethlehem"—we who hitherto have found no place for the Babe and His mother in the hostel of our hearts. The prophecies which have been uttered of old of His golden age shall come true when you and I will flock around His standard and join with the angel choirs in singing, "Glory to God on the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!"

In conclusion I wish every one of you a holy, happy, merry Christmas.

And, by the way, that word "merry" is a good, old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon word which was derived from the name of her whose chaste bosom and breast gave harbor and rest to Christ, the King of the world.

Imagine the pure happiness that was hers that instant when her tender arms clasped her Baby Boy for the first time to her bosom! The enchantment that was hers at the first moment her sweet lips were pressed to His, the God of Creation! Imagine the happiness as she knelt with Him, her God and her Child, and beheld His little smile beaming into the depths of her own blue eyes!

All of that is the Merry Christmas which I wish to you.

I have in my hand a letter which just last week I received from my friend, the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, Louis Barlassina. In one sense it is the Christmas gift of the Golden Hour of the Little Flower to every one of you, because its last paragraph reads as follows: "The priests of my diocese join with me in presenting you our best Christmas wishes, and I assure you of our prayers for you and your intentions in Bethlehem on that holy night."

And as the Latin Patriarch will once more intone the golden words, "Glory to God on the highest"; once more invite Jesus to be born upon the altar of the Church of the Nativity, my intentions are that your little Brother, Jesus Christ, will bless you and love you today, tomorrow and forever.

Surely Christmas is the feast of joy because the cradle of Bethlehem is the cradle of our brotherhood with Almighty God. It is the feast of liberty because the Omnipotent God wrapped in swaddling clothes has saved us by His death, not only from the prison of hell, but also by His teachings from the earthly slavery of tyranny. It is the feast of light; for the star of Bethlehem is the lamp of faith which dispels the error of paganism and outlines the celestial truth of eternity. Finally, Christmas is the feast of love when our God and our Creator bestowed upon you and me and every human being His best gift, His perfect gift, His only begotten Son, to be our brother in suffering, in sorrow, and in heavenly reward.

THE THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

My friends, as you surmise, the voices which you hear lilting in their silvery tones are those of little children. Circled near the microphone are baby boys and girls, little lambs as pure and as innocent as the cherubs which wing their way about the throne of God.

What is Christmas unless it be the feast of childhood? Was not the Prince of Peace a little child? As Isaias says, "A little child is born to us; a son is given to us."

O children, I welcome you here at the Shrine of Ste. Therese of the Child Jesus. Today your innocent hands will be filled with gifts because we love you. Tomorrow those hands shall catch the torch which we shall pass to you. You are the new Christs of this generation—

brothers and sisters of the humble Babe of Bethlehem. And we—we upon whose shoulders the white cloak of innocence once was placed, bow our heads in shame because in our arrogance we have ceased to be little children.

Ladies and gentlemen, there flashes before my memory the picture of the tired, weary Jesus Christ as He was resting after a strenuous day. The little children, just like those who stand about me, clamored about Him, basking in the sunshine of His smile. The apostles thought to put them away. But you remember the words of Christ: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Then taking one upon His knee He answered those who had questioned Him upon the philosophy of success, of greatness, of achievement. "Amen, Amen I say to you," He replied, caressing the head of the little lad, "unless you be converted and become as little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." As if to say to us here in the presence of these pure, innocent ones, that we must put away our pride, our pursuit of worldliness, our hypocrisy, our selfishness, if we wish to enter into the spirit of Christmas, the feast of childhood.

And our Divine Lord continued His answer to those who questioned Him by explaining that "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, he is greater in the kingdom of heaven"—and humbling himself as did the Omnipotent God Who spangled the heavens with a myriad of worlds far vaster than this earth upon which we walk until He became a helpless Babe, clothed in poverty, housed in a stable.

Oh! Christmas is not Christmas without the gentle touch of childhood. And thus, how happy shall your Christmas be and mine when out of either our abundance or our poverty we gladden the heart of some baby boy or girl imaging in him or her the infant Christ!

My friends, this is not vapid poetry. It is the most prosaic, realistic truth which ever fell from those baby lips of Christ, Who, when He grew to manhood, taught us that "He who shall receive one such little Child in My Name, receiveth Me."

Just around the corner from your home there is a little group on their way to some Bethlehem of suffering, of poverty. The heartless world has no room for them. Will you, too, turn them away, or will you find room for Christ's little brother or sister in the hostel of your heart?

CHAPTER XIII

CHRIST OR CHAOS?

AN INVENTORY OF CONGRATULATIONS

NO one cares to cast a pall of pessimism over the eyes of his fellow citizens as we anxiously await the first vagrant rays of the new year's dawnlight. Nor does one capture much joy in balancing the books of the passing year in which we discover a deficit in our findings.

However, among the entries of profit there stands out in resplendent brilliance the heroic charity and generosity which thousands of citizens have extended to their less fortunate countrymen: Community funds oversubscribed; millions of Christmas baskets lovingly sent on their mission of mercy; many congressmen and senators bending every effort of statecraft and diplomacy to restore our nation to normalcy; and all of these climaxed by a proposal to make immediate payment to the needy and afflicted War Veterans of the money which was due them since 1918—these entries upon the final pages of 1930 are some of the distinct gains which can never be discounted.

The year 1930 marks the close of an era of crass materialism, during which time we have witnessed the enthronement of property and material rights over human rights; an era wherein a questionable prosperity was gained at the expense of spiritual loss.

As for the prosperity, more than three-quarters of our American homes enjoy some of the immediate benefits of electricity. Almost two-thirds of our families are the possessors of automotive transportation. Practically the same number of homes have gained contact with the outside world through the medium of the radio. Our nation itself holds the foremost position in wealth. Illiteracy has decreased. Schools have been multiplied. Time and space have been materially altered by stupendous inventions. The scientist has won scores of victories over disease. Through the untiring genius of our inventors man has no longer any need of being the beast of burden; for the drudgery of former centuries has been heaped upon the backs of the tireless machines of mass production whose souls are made of dynamos and whose bodies are of steel.

While mention is being made of a few of the outstanding material items of prosperity which appear upon our inventory sheet, let us not forget to note that wages have been increased; that thousands of homes have been purchased on contracts which relied for their fulfillment on anticipated and steady employment; that our granaries are so filled and our wheat is so plentiful that for the first time since 1896 its price on the market has fallen to such low values—so that instead of coal the residents of Idaho are burning it at $9.00 a ton or 23 cents a bushel.

Meanwhile, the year which has prepared to fold up its tents and silently steal away has had the honor of making what is termed definite steps towards World Peace and disarmament. The London Naval Conference has limited the number of certain types of warships. Bills have been prepared to ally our nation more closely to the World Court of the League of Nations. The establishment of the World Bank has been consummated. Adjustments of various kinds have been made to effect our consolidation with foreign countries, especially in the matter of tremendous loans whose total amounts at present to approximately thirty billion dollars.

This is necessarily but a hasty resume of the items which are discovered supposedly on the credit side of our accomplishments. One word is sufficient to summarize our deficits. It is the word which is upon the lips of everyone—depression.

DEPRESSION—MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL

Nevertheless, it is always more intelligent to be truthful than hypocritical; always saner to appraise things as they are in reality rather than as they appear to be in the tinseled splendor of deceit.

Contrary to the opinion of those who soothe us with the sophistry that depressions are a cyclic happening in the history of nations, there never was such an occurrence as the one which at present we are experiencing. It is unique in the history of Christian civilization that such widespread starvation has existed when granaries are choking with wheat; that such noticeable privation has existed when our banks are bursting with gold. Conservatively, there are ten-million discontented Americans directly affected by unemployment. It is a condition brought about neither by tyrant nor heartless monarch, but by a democratic people who control the destiny of their material welfare by their own votes.

But the spiritual depression is more appalling. Unchecked competition where the mass productionist in many cases regards the laborer not as a man, but as a machine; mass production where the real machines have so rapidly increased their output that the human laborer is denied the opportunity to exercise the first law of life steadily and uninterruptedly—I refer to the law which insists that if one must live, he must labor, or as it is expressed in the Scriptures: "Thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow."

Then, too, there is denial of the Christian principle of stewardship which put in practical language states that while there is certainly the right to private ownership there is not an unlimited right to use one's goods as he pleases. There was also the adoption of the fallacious theory that wars can be abolished as was liquor by a mere human mandate, forgetful that greed and hate, the causes of war, must first be extricated from the human heart by the surgery of religion. And finally, there is the heresy that men are not their brothers' keepers; that the brotherhood preached by Jesus Christ is poetry to be used in stimulating the finer instincts of a juvenile catechism class.

These are the outstanding high lights of a spiritual depression into which our nation has fallen as practically one-half of its wealth is owned and controlled by one-thirty-third of one per cent of our citizens.

During the course of our stupendous material achievements we have gradually arrived at the conclusion that the religion of Jesus Christ must confine itself to the four walls of a church; that it must have no part in the regulation of international trade, in peace, in private business, in education, and in the home.

In the beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ according to St. John—a Gospel written while Christianity was still struggling in its swaddling clothes—there was occasion to bemoan the fact that "The Light shineth in darkness and the darkness did not comprehend It"; "that there stood One in our midst Whom we knew not." The apostle John was anything but a pessimist. He spoke the unadulterated truth which finds an application today in a world just emerged from a war which climaxed the Age of Reason.

Then nation after nation huddled its leaders into solemn conclave at Versailles. There the fallen-away Catholic and atheist, Georges Clemenceau, refused to consent that the Name of God should be incorporated in a peace that was bent on abolishing war. The Prince of Peace must have nothing to do with reconstructing the world!

In this present war between profit and loss; in this world-wide contest between prosperity and depression, we behold a similar spectacle where our international leaders, perpetuating the policy of Clemenceau, are trying to grope their way to peace and contentment without following the Light that shineth in darkness; without consulting Him Who stands in their midst—Him Whom they know not.

Ladies and gentlemen, there can be no lasting prosperity—no semblance of it—unless Christ and His principles are adopted. His religion above all things is practical. True, its primary and essential purpose is to save the souls of men by their following His precepts, by their living truths which He taught. But it does not neglect the temporal happiness of its followers. Christianity, rightfully interpreted, is still anxious that the blind be cured, that the deaf hear, that the lepers be cleansed, that the poor have the Gospel of truth preached to them. Christianity, as was its Founder, is still opposed to slavery in its modern guise. Christianity still raises its voice against the modern pharisee who places unsupportable burdens upon the backs of his fellow citizens while he worships the golden calf of internationalism.

A UNIVERSAL CURE FOR THE WORLD'S ILLS

With the exception of last Sunday I have been devoting this presentation of the Golden Hour of the Little Flower to an exposition of some of the principles founded upon the natural law and upon the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Not since the Divine Master gave utterance to the words: "I have compassion on the multitudes" has a voice been raised so clearly and fearlessly as was that of Leo XIII's who, like a divine prophet, pronounced the basic principle of Christian economy: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" and drew the conclusions which necessarily follow from this teaching.

In proposing to the citizens of all nations the fundamentals upon which can be built true prosperity and lasting happiness, our Church has always adhered to a catholic, universal doctrine of Christ's law as distinguished from a private or individual interpretation of His religion. She has always given expression to her interpretation through the one voice of her official head, which interpretation is never denied or contradicted by subsequent Popes. What Leo wrote in 1891 will be accepted by Pius XI in 1931.

I make mention of this neither in a spirit of boastfulness nor of antagonism, but merely to clarify the statement that while we as a Church officially and unreservedly adhere to the principle that "it is one thing to have a right to the possession of money and another to use the money as one pleases"; while in the words of Leo, we protest against unchecked competition which in modern language is identical with the abuses of mass production; while we object to the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals, thus forming monopolies; while we advocate the right of the working men to unionize and bargain with employers not as individuals, but as units, we do not hesitate to affirm that no practical solution of the ills of either this nation or of all nations will ever be found without the assistance of a universal religion and a universal church which will possess both courage and influence to defend the oppressed, to oppose greed and selfishness, and to condemn that crass materialism which insinuates that religion and good business are naturally hostile to each other.

In our world which has gradually grown smaller and more compact we have at length realized that the embarrassments and difficulties of the Englishman, of the Frenchman, or of the German have become identified with our own. The problems of the laboring class of every nation reflect their presence in every industrial center and city of the world.

Thus, there are two kinds of internationalism being advocated: The one material, the other spiritual. Crafty men of the former kind are endeavoring to level the working classes of all nations to the same indignities with the hope of perpetuating their own policies of wealth control. On the other hand, there has always been advocated by the Catholic Church a universal religion as expressed by Jesus Christ in the words: "One God, one faith, one baptism," which protects the lowly of every nation; which preaches to them the sanctity of private ownership; their inalienable rights to a just and living wage, and their eternal hope in a salvation beyond the grave.

This internationalism of faith, if you wish to call it such, aims at elevating the peoples of the world to the standard of Christ's brotherhood. It is the only internationalism or universal religion which can satisfy the human heart. Sooner or later the other type shall crystallize itself into a universal religion of slavery where the international banker shall supplant Stalin and the international laborer shall be reduced to the standard of a Russian peasant.

In the days to come the American laborer shall no longer be satisfied with the "policy of rose tinting the truth" as Mr. Gifford, President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, calls it. The policy has been adopted from the highest to the lowest. It is one of hypocrisy and of malicious falsehood which sometimes is adopted by so-called reputable newspapers in their effort to deceive the public rather than to heal the wounds of our national distress. I could make specific reference to a certain document which was presented to our American Senate just prior to December 11th, when one who should know better, and as a matter of fact, does know better, affirmed that two-and-one-half-millions were wholly without employment, when practically on the same day Mr. William Green, the President of the American Federation of Labor, informs us that twenty-two per cent of the members of organized labor are out of work, and that if unemployment continues to increase at the usual rate, we shall have fifty per cent more out of work by February than we now have. Or, to quote the words expressed on the floor of the House of Representatives on Thursday, December 4th, and as found in the Congressional Records, "It is easily demonstrated and certain that not less than ten-million persons are totally without employment and that another fifteen to twenty-millions are working on an average of only half time." It is a tragedy, therefore, when a so-called reputable newspaper published at Detroit, either through ignorance or malice, publishes editorially that nine-tenths of the talk about depression is "bunk" and the other tenth is idle propaganda.

If such persons have bartered their souls to an overlord of industry, they are doing nothing more than playing the Judas to the people whom they should protect.

Thus, while we of this country have permitted through chargeable negligence a condition of labor to arise whereby there is starvation in the midst of plenty and poverty in the shadow of wealth, we can rest assured that the American laborer will never be satisfied with the statement that his period of employment is not so severe as that of other countries. He shall never become accustomed to the bread line. He will no longer be deceived by the purchased propaganda of certain papers. Uncurtailed mass production must go. Honest nationalism must endure; for there is only one kind of internationalism to which we will subscribe and that is the faith of Jesus Christ and participation in His brotherhood.

THE FUTURE

Those days of godlessness, therefore, will have passed with this memorable year of 1930. 1931 must usher in an era when every laborer shall be given an opportunity to earn a just and living wage. If the manufacturers themselves will not set about immediately to guarantee the carrying out of this policy, then the laboring class in this free, democratic country expects of the Government to time jobs and to establish living wages for every worker, as did Joseph of old regulate the flow and production of grain.

The official figures compiled in the Federal Reserve Bulletin of November, 1930, tell the tragic story of the era through which we have passed. Between the year 1923 and 1929 the index of mass production moved up from one-hundred-and-one to one-hundred-and-eighteen points, and the index of employment moved down from one-hundred-and-four-and-two-tenths to one-hundred-and-one-and-one-tenth points—a vast increase in production accompanied by a vast decrease of employment.

Human rights must take precedence over property and industrial rights. The prophetic and inspired voice of Leo XIII must be heeded. It is either Christ or chaos.

My friends, Christ and Christianity are the only active, unassailable forces which today have compassion on the multitudes. He, the God of all wealth and power, lies in a manger, cold and impoverished. He knows what it is to suffer from hunger. He slept on the hillsides in rain and storm. He was hated by the pharisees of His time. He was calumniated and accused of being a disturber because He preached a Gospel of liberty, of truth, of forgiveness, of salvation.

But through all the vicissitudes of time His teachings still endure, still shine even in the darkness of our nights of sorrow. His promise made to Peter and the apostles that He will be with us all days until the end of time has not been voided. Today He is in our midst though we know it not.

As the morning star of the new year rises upon the horizon I cannot help but think of that star whose shining led the three wise men from the east—Melchior, Balthasar and Caspar—over deserts, through many cities, inquiring here and there where they would find the King that was born.

In your quest for happiness, you, too, have traveled far and long, pausing here and elsewhere to ask where dwells the solution for your difficulties. Follow the star of your faith. Come, kneel at the lowly crib of Bethlehem, bringing your gifts—not of gold and frankincense and myrrh—but of faith, of hope and of charity. Wily kings of this world shall ask you, as did Herod of old, to betray your Christ.

You may be astonished at His seeming poverty, at His apparent impotence. But underneath those swaddling clothes there is a wealth of love for you. Concealed beneath those infant lips there is truth that will set you free. May the star of Bethlehem, rising in all the resplendence of its glory in this year of hope, 1931, bring joy and peace and comfort to everyone of you. May it be the morning star which is about to usher in the eternal Sun of Justice in Whose light you will perceive the true value of religion, of Christliness, and in Whose noonday shining peace and prosperity shall come to our nation and to every sister nation throughout the world.

May those bells whose silvery voices speak to us:

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

CHAPTER XIV

PROSPERITY

IN ANY discussion of a subject which is so intimately related with the greatest national question which has arisen since the days of our Civil War—I refer to the question of labor—there is necessarily a marked divergence of opinion. Both the moralist and the politician have views to propound. It is expected that no matter what their principles may be, both in common are anxious to advance the welfare of their fellow citizens: both are agreed upon the idea that present conditions as they exist are not totally satisfactory. There must have been some cause for the present condition because things do not happen of themselves.

We are sensible enough to admit that we have not arrived at the millennium of things where there is perfect peace and contentment and fraternity. Like our forefathers we must continue battling against the unfriendly elements of a hostile nature, building new highways through the wilderness of doubt, erecting new fortifications of law against the destroyers of private property and of human rights. Let prosperity and progress be the watchwords of our civilization. "Prosperity"— a word which we have borrowed from the Latin, is synonymous with "hope"; "progress"—another latinism, which, being translated, means "a step forward." Our watchwords, therefore, are well chosen, because, dissatisfied with the poverty, the sufferings, the unemployment and the myriad national and international shortcomings which are so evident about us, we still possess both the courage to confront them and, thanks be to God, the virility to conquer them. Indeed, we hope for better things to come, as the word "prosperity" signifies.

This pulpit has no apologies whatsover to make for having ventured upon this vexed subject. Nor is it the least chagrined in having received notice to the effect that this is purely a political question in which the Church has no business to interfere. Let me once more repeat the attitude of the Catholic Church as expressed in Leo's Papal Encyclical Letter. He says, "that this is above all a moral and a religious matter which must be settled by the principles of morality and according to the dictates of religion." We are interested not in policies, but in principles. As a Church, we profess no loyalty to the Republican or to the Democratic or to any other party, but we have complete loyalty to the Constitution of the United States which we shall glory in defending in the future as well as we have done in the past.

Lest the laborer be under the impression that he is the only type of citizen who has suffered outrageously during these past two years, let me remind him that his sufferings are perhaps equalled by the agricultural class of America. Let me recall for him the fact that approximately one-thousand banks have failed during this past year; that tens of thousands of investors in stocks and in bonds are left penniless; that hundreds of small corporations are operating at a loss; that the great middle class of our nation, in one word, is heavily suffering. But because the laborer of America has more or less existed on a hand to mouth policy without scarcely a reserve to tide him over such a period as this, his suffering has been more acute.

In the face of this there can be little sympathy extended to him who in his self-pity thinks that he is the only one whose brow is crowned with the sharp thorns of worry or whose body is lashed with the scourges of depression. And even less sympathy is entertained for those others who advocate a philosophy of radical revolution. What we strive for today is not revolution, but the restoration of principles which have been shelved by that new type of radical who identifies prosperity with the international regime of a plutocracy.

THE PEACE OF VERSAILLES

In the previous discussions on the question of unemployment and depression, extensive reference was made to causes which were more or less national. Uncurtailed mass production, without, I suppose, mass information; the exportation of American gold by the billions to build up foreign industrial competition—each has played its part upon the stage in this tragedy in which we are now the unwilling actors.

This evening it is my privilege to invite you to consider a new aspect of both national and international depression; an aspect which has had more to do with our national depression and unemployment than has had any other human cause.

It dates back to the year 1919. The scene is the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, France. The actors are the representatives of the nations of the world. Germany and Austria are the principal villains. Clemenceau and his associates wield the sword of justice.

The plot which is fresh in their memories and in their experiences is laid in war-torn Europe. Visualize it, if you can: scarred and torn and wrecked, scarcely nothing left but the gaunt corpses of crops and homes and factories! As you pass in panoramic view over the fields of wind-blown poppies or down the white aisles of ghostly crosses, your mind is numbed when confronted with the ruin of the Great War upon whose altars so many millions of human lives had been offered up, for what foolish purpose no man knows.

Yet no human beings comprehend those facts half so well as do those who sit in judgment in the Hall of Mirrors. Of one thing they are certain: they know that all Europe must begin this new post-war period in dire poverty and burdened with incalculable debts. They all know that reserve capital is a thing of the past. And more than that, they are not forgetful that you cannot bleed blood out of a barren stone.

Thus, these plenipotentiaries convene to carry on their so-called negotiations. Days and weeks of discussion are spent. New colonies and territories, by a stroke of the pen, are contributed to England. New divisions of Europe are parcelled out irrespective either of national or lingual boundaries. And to climax the tragedy of this so-called "Peace" Treaty of Versailles where God's Name was not permitted to be mentioned; where Christ's charity and forgiveness were regarded as impractical, a fine of thirty-three-billion dollars to be paid within thirty-seven years is imposed upon an enemy with a hope of crushing her financially despite the fact that her purse is empty and that her heart conceives no honest notion of endeavoring to meet the impossible demands of this tragic Treaty of Versailles.

Thirty-three billion dollars! Think of it for a moment. It is a stupendous amount of wealth. The international banker was magnetized by it. "Here," thought he, "is a real opportunity for me to play politics at the expense of a nation's misery."

THE NEW AMBASSADORS

Thus, in the year 1921, in the New Haven address which former Secretary Hughes delivered, we discover the birth of a novel philosophy of international settlements. Let the banker and not the statesman work out the settlement of peace! Thus, from that moment on we have been exhorted to leave the settlement of foreign problems to the economic experts and to the international bankers. We have been asked to shelve our lawfully elected Senators and Congressmen, as if bankers as a rule care more for the welfare of the mass of population than do our upright political representatives.

You are aware of those historic days which witnessed the departure of the new type of ambassadors of finance to Europe to settle the world's problems. You are aware, too, of the volcano upon which were sitting Germany, Russia, Italy and Turkey on the one hand as opposed to France and England and the League of Nations on the other.

These unelected ambassadors of finance departed from America to Europe. On arrival they began with the mistake of accepting as a working principle the honesty and the validity of the Treaty of Versailles.

Instead of inquiring whether political re-adjustments were first to be made; instead of asking were the findings of that Treaty based upon justice; were they contrary to the psychology of human nature; were they freely entered into by both parties of the contract; was hatred the motivating force in the mind of one party; was dire necessity the actuating element in the heart of the other, what do we find them doing? We find them clinging to the principle that all adjustments could be made by the yard stick of dollars and cents.

Assuming then that there were no political wrongs in the so-called Peace Treaty which first must be corrected, "they have proceeded," to quote the Honorable Louis McFadden, "to crystallize the blood money of a vast war tribute into billions of dollars of bonds which they have brought home with them to America and offered them for sale to the American people with the assurance that Europe's political troubles had been healed by their masterly statesmanship and, incidentally, that the bonds were an excellent investment for the American purchaser."

A PROGRAM OF DECEPTION

Thus, since the year 1919, we, the American people, have been led to believe that the Peace Treaty of Versailles actually made peace, whereas it has done little more than to perpetuate hostility. We were led to believe that Victory had been achieved only to find that unrest had been born. We have been fed upon the propaganda that when Secretary Hughes in 1921 accepted the German indemnity of thirty-three-billion dollars as a reality and approved of the London ultimatum which imposed it upon Germany that peace and prosperity were the reward for the victors, when as an actuality a new war cloud of revolution fomented by hatred and injustice was being formed upon the sky line of the world.

To still quote the Honorable Louis McFadden, "the fact that the London ultimatum provided that twelve-billion dollars in reparation bonds were to me immediately commercialized; and the suggestion that the settlement in Europe be left to eminent American financiers which followed this commercialization did not even attract the slightest attention of the American public" as a catastrophe happened and that catastrophe witnessed our sovereignty passing out of our hands into the unholy hands of the international banker.

GERMANY'S REACTION

Now in the meantime, Germany had no stomach for this commercialization of bonds. It has been her argument that the preliminary agreement of the Armistice which brought hostilities to a close in 1918 had solidly incorporated in it, in terms guaranteed, I repeat, by international law, that there were to be no punitive damages. Bear in mind, ladies and gentlemen, that Germany did not surrender in November of 1918. On the contrary, as we all know, from our great feast day of November, she entered into an Armistice fully protected by the legality of international law.

And one phase of that international law stated that no punitive damage be exacted of her.

Thus, it is her argument that the Treaty of Versailles paid no heed to this preliminary and legal agreement. And what has been the result? From 1919 until 1924 no co-operation came from Germany in the matter of the sale of these blood bonds because punitive measures had been adopted at Versailles contrary to international law. But in 1925 on board a small vessel named the "Orange Blossom," floating serenely on the waters of Lake Locarno, Stresseman, the minister of foreign affairs for Germany, and Briand, for France, made "peace," as they called it, between their countries. Germany's unwillingness to pay the thirty-three-billion dollars then became dissipated in the minds of all possible investors both in America and abroad because of the importance which our newspapers in many instances attached to this empty travesty enacted between Stresseman and Briand, and later on by the League of Nations opening her arms to her erstwhile enemy, Germany.

Shortly afterwards in a little rustic tavern at Thoiry, in the Vosges Mountains, Mr. Stresseman for Germany and Mr. Briand for France once more met. They agreed this time that bonds should be sold outside Europe and that Germany should, for its co-operation, receive one-third of the money thus obtained.

Ladies and gentlemen, these are historic facts that you cannot deny. I wish at this juncture to bring to your mind this point, that a bond is no more valuable than the word either of the man or of the nation who issues it. A bond is not gold. It is merely a promise backed up by future expectancies and by honesty of intention.

But to continue with the story: In 1927 Mr. Poincare of France openly advocated that secret agreement made at the Thoiry Tavern be made known. It was then this was followed in 1928 by the Powers of the World meeting at Geneva in Switzerland for the final and complete settlement of the reparation question. And behold! The result of the Geneva Conference was the appointment of a committee of more financial experts to handle the situation of peddling bonds throughout the world. Here, then, is the birth of the Young Reparation Committee! The mountains of the Geneva Conference groaned and, as history has proven, they brought forth a mouse!

THE RESULT IN AMERICA

Meanwhile, preparations had been made in America for the purchase of these blood bonds. The borrowing rate of money became surprisingly low in our Federal Reserve Banks. Credit was given to every

Tom, Dick and Harry until playing the stock market became as popular as playing Bridge. Millions upon millions of dollars of stocks were bought on margin. Hundreds of millions of dollars of German bonds were sold at a price better than $90.00 each to hundreds of banks.

But suddenly Mr. Stresseman, of Germany, passed out of the picture of German politics. The agreement which he made at Locarno with Briand became discredited in France. Simultaneously with the collapse of Mr. Stresseman's policy of selling bonds which in their hearts most of the Germans never had any intention of honoring, came the depression in the United States. Why? Because the price of these bonds fell from $91.00 to $68.00.

The cat was out of the bag and left behind it the bones of the Geneva conference mouse. The banks which invested in these bonds feverishly called their loans made to speculative individuals to protect their bond purchases. The market crashed! Those who had bought on margin were ruined! Depression was with us but the banks for the most part were saved.

WITHOUT CHRIST

Whether or not we are in accord with the Treaty of Versailles, we are forced to admit that its manipulation by international bankers has failed to produce either peace in Europe or prosperity in America. As a matter of fact, one of the basic principles of international law, I repeat, had been treated as a scrap of paper at this "Peace" Treaty, which ran true to its form from beginning to end by keeping the principles as well as the Name of Jesus Christ outside the Hall of Mirrors.

Now, perhaps, ladies and gentlemen, you begin to understand why enormous sums of money have been exported from this country abroad especially to the national banks of allied governments whose policies have been identified with the Treaty of Versailles. Perhaps you begin to see why the growing opinion in Germany that these bonds would never be honored, because of the exorbitant reparation demanded, had something to do with the crash of the stock market, which had been artificially inflated to secure the money which was poured abroad. Perhaps, above all else, these facts offer you some explanation why there is so much anxiety in certain quarters for us to join the World Court of the League of Nations with France and England against Germany and Italy with the hope to save some of the billions invested by our international financiers in the blood bonds born of an unjust Treaty.

These things are cited, my friends, not with any animosity, but rather to insist upon the salient Christian fact that God is still the Lord of Nations. As the songs of David express it, that "unless the Lord guardeth the State, in vain have they labored whose office it is to sustain it." Both in our national and international relations the spirit of Jesus Christ must be placed in the chief chair of every convention. And neither we nor any other nation may wax fat upon the distress of a vanquished enemy.

If in 1914 Germany regarded the sanctity of Belgian territory no better than a "scrap of paper," that was no argument why in 1919 the Great Powers should look upon the International Law of Armistice as a second "scrap of paper."

Christ's Gospel of charity, of justice, must predominate. Hatred and injustice and revenge can have no part in any negotiation. "Revenge is Mine, sayeth the Lord."

PAPER POISON

During the past few years it has become a rather popular journalistic sport to belittle our Congressmen and sneer at our Senators, although they have been the choice of our people. And perhaps, God alone knows, that this sneering propaganda has been instituted so that unelected and selfish financiers can handle the international negotiations of our nation instead of the more capable and upright men whom we as conscientious citizens have elected to guide the ship of our political destiny. It is about time, my friends, that the reigns of management be rescued from the hands of private individuals and passed into the hands of our duly elected government.

Judging from the foregoing incidents, the unrest of Europe and the industrial distress of the world are traceable, in great part, to the illegitimate cradle of the Treaty of Versailles, which only made a mockery of peace. It has wrecked corporation after corporation; has emptied thousands of purses and bank accounts; has weakened many capitalists and has paralyzed millions of the middle class, thus directly affecting the laboring man, who has had no reserve capital to see himself through the crisis, which was brought on by the desire of a certain few to worship at the altars of the international calf of gold and play financial politics at the expense of a world's misery.

THE WAR CONTINUES

But at this juncture there is no need for our crying over spilled milk. The evil has been done. We transferred the activities of the Great War from the Fields of Flanders and France into the Hall of Mirrors, where the pen has been more venemous than was any sword. Now, it is high time that we cease hostilities by trafficking in blood bonds or by entangling ourselves in foreign alliances with the hope of remedying the muddled investments of international financiers. "They who use the sword (I may also add the pen), shall perish by it!"

So today, my friends, we are glad to give voice to our national watchword of "prosperity." Prosperity, which means hope. We hope for better things to come; we hope that the ancient spirit of our founders will walk once more through the halls of congress; we hope that the world will see the dawn of prosperity; we hope that the eternal Gospel of Jesus Christ shall be our guiding star. "Without Him we can do nothing."

THE FARMER: A CHRISTIAN VIEW

For the few minutes left at my disposal may I quote for you an excerpt taken from Pope Leo's letter on Christian Democracy. It is apposite in clarifying a Christian principle which today is being jeopardized. The paragraph reads as follows:

"Speaking of the Last Judgment and of the rewards and punishments He will assign, Christ declared that He would take special account of the charity men exercised toward each other. In that discourse there is one thing that especially excites our surprise, viz: that Christ omits those works of mercy which comfort the soul and refers only to external works which, although done in behalf of men, He regards as being done to Himself. 'For I was hungry and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger and you took Me in; naked and you covered Me; sick and you visited Me; I was in prison and you came to me . . .' Thus we are not to eliminate from the list of good works the giving of money for charity, in pursuance of what Christ has said: 'But yet that which remaineth give alms.' Against this the Marxian Socialist cries out and demands its abolition as injurious to the native dignity of men. But if it is done in the manner in which the Scripture enjoins, and in conformity with the true Christian spirit, it neither connotes pride in the giver nor inflicts shame upon the one who receives."

During the past few weeks we have been hearing considerable about drought relief for the farmers and unemployment relief for the jobless. The socialistic tendency just touched upon by Leo XIII has found its way into the sentiments of our Secretary of Agriculture, who has declared openly against appropriating government money to feed the poor. Recently a sum of forty-five million dollars has been set aside for the relief of those farms which were devastated by last summer's drought. The bill of appropriation is so construed that this money shall be expended upon seed, upon food for animals, but none of it is to be used to buy food for the farmer himself, lest, perchance, the "insidious" dole system be inaugurated. Well, as Senator Tom Heflin has rather tersely expressed it: "They put the hog above the human and the mule above the man." I suppose it is radical of me to mention that in stricken Arkansas one-hundred-thousand farmers are suffering from starvation. This is the information which the conservative "New York Times" published last Sunday.

OTHER APPROPRIATIONS

There is no need to have any qualms either of conscience or of policies in feeding the starving or in clothing the naked who find themselves victims of a passing calamity. There is no danger that this thing be perpetuated when normal times will have been restored. Was there question asked when at least one-hundred-twenty-million dollars was appropriated to feed the starving Belgians who were victims of the war? No one protested when thirty-five million dollars not so long ago was appropriated to be loaned to large shipping interests so that they can build boats and make money for themselves. Two million dollars was charitably appropriated for the Porto Rico Hurricane Commission. Two-million-five-hundred-thousand dollars was again appropriated for the study of bugs. Ten-million dollars on still another occasion was set aside for the great airline transportation companies. Approximately one-hundred-sixty-million dollars has been taken out of our national treasury and used as tax refunds during the past year to the poor rich people of our nation.

Why do we squall and squirm and elevate bugs and hogs and tax refunds above the essentials of clothing and food for distressed human beings, when 100,000 people in Arkansas tonight are starving to death?

WORKS OF MERCY

Can you show me a city wherein there is not a free soup kitchen maintained generally by private individuals? Our little parish here at Woodward and Twelve Mile Road has clothed approximately 7,000 people during these last three months and has fed twice that many with money which has been supplied mostly by the middle class and the poor.

I repeat that there is no danger of perpetuating a system of doles by practicing the charity of Jesus Christ. But there is danger, if it is neglected, in giving birth to a more dangerous kind of socialism than we have ever expected.

My friends, these are perilous times through which we are passing. As usual those of the laboring class have been affected most severely. To add to our national financial discomfiture the blighting drought of last summer disabled thousands upon thousands of farmers. The small merchant, the independent manufacturer, every individual of the middle class has felt the weight of oppression upon his shoulders.

Yet, our nation is not discouraged. It is in nowise impoverished. Which one of us lacks confidence in the outcome? We have every faith in our Government and in our Constitution. They will provide every laborer with steady employment. If necessary, old age pensions will be instituted to take care of those whom modern industry rejects in the maturity of life. The American people are too big and too imposing to hide behind the communistic invention as Pope Leo says, "that good works of giving money for charity are injurious to the native dignity of men."

My friends, believe me, there is no great pleasure afforded me in having made mention of the Peace Treaty of Versailles. I have been asked by many since my discourse two weeks ago tonight what was meant by my reference to the fact that Clemenceau barred the Name of God and His principles, as is a historic fact, from the negotiations conducted in the Hall of Mirrors. I hope my answer has been satisfactory. Thanks be to God that as Americans we have not soiled our hands by exacting from a broken enemy what is physically impossible for him to surrender. Thanks be to God that we have not reached out to lay greedy hands upon his colonies.

The occasion now has come for all of us both as individuals and as a nation to interpret the word "prosperity" in its Christian meaning. In the Epistle of Titus we read that "The grace of God our Saviour hath appeared to all men, instructing us that we should live godly in this world, looking for the blessed hope, and coming of the glory of the Great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Already He has appeared to us! It shall not be said that One has stood in our midst Whom we know not or that His light has shone in the darkness of modern doubt. He has come to take His place in every family's living room. He has come to melt the heart of every industrialist. He has come to sit silently both in the House of Representatives and in the Senate Chamber pleading and praying that "whatsoever you do unto the least of these My little ones you do unto Me." This policy and this alone is the foundation of true Prosperity.

THE THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

"ADJUSTED COMPENSATION"

Out of the boiling caldron of war comes a strange distillation that, following the Armistice, began to mingle with the noxious poisons and phrases of a new witch's broth that had been brewed in the capitals of the world behind the fighting lines. The money-changers came back into the temples of government.

It has been part of the conspiracy against patriotism to belittle our soldiers with the preachments of a cowardly pacifism. It has become a portion of it to murder the love of one's country in the hearts of those to whom a nation should be most grateful.

Thus, heaping insult upon injury, the malicious rumor has been spread throughout our country that the majority of the members of the American Legion are not in favor of having the so-called Soldiers' Bonus paid immediately.

In a letter addressed to me December 26th by the Civil Service Post of Chicago, Illinois, a vote on this very question was taken by the members of the American Legion. Those in favor of the immediate payment of the Adjusted Compensation Certificates total 37,294. Those opposing it numbered 2,021. I am certain that our President and his Cabinet and such outstanding men as the Honorable Mr. Garner and the Honorable Wright Patman will succeed in bringing the truth of the facts before the minds of our Congressmen. In these gentlemen and their fellow Congressmen we have lost no faith whatsoever. A conscientious, brotherly, Christian attitude shall impel them to visualize the thousands of needy veterans, the thousands of children dependent upon them who can never wait until the year 1945 for the payment of this just debt.

My friends, have we come to such a pass in our civilization that we classify the soldier with the felon; the patriot with the poltroon?

Have we forgotten that it was to a soldier, a Roman centurion, to whom it was said, "Such faith have I not found, no, not in Israel"? Have we forgotten that on that lonely hill outside of Jerusalem it was the captain of the guard who looked up said: "Indeed this Man was the Son of God"? Have we forgotten that it was Cornelius, the Roman centurion, a soldier in the armies of imperial Rome, who was the instrument used to teach even Peter the truth as to what was clean and unclean? It was not a soldier who betrayed the Man of Galilee, but the keeper of the silver.

CHAPTER XV

GOLD AND SILVER AND CHILD WELFARE BUREAU

A SUMMARY

IN LAST Sunday's discourse I endeavored to insist upon the idea that not only the workingman but practically every type of citizen became a sufferer because of the international depression which has afflicted the entire world.

Of course, the laborer, on account of the fact that he has no reserve capital; on account of the fact that in most cases he must live by a hand to mouth policy, has been the one who in this unparalleled catastrophe of greed and injustice has borne the brunt and shock of the harrowing suffering. Only for the fact that an unprecedented generosity has been manifested both by many wealthy persons and those of the middle class towards the alleviation of hunger and nakedness, the present suffering would be unbearable.

However, the laborers beyond America are manifesting an ominous unrest. Russia has gone communist. Revolution has followed revolution in South America. China is in chaos. India is a seething turmoil. Even sedate Germany, not to mention many more countries, is temporarily veering towards a policy which forbodes no good. At least two-thirds of the population of the world has lost its patience and has adopted means to express their dissatisfaction not by words but by action. The peace which was enacted in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, and the manipulations which followed it through the agencies of certain international bankers have been disastrous failures.

Before venturing into the main discussion reserved for this evening, I wish to unfold for this audience one of the greatest acts of international injustice which resulted from the post-war adjustments. I refer to the attempt to destroy the purchasing power of silver in the money markets of the world. In its wake has followed a deluge of desolation.

Sum up all the horrors of the age of slavery—men and women sold at the auction block—add all the heartaches and sufferings and bloodshed which resulted both from ancient and modern wars. Then pyramid these alongside this latest act which calls to God for vengeance, and they are as a pigmy standing alongside a Hercules.

This post-war catastrophe to which I refer has not simply happened and grown to its present magnitude as did Topsy of Uncle Tom's Cabin fame. It was a deliberate, scheming, dastardly contrivance on the part of certain European diplomats and bankers.

A COMPARISON

Let me explain by a rather homely and concrete parallel before venturing further into this subject: Supposing you owed your creditor $10,000.00 on a note for money which you had borrowed and had spent in building a house. Supposing this creditor discovered that, due to wild investments and expensive debaucheries, his own capital suddenly became insufficient to meet his debts. Supposing by some trickery this same creditor arranged that henceforth your $10,000.00 house should drop in value to $5,000.00 Would this not inflict upon you a tremendous loss? But this is only half of the parallel. The other half is related to this second supposition: Supposing this same creditor possessed a monopoly on the manufacture of the clothes you must wear, the machinery you must use, the automobile which you intend to purchase. Now in order to recoup his debts, he quickly doubled the price of each of these commodities, thus forcing you either to do without them or to pay double for them. What would be your predicament? First of all, your home which represents your chief possession is only half its former value. And secondly, your purchasing power is only half what formerly it had been. The result would be that your economic structure would come toppling upon your head.

THE ACTUALITY

Ladies and gentlemen, something very similar to this has been happening on an international scale since the decade of 1920. Following the Great War, certain diplomats and bankers acting chiefly in the interests of England, decided that henceforth gold should be the only standard of money. Henceforth, so they decreed, the purchasing power of silver must be reduced to one-half its pre-war value and be regarded simply as an ornament, or, as they say, a commodity subject to change in price like wheat or cotton or any other usable thing.

Now as a result of this decision, some bankers have told us that there is a gold shortage. The reason for this statement is the fact that they have attempted to make gold do the work of both gold and silver in the money markets of a world where practically sixty-five per cent of its population had previously adhered to a silver coinage standard. To the south of us there is Mexico with its silver dollar. China and India and Abyssinia with over eight-hundred-million population, greater than Europe and America fused together, from time immemorial have used silver as their standard of coinage. These and other nations have suddenly awakened to discover that by an edict of the international bankers, their lands, their properties, their money had shrunk one-half in value over night while the price of the manufactured commodities, of wheat, of machinery, of clothing and other exports from England and the United States and other gold standard countries remained identically the same.

All this occurred because it was determined that henceforth approximately thirty-two ounces of silver was required to balance one ounce of gold, whereas formerly gold was related to silver as one is to sixteen.

Thus, the citizen of Bombay, India, or the resident of Peking, China, who wished to buy a pair of $2.00 shoes walked into a shop one morning to discover that he must place $4.00 on the counter to take them away. Or if he wishes to purchase a $1,000.00 American automobile, its price suddenly had become inflated over night. Its price was now $2,000.00.

THE ANALYSIS

Some people may call this a question of political economy. As a matter of fact it was the greatest historic breach of the Seventh Commandment that has ever been written into the chronicles of the world. It was the brain child of a certain few of these diplomats and bankers who desired to pay an immense war debt at the expense of the untold misery of more than sixty-five per cent of the population of this earth—of people who practically had no part in the actual hostilities of the Great War. No wonder China is torn asunder. The American Board of Foreign Missions assures us that ten-thousand of her citizens are dying every day from starvation. No wonder India is black with revolt. No wonder that a world wide depression has come when the major portion of the world's population has lived to see its coinage, its property, and its produce cut in half. Sixty-five per cent of the world has lost its buying power. And as a result of this the manufacturing power and the selling power of the other nations have suffered tremendously.

To quote United States Senator Key Pittman of Nevada, we find that he reminded us on Tuesday, December 2, 1930, that: "The problem confronting the world today is the restoration of the power for consumption. . . . We have grown out of the period of national isolation."

My fellow Americans, we are not so parochial in our ideas as to think that we can exist of ourselves and by ourselves. Is it not apparent to all of us that the nations of the world form one great commercial family? Is it not evident to the thoughtful man that unless the wheels of transportation and commerce are active in carrying textiles from our eastern states, golden wheat from our western prairies, gleaming steel from Pittsburgh, shining motor cars from Detroit to those places of the world which have them not, then our factories will be idle, our mills will be closed, and our granaries shall be choked with an over-produced grain? I dare say that America is capable of taking care of her personal needs with the expenditure of no more than three days' labor each week. Unless international commerce is normalized, our laboring class will be confronted with an average of two and one-half days' idleness each week which is another way of prophesying poverty and distress. Despite the many shortcomings which have grown up around the American industrialist with his uncurtailed mass production, his uncurtailed exportation of American gold to build up competitive European industry, the working class of America cannot expect him to manufacture automobiles and locomotives simply for the purpose of storing them in the waste lands of Wyoming and Montana.

In one sense, my friends, as we analyze this world-wide depression, we must be honest enough to admit that there are more people in the world today than there were at the height of our prosperity in 1929. There is the same desire on the part of the world's population to possess fine clothing, to build comfortable homes, to possess a motor car, to enjoy the comforts and luxuries of life, as there was in 1929.

But to continue quoting United States Senator Pittman: "If people were enabled to purchase what they need, the production of 1929 would be an underproduction in the enlarged market of January 18, 1931. The return of wealth and prosperity to the people of the United States depends primarily upon the ability of producers to dispose of their surplus production at a profit. Such surplus production is disposed of through our exports to foreign countries. These exports have decreased at a serious rate since the latter part of 1929, and are still steadily decreasing."

Those who were responsible for the destruction of the silver standard have likewise been greatly responsible for the idleness, the poverty, the discontent and the suffering of our present day. Thus, greedy for the blood and the wealth of the nations, they have raised their voices until the clamorous shout has gone mocking to heaven: "Give us Barrabas—The Barrabas of gold begotten of greed!" And today, Christ's millions of brothers are treading their weary way from Pilate's Hall to the heights of the crimson Calvary. Their brows are imbedded with thorns of worry. Behold them with bodies emaciated by the lash of poverty! Behold them as they stumble and fall and rise again while they carry the cross of gold upon which civilization shall be crucified. Alas, only too late shall some one from the motley crowd cry out: "Indeed this Man was the Son of God!"

THE HISTORICAL FACT

Perhaps, my friends, you begin to appreciate the malice of the hidden forces which have conspired against the common people of the world. To be explicit, in the year 1926 the Vice Regal Government of India imposed upon their people a legislation dictated by Stanley Baldwin, the Prime Minister of England and his Cabinet, providing that India should adopt a gold bullion standard in place of the previous gold exchange standard. This government further imposed that the Indian Treasury should sell on the open market the excess stocks of silver consisting of several-hundred-million ounces. Perhaps you begin to understand why our foreign export has dropped to a minimum; why the silver mines of Canada and of the United States are idle and why the maximum price is being paid by the laborer who today worries and starves. It is only one more cause—not the total cause—of the world-wide depression through which we are staggering. It is only one more instance where the doctrine of the universal spiritual brotherhood of mankind preached by Jesus Christ has been annulled and scoffed at. It is only the reverberation coming down the centuries of the blasphemy of Pilate's Hall: "Give us Barrabas and away with Christ!"

Of these things knowledge should be had. At this instant may I give credit to the Honorable Senators of the United States, especially Senators Borah and Pittman, and the Honorable Louis McFadden and to the Irving Trust Company of New York City who have made these facts known to the public.

CHRISTIANITY?

Those things, my friends, are mentioned primarily from a religious motive. Surely you are not forgetful that Christ came into the world not to destroy but to perfect. Surely you have not forgotten how He went about doing good, curing the blind and the leprous and feeding the hungry. To repeat what I have often enunciated from this pulpit, the Catholic interpretation of religion does not merely confine itself to the folding of hands in prayers, to the singing of hymns and canticles. Its essential act of religion, indeed is sacrifice—the sacrifice of the mass which is a perpetuation of the sacrifice of Calvary. But among other things it also considers an integral part of religion that whatsoever we do for our fellowman, be he Indian or Chinaman or barbarian of mid-Africa, we also do for Jesus Christ.

That is the main motive, therefore, why it has been a labor of love to touch upon such subjects the solution of which can bring food to the hungry, health to the sick, and peace to a distracted world.

Our patriotism and our nationalism indeed are sacred to us. But to quote from the "Mid-Month Review of Business" of December 17th, "The facts above enunciated clearly indicate the nature of the relief which is needed, and it is to be hoped that neither short sighted nationalistic prejudices nor mere notions about gold and silver standards will stand in the way of the type of legislative action that is urgently necessary if the western nations are not going to push the Orient into an even deeper abyss of misery."

The policies of greed must give way to gestures of Christianity. We shall not participate in any national or international action whose main object and motive is to cut in half the values, the livelihood, the food, the clothing of sixty-five per cent of the population of this world. By so doing we not only become co-operators in one of the most dastardly crimes of history by thus inflicting pain upon foreign nations, we also become treacherous betrayers of our own citizens whose livelihood is so much dependent upon the purchasing power of our foreign buyers. The country which has been loudest in its praise and staunchest in its support for the League of Nations has been most responsible for the overturning of the purchasing power of the world. Beware of the "Leak" of Nations!

CHILD'S WELFARE BUREAU

My dear friends, may I occupy the remaining minutes left at my disposal this evening on a moral question which is of interest to everyone of us. It deals with the Christian principles which underlie the existence of family life.

You know that the family is a unit of a nation.

Families do not exist for the State. Rather a State exists for the safeguarding of the families which constitute it.

Long before the State was ever conceived the family's existence preceded it.

Certain inalienable rights bestowed by the hand of God upon the head of a family can never in justice be absorbed by the State or annulled by legislation.

By recalling these axiomatic truths which no one can honestly deny may we for a moment brush aside that abstraction called the laborer, and behold him as the father of a family. As he returns home from his laborious toil, his body may be wearied but his heart is filled with the same love for his wife and his children as is your own. He thrills at the clasp of baby arms. He joys at the thought of resting in his own home. About him are a hundred intimate associations. Behind him are a hundred intimate days of suffering. Days of love and hours of prayer have consecrated that hallowed spot. Yes, each hour was a deft finger which wove into his soul the golden thread whose letters spell "Home, Sweet Home." It is home to him though it be filled with riches or haunted with the ghost of poverty. It is still his castle barricaded by the walls of God's own making. If to him and to his wife have re-echoed the ancient command of "increase and multiply"; if he carried away from the altar of the Lord the memory of those words, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," he likewise feels that he must protect those whom love has multiplied and safeguard her whom God has given him.

Thus, when the fathers of ancient time assembled to build for themselves the first State it was done not with the idea of surrendering the heaven born rights bestowed upon them, but with the motive of rendering them more secure. In the words of the great Leo: "The State must not absorb the individual or the family; both should be allowed free and untrammeled action as far as is consistent with the common good and the interests of others."

Sometimes, my friends, through the agency of a well organized propaganda a legislative bill which strikes at the sanctity of the home is rendered attractive by an appealing title. Thus, a child welfare bill known as the "Jones Maternity and Infancy Bill" recently has been flashed upon the sky line of our Congress. It is nothing more than a revival of the Shepherd-Towner Maternity and Infancy Act which proposes to subject the sacred secrets of parenthood to the supervision and control of a so-called Federal Children's Bureau. A vast appropriation of money is demanded for its execution. It cries for admittance upon our statute books because, as its authors contend, there has been an increasing death rate among the infants of our nation.

As a matter of fact, before the original Shepherd-Towner Act became legalized, we discover that the death rate in the United States fell from a ratio of one-hundred infants in 1915 to seventy-six in 1921. In Kentucky the infant death rate was reduced from eighty-seven to sixty-two. For five years preceding the Shepherd-Towner era we discover in Virginia that mortality among babies was reduced from ninety-eight to seventy-nine. The States of Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Illinois, Massachusetts and many others likewise registered a decrease in infant deaths without any aid of Shepherd-Townerism.

But setting aside the value of figures for a valid argument, may I delve, a little deeper into this new Jones Bill which by Federal enactment shall be the wedge of an attempt to scrutinize your wife's pregnancy and your child's infancy.

First of all the Jones Bill is in conflict with President Hoover's announced plans and recommendations. Secondly, the proponents of this Bill are Miss Grace Abbott and Mrs. Florence Kelly, the latter a well known communist whose full communistic record appears in the Congressional Record of May 31, 1924, and July 3, 1926. By the way, Mrs. Kelly's correct name is Florence Kelly Wischnewetzky. She is probably the only living communist leader personally trained by Frederick Engels himself, the same Engels who was the financial backer and co-author with Karl Marx of the "Communist Manifesto" and who openly advocated that children are the property of the State. And lastly, despite the fact that our President, as are all Americans, is anxious to do whatsoever is within his power for the welfare of children—despite the fact that he absolutely said that any outlay of money should be expended through the United States Public Health Service, this new bill would erect almost an omnipotent Federal Children's Bureau.

At present we are waiting for a report from President Hoover's Conference on Child Health and Protection which will not be ready much before February 1st.

Knowing the communistic tendencies and doctrines which advocate contraception, birth control, and abortion; realizing the communistic ambition to socialize all mothers and all infants, we readily understand why the Catholic women of America through the United Charities and through their Chaplain; and why the medical profession of America, all of whom represent more than twenty-three-million of our citizens, openly protest as does each man and woman who loves his home, against this incursion and Soviet stranglehold upon our American families.

Mrs. Florence Kelly Wischnewetzky perhaps can flood with telegrams and letters the Congressional Chambers of our United States Government. But there are more than twenty-three-million unwritten letters of American lovers of home and country who protest against this Russian invasion which is endeavoring to propagate birth control under the specious texture of legislation.

If they prate of child welfare in the seats of Congress, let them first take care to feed the fathers and mothers who generate our children so that a race of undernourished and underfed infants will not be propagated.

To quote the Honorable Senator James A. Reed of Missouri in a speech delivered on June 29, 1921, when this original bill under the name of Shepherd-Towner was first introduced:

"Official meddling cannot take the place of mother love. Mother love! The golden cord that stretches from the throne of God, uniting all animate creation to divinity. Its light gleams down the path of time from barbarous ages when savage women held their babes to almost famished breasts and died that they might live. Its holy flame glows as bright in hovels where poverty breaks a meager crust as in palaces where wealth holds Saturnalian feasts. It is the one great universal passion—the sinless passion of sacrifice. Incomparable in its sublimity, interference is sacrilege, regulation is mockery.

"The wild beasts hear its voice and answer to its call. A tigress finding her cubs slaughtered, pauses to lick their wounds, and then with raging heart seeks out their murderer. A she wolf standing at the mouth of her den, with gleaming fangs and blood-red tongue, dies in defense of her whelps. Tiger's cub or wolf's whelp, I would rather feel the rough caresses of the hairy paws of my savage mother, I would rather have her care and protection than that of an official animal trainer.

"I once saw a little timorous mother quail, with marvelous intelligence and still more marvelous courage, protect her brood by exposing herself to the hunter's deadly aim. I then realized that nothing could take the place of mother love.

"If its divine fire so warms and thrills the heart of beast and bird, with what intensity does it consume the bosom, with what ecstasy inspire the soul of a woman, for the child of her body. Although she knows that she must risk her own to bring forth a new life, she does not draw back. Her love-lit eyes behold only visions of happiness, of glory, and of power to be realized by her unborn child. With smiling lips and eager heart she enters the vale of shadows. The first cry of the new-born falls on her ear, sweet as the music of paradise. Her trembling hands caress the tender skin; her soul cries out the anxious question, Will my baby live? The torturing days of convalescence fly swiftly upon wings of hope. She nestles the tiny, helpless thing to her bosom; sustains it with the milk of her body, every drop drawn from a fountain of infinite love.

"With indescribable solicitude she watches over her offspring. Even when her body slumbers her soul keeps vigil and her hands in unison with her spirit will stretch forth to soothe the baby back to sleep. With glowing pride she watches the growing child, shields it from harm, guides it along the paths of rectitude, inspires its soul with lofty sentiments of honor and of faith in the eternal God.

"When time has piled the snows upon her head and turned her brown or raven locks to white, her love will still abide, riper and sweeter with the passing years. Though she may live until her children are themselves grown old and gray, she yet will see the silken locks of youth; their roughened hands yet have the caressing touch of baby fingers; their voices bear to her the tender and melodious notes of industry. And when at last she approaches the portals of death there is no solace so sweet as the presence of those she bore 'to people and replenished the earth.'

"For mother love there is no substitute, even though it bear an official stamp. If there be truth in religion, then this holy sentiment was planted in woman's heart by the hand of God. It has made life possible. It is in truth the very source of life itself. When all other passions are dead it survives. It will pass through the fiery furnaces of disgrace and yet live. It will endure the scorching breath of contumely with unwavering fidelity.

"A mother will enter prisons of shame and kiss a felon hand thrust through the bars. She will sit beside the accused in courts of law, when the mob jeers and the heartless machinery of justice grinds its grist of agony, and with unwavering faith maintain her child is innocent. She will stand at the foot of the scaffold and, when the trap has fallen, cover the condemned body with kisses and with flowers. It is still to her the innocent suckling she once hugged to her breast.

"But if the path of life has led her son to fields of honor, her heart will glow with pride, ineffable, unspeakable. If he is called to war, she will bid him good-bye with dry eyes, although her heart be filled with tears. She will maintain a firm and hopeful mien, that he may gain sublimer courage from her sublime example. When he sleeps upon the tented field her spirit will keep watch. Whilst he is slumbering she will pray. In the agony of waiting she will die a thousand deaths but will choke back her sobs and hide her torture. She will search for him amongst the slain, and try with kisses to warm the dead and unresponsive lips to life. She will coffin her heart with the beloved body, and her soul will keep the eternal vigil of a deathless love.

"Mother love! It has produced, fondled, reared, inspired, and glorified all of the shadowy hosts who have passed across the 'bank of time' since man first raised his eyes toward the heavens. It is, I say again, the golden cord that binds the earth to God. Official interference between the mother and her babe is tyrannical and criminal."

My friends, I thought it most appropriate to quote in full these beautiful words which came from the lips of the Honorable James Reed of Missouri. Appropriate, because on Tuesday of this week our Congressmen will have presented to them the Jones Maternity and Infancy Bill for their consideration. If it has been advocated by a communist, it is condemned by every Christian father and mother in these United States who will not be slow in forgetting its sponsors nor ungrateful in remembering the majority of those gentlemen who are opposed to the nationalizing of our mothers and our children and the handing of them over in the sacred moments of pregnancy and birth to the care of some Federal Bureaucratic Old Maid.

As Senator David Walsh of Massachusetts remarked on December 16th: "There is a very deep and growing feeling which is gaining headway constantly that the States should not be interfered with by the Federal Government in the working out of their own social welfare and educational problems."

Or as Dr. H. S. Cumming, the Surgeon General of the United States of America says: "The most effective work in the protection of maternal and child life will be done by such local health organizations as a part of the general health program."

Ladies and gentlemen, come back with me on the wings of memory to the sanctity of a home in Nazareth, with Jesus and Mary and Joseph. I ask you in the Name of God to Christianize them and not nationalize them. Let Mary the Queen of Mothers, be your model of both sanctity and hygiene. Let Joseph, the patron of every working man, be your exemplar of Godliness, of justice, and of fidelity. And pray to Him whose hands have wrought the mystery of love from the flesh of your flesh and in the sanctuary of your body to build up in character, in age, in wisdom, and in grace the children whom you love and for whom you would die.

CHAPTER XVI

Why Radicalism?

THE TWO RADICALS

AT the beginning of this series of sermons the thought was expressed that in a discussion of the labor question there are two extremes which must be avoided. One is advocated by many spokesmen of the so-called ultra-capitalist class. The other is preached to the laboring masses by the disciples of Lenin, the communist.

"These unavoidable periods of depression appear to be normal happenings in the history of civilization," says the modern representative of the first class. "At present," so he promises, "business is on the up-turn. Money will be cheap. Work will be plentiful. Those obstructing the return of prosperity are they who complain and give utterance to the inflammatory statements of intemperate fear."

Such, my friends, is the refrain which he sings to us from the perch in his golden cage of self-complacency. His gospel subscribes to the infallible dogmas of the perfection of things as we find them. The chief heresies which he religiously combats are three: First, human rights must not take precedence over industrial or financial rights. Secondly, government must be conducted by and for the wealthy not by and for the people. Thirdly, all those who contradict or criticize or call into question the perfection of the present system as it is with all its shortcomings are to be avoided as intellectual lepers insofar as they are seriously tainted with the red scourge of bolshevism.

In good faith, we hope, the first class of radical believes with all his sincerity in such policies. In equal good faith, I suppose, does the other type of extremist expound his radicalism.

On street corners, in dimly lighted halls, or perchance, in the cloisters of some of our great universities, a discordant note is sounded by this second radical. "Down with capitalism. Communize the mines, the systems of transportation, the factories, the gold which through oppression have fallen into the hands of a few. If the capitalist endeavors to internationalize the wealth of the world, let us checkmate him by tearing down the flags of all nations. Institute in their stead the red flag of revolt, and internationalize the workers of the world. One coinage, one government, one equality, one common religion which is based on the worship of humanity—let this be the gospel founded upon the new baptism of red sovietism."

Ladies and gentlemen, as we listen to the siren song which floats to our ears from the pulpits of capitalism, we begin to wonder whether or not there is a depression. We are lulled into the belief that the evils of mass production, of stock gambling, of unemployment, of starvation, of discontent are nothing more than wicked concoctions devised by diseased minds and propagated by rebellious voices of soap box orators. Attune your ears long enough, and you will be persuaded that our economic evils have been foisted upon us by the witchery of some preternatural agency over which good government has no control.

However, this melody has become stale. The forcefulness of its propaganda has become distasteful to the common ear of our great Republic. Today, the overwhelming majority of the American people regard as the real radical the man who is tampering with the truth as he finds it. The thoughtful American is convinced that the most dangerous communist is the wolf in sheep's clothing of conservatism who is bent upon preserving the policies of greed, of oppression and of Christlessness.

No Catholic pulpit is opposed to the capitalist nor to capitalism any more than it is hostile to the multitude of people upon whom Christ long since has had compassion. Yet on the other hand no Catholic pulpit is afraid to remind those modern descendants of Annas and Caiaphas of the hypocrisy which Christ once attached to the Pharisees of old.

AN OBSERVATION

Human nature is the same today as it was in the years of prosperity. The desire for clothing, for food, for shelter and for the ordinary conveniences of life still glows within the human heart. And lest we forget, the right to liberty, the right to live, to eat, and to preserve one's family in existence cannot be assailed with impunity. The pages of history contain gruesome but eloquent testimony as to the causes which have made rebels out of citizens and radicals out of conservatives. Substitutions for the inalienable rights of free and peaceful citizenship have never proven effective. In our own case, arguments based on promise, optimism and inactivity can never overcome the logic of bread and butter and peace of mind.

Thus, apple vendors and part time workers on a reduced wage scale may alter the theoretical figures of the unemployed. But these temporizing gestures can no longer satisfy the public nor remove the causes which have produced our discontent. Perhaps they explain, however, the growth of bolshevism.

For instance, does not our national conscience re-act in horror to the fact that the 1930 corporation dividends have exceeded the 1929 total by more than one billion dollars almost in proportion with the increase of unemployment? Does the national intelligence not comprehend that there must be something rotten in State of Denmark when such a condition thrives? Or again: There is the proposed new issue of eight billion dollars of Government Bonds to replace outstanding Liberty Bonds. These shall be free of all taxes including surtaxes. They will enable the investors in these bonds to make their capital tax free and place the whole burden of carrying the cost of government upon the working class. Does not our national intelligence appreciate the fact that this travesty of finance shall breed an unpleasant state of mind? Only on January 20th of this year the House Ways and Means Committee reported favorably to this proposal made by the Secretary of our Treasury. Does not our national memory revert to the year of 1776 when there arose almost a similar question of unjust taxation?

In that year England and its King George were regarded as the radicals. But in this blessed year of 1931, they who criticize such a measure because of its injustice are looked upon as unfaithful descendants of the sufferers who immortalized Valley Forge.

Ladies and gentlemen, why breed communism? Why feed it with the fire of favoritism and injustice?

My reputation as one opposed to communistic radicalism is sufficiently safe to suggest such things. But I have studied it long enough to understand that men do not become communists because of its atheism, its hatred of their country, or their desire to see their wives and children and themselves reduced to public property in a militaristic state. Communists are merely men as you and I, but soured and leaderless, generated by the protected injustice which withholds from them their bread and butter and their peace of mind.

As an example we have just listened to a national broadcast to raise $10,000,000 for food relief for the drought affected farmers of Arkansas and the South, while no one has paused to mention the fact that the United States Government has one-hundred-twenty-five-million bushels of wheat stored away as food for rats and rust. No one has offered a valid argument against the bills introduced by Senator Wagner and long since stowed away by the undemocratic "gag" rule of Congress, to insure the laborer against unemployment. No one—even those officials who admit that the ordinary American working man can not sustain a home under $2,000.00 a year—has cared to propose an investigation relative to the fact that the average laborer is receiving much less than $1,500.00 a year. What care they for the primary law of human nature as long as the man made laws of modern economics and capitalism are sustained?

I make mention of these things for no other reason than to designate the ugly cancer upon which is breeding the germs of discontent and communism.

Time was when one could play upon the people's ignorance. But that time has passed.

To quote from the recent letter of Pope Pius XI "Such social and economic measures must be set up as will enable every head of a family to earn as much as, according to his station in life, is necessary for himself, his wife and for rearing his children, for 'the laborer is worthy of his hire.'"

Unless this warning is heeded, how can we avert a catastrophe?

WERE CHRIST TO RETURN!

I wonder if the story of Bethlehem, of Nazareth, and of Calvary had been postponed to our present day; I wonder if in this year of 1931 the Divine Master had just kissed His Blessed Mother farewell and had betaken Himself to the desert before entering upon His public life, what would be His reaction to our conditions? Supposing it were our privilege both to be His companion in the wilderness and to accompany Him as He traveled throughout the Palestine of America, what would be our observations? As the Scriptures tell us, we would discover that He "began to do and then to teach."

As we watch Him kneeling in prayer, thin, hungry and emaciated after His long fast, we know that His mind is reverently thinking of Bethlehem and of Nazareth and of us. He remembers how He was born in the cradle of the laboring class. He is not forgetful of their struggle for life, their hardships, and their temptations.

Thus, we envision Him as a young man setting forth upon His life's work. We see Him carried by the Tempter to some snow-capped peak of our Rocky Mountains. In panoramic view there is unfolded before His eyes the virgin mines of gold and silver, the flowing fields of ripened grain, the bubbling wastes of precious oil. But none of these must deter Him from His mission of peace to a distracted world. Shall He be king of these? Or does His mission call Him elsewhere? Of a sudden He is transported to another scene. Picture Him as He gazes from the observation tower of the Chrysler Building. Pile on pile there are gleaming temples of finance! In the distance the incense of smoke rises, curling to the skies from the chimneys of industry. Beyond the Statue of Liberty great ships melt into the horizon as they carry their cargoes of commerce and wealth across the distant seas. Shall He smile and consent as the Tempter's hand proffers Him the sceptre of power; as the lying voice bids Him to cast Himself down upon the pavements of Lexington Avenue? Down, down from the ideals which He came into this world to establish!

Oh, no! As in a mirage He glances into the windows of the sweat shops of the textile industry where men and girls are laboring forty-eight hours a week for sixteen pitiless dollars. His cheeks grow wet with tears as He beholds the millions of His brothers, some of them working two or three days a week, others of them marshalled into the ever growing army of the unemployed as, sounding their requiem on the sidewalks of our city streets, they march on and on into the valley of despair. The mists gather before Him as the ancient chorus of lamentation rises louder and louder. He is determined, though He be God, not to break the bruised reed of His flock; for they have been sheep without a shepherd. Not for all the wealth and the commerce of this world will He forsake them. It is His mission to be the Good Shepherd!

Thus, He mingles with the throngs of the mighty city, flesh of His flesh! He is determined that the blind shall see; the deaf shall hear; that bread shall be fed to the hungry. His doctrine of brotherhood shall be preached both to prince and to peasant. The poor shall have the Gospel preached to them, for sin and injustice must be driven from the face of America.

I am sure, my friends, that if this were the first year of Christ's public ministry you would find Him either in Central Park, New York City, or in Grant Park, Chicago, preaching His doctrine of the immortality of the soul, of the kingdom of heaven. Not one teaching which He enunciated nineteen-hundred years ago would He omit. Not one promise would He forget. In vibrant, manly voice, knowing full well what it would cost Him, He would repeat the words: "Woe to you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because you devour the houses of widows, praying long prayers. Woe to you Scribes and Pharisees whosoever shall swear by the temple, it is nothing; but he that shall swear by the precious gold of the temple is a debtor. Ye foolish and blind; whether it is greater, the gold or the temple that sanctifieth the gold. Woe to you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites who have left the weightier things of the law. You serpents, generation of vipers, how will you flee from the judgment of hell? Therefore I send to you prophets and wise men; and some of them you will put to death and crucify, and some you will scourge in your synagogues, and persecute from city to city: that upon you may come all the just blood that hath been shed upon the earth. Amen I say to you all these things shall come upon this generation."

A VOICE FROM EUROPE

Inflammatory, perhaps, are these words of Jesus Christ. Would to God they would inflame the hearts of those whose only interests are profits and gains, gold and bonds while they care not what heavy and unsupportable burdens they place upon the shoulders of their weaker fellowmen.

As the great Archbishop of Prague has recently preached: "We live in an age of egotism and decline. This general decline is the result of immoral capitalism, of unproductive capital, which is being amassed by exploiters and speculators, by individuals and great corporations, be they banks or trusts. Instead of serving progress, this capital becomes the fundamental cause of universal poverty and decadence. I am by no means prejudiced against capital, but I insist that capital must fructify labor.

"We are living in a period of history characterized by violent upheavals such as have not occurred since the great migration of nations which ruinously terminated the Greco-Roman epoch. At that time Christianity was born as in a flood of blood. The conditions that are prerequisite of such sanguinary cataclysms are today present in human society. Thus, it was this consideration which the Soviets recognized with particularly clear vision; and it is to this fulcrum they apply all their energy with the intention of setting in motion the catastrophe which we cannot escape.

"If those in power and the capitalists fail to recognize the laws of Christianity, the entire world will be engulfed in a sea of fire."

If Christ were in the flesh today when gold is god and men its broken slaves, most certainly He would repudiate its high priests as He did the Pharisees and Scribes of old who at that time were the political rulers of the theocratic nation of the oppressed Jews.

WHO IS RADICAL NOW?

The word "radicalism" has become identified with any theory which is associated with overturning the constituted order of things. Cain who slew his brother Abel was the first radical when he enunciated his blasphemy: "Am I my brother's keeper?" The Egyptians who led the Hebrews into bondage were radicals when they denied the inalienable law of liberty. The government of a nation which perpetuates the sophistry of Cain and permits the continuance of Egyptian slavery is just as radical in overturning the fundamental laws of life. We who build monuments of glory and sound words of praise to a Washington for his victorious struggle on the tax question and to our Lincoln for his proclamation that this country is "of the people, by the people and for the people" stand dumbfounded today in the face of the modern radical sometimes clothed in the garments of office and caparisoned with the luxuries of wealth while he overturns both of those principles and complacently annuls the traditions of our nation—traditions that were founded on the theory of freedom, of democracy and of no foreign entanglements.

As I have once before mentioned this plutocratic type of revolutionist is the first to take up stones and cast them upon the prostrate body either of the poor working man or of the starving farmer who cries aloud for food. He is the first to condemn their leaders as radicals though he himself has outstripped them by far. Crumbs of temporary relief he will let fall from his table. But legislation of a permanent value, he will not permit our Senators and Congressmen to consider.

It is not long since Mr. Lloyd George, leader of the British Liberal Party, has just remarked that: "Without the dole there would before this have been revolution in England." It is only a few days since Colonel Woods, the head of President Hoover's Committee on Employment, has testified before a Congressional Committee that: "This is the sort of situation that we cannot permit to go on. Ultimately it is a menace to our society. The danger is well off, but we have the warning."

From Europe, from England, from America, in pulpit, in press and in Congress, the same voice has been raised, but to no avail as a policy of apathy and plutocracy is maintained!

THE OIL SITUATION

During the very crest of our depression we have watched grow a situation in our southwestern states which is adding more fuel to the fire of discontent. The word "fuel" is more fortunate in its use than I first suspected, because it deals with the tragedy of oil.

In this mid-continent oil field there are approximately two-hundred-fifty-thousand wells which produce only one barrel of oil a day. About fifty-thousand wells produce one to five barrels per day. While five-hundred-thousand average between five and one hundred barrels per day.

Some years ago when oil was selling at $2.80 a barrel the farmers on whose property there was being operated a leased well profited to the extent of $127.75 a year per barrel.

Suddenly from some undefinable source there was a cry raised of over-production of oil with the result that heavy restrictions were placed upon the owners of these wells. As a result most of them are closed down adding over two-hundred-thousand oil workers to the army of the unemployed. But this is not the tragedy. This is only a minor consideration compared to the fact that in erecting our tariff regulations some months ago it was decreed that petroleum and petroleum products may enter the United States free of all tariff duties.

And what has occurred? Oil is coming into the United States from Venezuela by the millions of barrels at a price of thirty cents a barrel laid down in New York!

A fictitious over-production cry was raised to heaven to provide a market for Venezuelan oil in the United States.

And who owns the Venezuelan oil fields? Not the poor oppressed people of that country, who according to the testimony of their Bishops, live in a condition worse than slavery. Not the American farmer whose own oil wells are either idle or destroyed. But three giant oil companies, one of which I shall name and two of which I shall not name because I would be charged with indirectly attacking a plutocrat who is too close to our government and insinuating that he had something to do in keeping foreign oil exempt from tariff taxation.

The Royal Dutch Shell Oil Company, which is owned not by Americans, has since the year 1902 to the year 1929 paid dividends of forty-five-and-one-tenth per cent on its stock. This is the English and Dutch money making machine that is reaping the profits from the Venezuelan oil fields along with the two other concerns at the expense of the suffering of our fellow Americans in the Southwestern States.

We have not been satisfied to loan millions of dollars of our American capital to establish foreign industrial competition to our American laborer. We have gone a step further in perpetuating his poverty by permitting this unfair competition in the oil industry. Meanwhile, the price of your gasoline has not dropped very considerably.

A CONCLUSION

My friends, these things are mentioned in this broadcast of the Golden Hour not with any spirit of animosity but only for the purpose of arousing from their lethargy those who sit at the banquet table of luxury and refuse to see the handwriting on the wall.

There are other things in life besides the amassing of wealth. There is peace and contentment and happiness. There is the spirit of patriotism which teaches us to love our country and our fellow citizens not only through the agencies of private activity but through the great agency of our government. There is the charity of Jesus Christ which teaches us to love God above all things and our neighbor as ourselves.

We are quite willing to accept the President's statement that economic depression cannot be cured by legislative action. We are quite willing to admit, as Mr. Hoover pronounced, that our country is today stronger and richer in resources than ever in history. However, future economic depression can be prevented by legislative action and by adopting the principles of Jesus Christ's justice and charity. And discontent and communism can be staved off by making proper use of our national wealth.

In conclusion, my friends, may I remind you that if Jesus Christ were speaking to us this evening as He gathers about Himself the hungry, discontented unemployed He would repeat what once He spoke in the Sermon on the Mount: "Do not think that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy but to fulfil . . . and when thou shalt pray enter into thy chamber and having shut the door, pray to thy Father in secret: and thy Father Who seeth in secret will repay thee. Thus, therefore, shalt thou pray: 'Our Father

Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. Amen.' Give us this day our daily bread"—give us only employment for "thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow." It is Christ's prayer. It is the prayer of every brother and sister of Jesus Christ as they renew their faith and their loyalty in their country's Constitution and their love in their Elder Brother!

THE THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

"BUILDING SKYSCRAPERS"

The ordinary mind is magnetized by the accomplishments of a Julius Caesar or of a Napoleon. Sometimes we stand spell-bound before the canvas of a Raphael or the marble of a Michelangelo. What thoughts are ours as we read those tragedies of Shakespeare's? Or again what are our thoughts as we comprehend the vast fortunes gained by those others through their industry and their intelligence?

My friends, things do not simply happen. There is a cause behind every human achievement. Of course you and I are both sensible enough to understand that Almighty God in creating us has made us equals, equals all before the bar of His justice and the throne of His mercy. But to everyone He has bestowed some faculty by which all shall be acquired.

On building skyscrapers in our own minds, magnificent structures of achievement we sit and dream and plan how we, too, shall rise from out the common grove of things to higher planes of success.

I was once reading in the works of St. Augustine how he who intends to build high must dig low. The higher the building, the lower the foundation. The greater the success, the meaner the humility which must precede it. Humility, my dear friends, is a peculiar virtue which is little understood. It is from that Latin derivative "humus" which means earthly. It means that we as creatures must remember that we obtain our origin from this earth; that we are not gods, and yet, that we may aspire to the throne of God and to that great ambition of becoming one of the saints upon heaven's throne. We must aspire and at the same time we must burrow deep into our own soul's consciousness to eradicate the earth and stones of bad habits, of faults, of immortal things.

After all, what is Napoleon or Caesar or Michaelangelo or Raphael or the great captain of industry in his achievements compared to the ordinary man in his house tonight who has the courage to go forth on that greater warfare of overcoming the kingdom of depraved nature within his own being; he who gains a victory over his passions; he who, under the leadership of his Captain and Guide, Jesus Christ, can marshal his virtues to assist his power of will and to clad himself with the armor of Jesus Christ's faith and hope and charity, and dress himself with the light of His grace—that individual has conquered more than Napoleon and Caesar combined, and has carved out of the marble of this life's rough hewn world a greater and more lasting statue of immortality, which shall not perish either through the rust of time or through the decadence of mortality.

Tonight you heard pronounced the words which Jesus Christ once let fall from His sacred lips—the Lord's Prayer: "Our Father Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." Have you ever stopped to pause and consider that the thing of paramount importance for you and for me is to do the will of God; to let Him Who is the Way, the Truth, and the Light shine evermore before you; to realize that the temptations to idleness, that the calling of the flesh to lust, that the hatred that is born somehow in the human heart against our fellowman, that these things must perish because that is the will of God through which nothing worthwhile can be gained unless this is accomplished?

So, my friends, as you, too, build your skyscrapers of ambition and success, remember this—that they who will soar to the heights of the rocks of glory must first transcend the crimson paths of Calvary's cross, must learn to suffer in Pilate's Hall, must feel the lash of the scourge about his body, must experience the press of the thorns about his brow, and must gladly clench at times the nails that pinion him down to the cross of life, because without Calvary's cross and Calvary's death there can never be an Easter morn, there never can be built up that everlasting skyscraper that is intended for everyone of us.

CHAPTER XVII

CHRISTIANIZED DEMOCRACY

FOUNDATION OF DEMOCRACY

SCARCELY more than one century and a half have passed since our nation has come into being. This country over which proudly flies our flag of Stars and Stripes was settled by men and women of stalwart heart and determined purpose. From the western nations of Europe they came to these shores bearing upon their souls scars inflicted by the lash of bigotry and of persecution.

Victims of that slavery called feudalism, they sought the liberty of our virgin fields and forests. Victims of prejudice and religious animosity, they dreamed of a fairer land which was dedicated to liberty of conscience.

Thus, both French Huguenot and English Puritan gave thanks to their God as they knelt in common with the Irish Catholic because there was one place yet left in this troubled world where both the true nobility and royalty of unspoiled manhood might flourish.

One-hundred-fifty short years! Into this history have been crowded stupendous events of progress, not one of which can vie in importance either with the Declaration of Independence or with the immortal Constitution of our country. These documents marked the apex of all human political achievement.

No wonder that England's Gladstone has remarked that: "The Constitution of the United States is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." No wonder that Abraham Lincoln prophesied that: "If we continue to execute all the express provisions of our national Constitution, the Union will endure forever, it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself."

During these several discourses both on the labor and unemployment situation, particularly in the United States, an honest criticism has been extended to this audience for the purpose of turning the searchlight of truth upon those most serious short-comings which, combined, have resulted in the unprecedented misery that we are experiencing.

It has not been done with the motive of injecting politics into religion but rather with the desire of incorporating religion into politics.

It has not been done with the ulterior motive of casting aspersions upon those into whose hands the destiny of our nation has been committed but rather with the intent of recalling the immortal words of him who said that this is a government "of the people, by the people and for the people"; of intimating that its benefits are not for a class but for the majority; of insisting that its benedictions are likewise for the weak and the oppressed; and of recollecting that its entire tenor is chiefly concerned with liberty and equality and every human right, rather than either with industrial or commercial rights which latter will always be protected if first the former are safeguarded.

These concepts are not novel. They have been woven into every flag which our nation has raised aloft. Every hill and dale and silver stream which mark the habitation of the early colonists gave them life and reverberation. Every instrument of law which long since our forebears enacted in their assemblies was not forgetful of them. A symphony of liberty, as it were, they come echoing down the corridor of time from the days of the Declaration of Independence when were enunciated the fundamental words of our national existence.

The walls of old Independence Hall at Philadelphia still resound with that melody of freedom when utterance was first given to that document which reads: "We hold these truths to be self-evident:—That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

The Liberty Bell which first sounded the birth of this principle was likewise the requiem and death knell to the theory that the many existed for the few; that human rights must be subservient to feudal rights be they industrial, agrarian or commercial.

Thus was conceived our democracy. It was conceived in the thought that first of all the power of government is primarily inherent in the citizens of a nation and not in any Divine Right of Kings. It was cradled into existence through a love of Christian liberty which manifested an abhorrence to the pagan theory of the spiritual and civil inequality of men. It waxed strong in the lustiness of youth because our ancestors thought that they had trampled to earth the servile heresy that the people existed for the rulers. And for years it prospered because men had sickened of the barbaric belief that the might of a few constituted the morality of the many.

The right to life, to liberty, and to the pursuit of happiness!

ASSAULTS AGAINST DEMOCRACY

From time immemorial the human race has been taught that man does not live by bread alone. Counter to this principle we have witnessed upon the stage of civilization various actors coming forth to strut their hour of prominence as they advocate that civilization lives by wealth and industry alone. So believed the Egyptians who accumulated untold wealth in the midst of indescribable misery. So believed the

Romans whose legions and triremes conquered land and sea and whose Caesar and Pompey and Crassus divided among themselves the ancient world which they had bowed down in slavery.

May I pause to remark that the fabulously wealthy Crassus eventually was done to death by those whom he oppressed. They poured hot gold down his blasphemous throat.

Today this ancient theory once again has been revived in that we are told that the pinnacles of prosperity are builded upon the foundation of material wealth. Today it is taught that nations live by bread alone. Today the philosophy is advocated that business and industry, stocks and bonds, gold and silver are the foundation stones of civilization which first must be protected, while the right to human life's necessities must wait in patience.

With all deference to the dignity of our esteemed Secretary of the Treasury and to the office which he holds, may I add my feeble voice to the hundreds of thousands of War Veterans and their dependents who are seeking redress from the functioning of this financial philosophy mentioned above. Naturally those closest to our Treasury are concerned primarily with our nation's fiscal welfare. But inadvertently, may it be suggested, have these eminent gentlemen not fallen foul of the materialism which characterizes so many of our policies?

UNDEMOCRATIC LOGIC AND THE ANSWER

Just last week in commenting upon the advisability of paying in full the so-called "Soldiers' Bonus" expression was given to the thought that "this would be equivalent to a capital levy on the holders of all United States securities." In other words, those who possessed money in sufficient quantity to have purchased bonds must not suffer any loss whatsoever in coming to the rescue of their less fortunate fellowmen in this time of stress and unparalleled suffering—fellowmen who but a few short years ago forsook their families and diced with death on foreign soil while many of those who purchased these bonds remained at home to make millions upon millions of dollars in war profits.

Perhaps this is excellent finance. Nevertheless, through its veins there flows very little of the milk of human kindness. Excellent finance, but poor democracy and poorer Christianity when we who are in daily contact with many veterans behold the dire circumstances in which so many of them are existing.

The payment of this just debt may appear to be bad business from a financial standpoint. But it is not half so subject to the criticism of bad business as it was for our Treasury to have over-paid our national debt by more than three-billion dollars up to this present date.

We are likewise informed by our Treasury that the immediate payment of this so-called Soldiers' Bonus "spells further retardation of the day when normal employment will be available."

I wonder what is inferred by this phrase "normal employment?" Surely it does not refer to the past ten years of our national history through which time we have experienced three major depressions.

In 1921 according to figures issued by the Department of Labor and the Federal Reserve Board production fell off thirty-one per cent; employment decreased twenty-four-and-one-half per cent; the individual worker's income was cut twenty-one-and-one-half per cent; and the buying power of all laborers decreased forty-and-four-fifths per cent. In 1924 the second depression was not so great. Production fell off only sixteen per cent; employment eleven-and-one-half per cent; and the purchasing power of the laborer, thirteen-and-four-fifths per cent.

And now in 1930 we are informed that this is the least of all those years of depression. We are informed that employment is down only nine-and-one-half per cent; that the laborer's income is decimated only three-and-four-fifths per cent; and that his buying power has suffered only thirteen per cent.

Of course there is an improvement in that this present depression, according to those official figures, is not one-half so disastrous as was the calamity of 1921.

We are not forgetful that practically during this whole period the same genius which steered our financial ship of State has held closely to the helm. Nor can we easily dispose of the idea that the future executions of these same policies holds little promise either for the ex-soldier or the laborer.

A DISASTROUS DECADE

During this decade of time referred to we have been confronted with a chronic problem of unemployment. In older days when machine developments took place more slowly, increasing production gradually created new jobs and workers eventually found employment. But in the past ten years new machines and new techniques have been introduced so rapidly and so generally throughout industry that it has been impossible for the displaced laborer to acquire a new position.

Industries on which forty per cent of our national wage earners depend for a living, actually employed nine-hundred-thousand fewer wage earners at the height of our prosperity in 1929 than in the year 1919 although the business handled was far greater. In manufacturing, our factories produced forty-two per cent more with five-hundred-forty-six-thousand fewer wage earners; our railroads increased their business by seven per cent with two-hundred-fifty-three-thousand fewer employes. Our coal mines surrendered twenty-three per cent more coal with one-hundred-thousand fewer miners.

But this problem is more serious than these figures at first indicate. For between the years 1919 and 1929 our population has increased and about seven-million more persons are looking for work as wage earners and small salary workers.

"One would expect," to quote from the American Federation of Labor Report, "these new comers to look for work in factories, mines and railroads as well as in service trades, stores, banks, and other lines. But work in factories, mines and railroads can be had only by displacing someone already employed."

New industries, of course, have been created, as for example the radio industry. But these new industries, as experience makes manifest, have not assimilated the vast army of unemployed.

As the youth grows to manhood, our present situation has forced him to enter into competition with his own father. Thus, as a result, the age of forty-five is too often placed as the dead line limit for one who is no longer able to compete in the employment market.

Ladies and gentlemen, our solicitude about the decrease in values of stocks and bonds is straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel in face of these major problems where life, and liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are in peril of being destroyed. Why make life more burdensome for the brave veterans, hundreds of thousands of whom are victims of this great chronic labor drought? Why not respond to the overwhelming Christian and American sentiment in making an honest effort to discharge our duty to them?

In a former discourse I had occasion to mention the fact that tremendous amounts of American money made by the sweat of American laborers had been exported abroad to establish foreign competitive industry. Last week we were informed officially by the United States Treasury that the payment of the so-called Soldiers' Bonus meant destruction of all hope of the lightening of the load of taxation to the tax payer.

MORE LOGIC AND USURY!

And thus the tax question had to be dragged into the "Soldiers' Bonus" issue!

I wonder if this statement would stand deep scrutiny if those holding tax free government bonds and if those exporting American money would help in sharing the taxation burden which is borne on the laborer's shoulder?

The soldier whose body was exported was taxed heavily in health, in liberty, in finance and sometimes in life for the welfare of his fellow citizens. But the government bonds held by his wealthy fellow citizens—bonds for which many died to protect—are tax free as well as are the twenty-seven-billion dollars of savings deposits in our national banks.

I have before me an analytical report of a certain American industry. It was compiled by members of the New York Stock Exchange. It tells us of the tragedy of tax exempt American money. There is outlined the story of how this Company referred to will acquire "the sole and exclusive right of manufacturing, assembling, distributing and marketing and producing in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and North Ireland, the Irish Free State, the continent of Europe with the exception of Soviet Russia, Asia Minor, Syria, Arabia, Persia, Afghanistan, Egypt and certain other parts of Africa." This report shows that the American Company referred to has made earnings from fourteen to forty-nine per cent profit on this expatriated American capital. It astounds us with the statement that between the years 1923 and 1929 its dividends from one of its European activities were eleven-thousand-two-hundred-and-thirty-nine per cent profit!

And this analytical report has been issued by the stock broker in a friendly gesture to the corporation referred to with the hope of selling more stock in the Company under discussion.

Such things as these evidently fall under that category of unchecked competition and rapacious usury condemned by Leo XIII which "under different guise, but with the same injustice is still practiced by covetous and grasping men."

Ladies and gentlemen, I have ventured to address you upon such topics because as a priest of God I cannot but concur absolutely in what Leo XIII has proclaimed when he wrote: "it must not be supposed that the solicitude of the Church is so occupied with the spiritual concerns of its children as to neglect their interests temporal and earthly." We are concerned with the temporal welfare of every soldier, of every laborer, of every citizen because it is our belief that Christ's precious blood was shed for all and that He was most serious when He gave us His lasting commandment "to love our neighbors as we do ourselves." On this principle of Christianity and on none other is builded the firm foundation of our Democracy.

THE CITIZENS' DUTY

In a democracy such as was fashioned by our Constitution any criticism be it negative or positive ultimately reverts to the citizens themselves. Our rulers are but our elected spokesmen and executives. Their voice is ours. Their constitutional actions are likewise ours.

From time to time our opinions may differ, our policies may be contradictory. But in the final outcome, the voice of the President, of the Senate and of Congress spoken in legal terms and within their due limitations is the voice of the people, the voice of God.

This idea is elemental in the nature of our democracy in which there should dwell harmoniously all types of citizens.

We do not applaud the notion of referring to our various citizens as those of the laboring class, of the middle class or of the capitalist class. For, in its final analysis we are all men and women living under the same law, enjoying the same rights and aspiring to planes of betterment under the benign instrumentality of our Constitution.

Nevertheless, some are laborers—the majority; and some are capitalists—the minority.

While on this point, may I digress to refer to a common error which unfortunately is gaining ground in many minds. It is this: "A great mistake is often made by some possessing themselves of the idea that class is naturally hostile to class; that rich and poor are intended by nature to live at war with one another.

"So irrational and so false is this view that the exact contrary is the truth." The poor man of yesterday is the capitalist of tomorrow. The fertile fields, the almost infinite number of mechanical and scientific secrets awaiting to be discovered, the native industry and thrift latent in every heart—these and many more items invite the laborer of today, if opportunity is presented, to rise as did the pioneers of old from the valleys of hardship and toil to the mountains of affluence and estate.

Our democracy is identified with this concept. It justly opposes the inane leveling of classes. It condemns the agitator who sows seeds of dissention between employer and employe, between capitalist and laborer.

"Thus our Christian religion teaches the laborer to carry out well all equitable agreements freely made; never to injure capital; never to outrage the person of the employer; never to utilize violence in representing his cause; never to engage in riot or disorder.

"On the other hand, it teaches the capitalist and the rich man that the laborers are not his slaves; that they must respect in every man his dignity both as a human being and as a Christian; that labor is nothing of which to be ashamed; and that a just and living wage must be extended to those whom he employs." (Leo XIII.)

Both to poor and to rich; to laborer and to capitalist the one common law of God is preached; the one eternal reward or punishment is promised.

ONE WEAKNESS

A democracy cannot thrive when class is hostile to class any more than it can subsist when class is preferred before class either at the courts of justice or on the floor of Congress.

Moreover, a democracy cannot thrive unless they to whom have been extended the privilege and the right to vote have understanding and intelligence of the mighty trust bestowed upon them.

It is years ago since Archbishop Ireland once remarked that the chain of a democracy is no stronger than its weakest link.

And how weak—how lamentably weak have been the links throughout our great electorate! How many thousands of you, my audience, both ladies and gentlemen, have refrained from voting through carelessness?

How many thousands have loaned your ears to idle propaganda?

How many hundreds of thousands have permitted the spirit of bigotry to hold your hand as you marked your ballot, Catholics denouncing men because they were Protestants, and Protestants hostile to Catholics because they were true to their God?

A democracy appears to be closely allied to the teaching of Jesus Christ when He proclaimed the common Fatherhood of God and the common Brotherhood of man. Nevertheless, there are thousands of you listening to my voice this evening who have excluded the concept of God from your daily life and who have relegated Christ and His doctrines to the scrap heap of worn out fables.

They who formed and fashioned those immortal words, "the right to life, to liberty, and to the pursuit of happiness" evidently were not forgetful that life means more than the boundaries of the cradle and the grave; that liberty can neither be acquired nor gained without His guidance Whose truth shall make you free: and that the pursuit of happiness will likely lead you through the darkness of Gethsemane, coax you along the highway of the cross, and eventually crucify you on some Calvary's heights as you await the dawn of an Easter morning where all pursuit shall cease and all happiness will be acquired.

CHRISTIANIZED

In conclusion, I almost hear you asking me what redress we have for the numerous miseries under which so many of us are laboring. My answering is brief.

I know that those of you who have been constant listeners to these discussions will concede, at least, that I have tried to be sincere. I know that especially you of the laboring class whom I have endeavored to defend will not grow sullen when I pause to express my honest opinion that we as a nation are suffering mightily because the Hand of the Lord has touched us.

Prosperous years we have had. A wilderness has become the wealthiest nation in the world. Luxuries have been poured into our laps. Our meanest citizen has outrivalled an Oriental potentate in his opportunities and in his conveniences. And in the meanwhile, our hearts have grown calloused to the Divine Providence from Whom all blessings came.

Are you forgetful of the story of the Jews—their persecutions, their enslavement in Egypt, their wanderings through the desert, hungry and thirsty?

Are you unmindful of their Moses who called down Manna from heaven to feed them and who coaxed from the barren rock the cooling waters to quench their thirst?

Without Moses, their proud race would to this day have been hewers of wood and drawers of water in the hands of some enemy.

And without the new Moses, Jesus Christ, you, too, shall have no deliverer.

If we point the finger of criticism at certain capitalists for their injustice to man, we can likewise turn it upon many of the laboring class for their injustice to their God.

At all events, my fellow citizens, our political redress is not and never can be in the ranks of the radical or of the revolutionist. It is not to be found in the furls of the flag of red atheism. The key of it is held within your own hands as free born voters.

Thus, there stands tonight a Figure beside each receiving set through which these words are sounded. In His side there glows the red wound of a hostile spear. Upon His brow there is woven the regal crown of thorns. In His right hand which He holds out to you there is the gaping wound of a blunt nail. His voice whispers: "Come unto Me ye who are heavily burdened and I will refresh you."

Statesmen and politicians may come to whisper to you honeyed words of promise. A new Caesar, a new Pompey or a new Crassus may take his place on the throne of power. Or even a new Lincoln may rise up from the ranks of the multitude to lead a broken-hearted people back to the highway of liberty. But unless we, as a nation, and you in particular as the laboring class, turn to Him Who is your King, your Lover, and your Saviour, what little hope is extended to you? "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." And in these words the riddle of life is solved and the pursuit of happiness is gained.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PACT WITH THE PAST !

THE BEGINNING

THE MOST far reaching events in the history of civilization are those which have been enacted in its darkest hours. The story of any Thabor with its resplendence and grandeur is only secondary in importance to the memory of a Calvary with its darkness, its desolation, its suffering.

The golden sands of the Flavian amphitheatre which were crimsoned with the blood of five-hundred-thousand martyrs and the waters of the tawny Tiber which grew red with the carnage of Christians gave more impetus to the growth of Christianity than did the building of a St. Peter's at Rome or a St. Paul's at London.

The Muse of history has been forced to affirm that the dark hours of persecution and martyrdom have been the seedlings of liberty and of faith. They were hours when the basic principles of life were analyzed in the test tube of suffering.

Ladies and gentlemen, I believe that as we solemnly approach the anniversary of Washington, the Father of our Country—a date so closely related to the birthday of Lincoln, our Nation's Saviour—we are justified in recalling the principles for which they suffered in order to establish our system of government.

It is a system of government which was cradled in the Bethlehem of the struggle for independence and preserved intact for us on the cross of the Civil War. It is a system of government which within the short expanse of one-hundred-fifty years converted a howling wilderness into a center of world culture and has made one-hundred-million immigrants into the richest people of the earth.

When Lafayette arrived on this continent to assist Washington in fashioning this new nation, he had occasion to describe America in these words: "Simplicity of manners, kindness, love of country and of liberty and a delightful equality prevail everywhere. The wealthiest and the poorest are on a level. Although there are some large fortunes, I challenge anyone to discover the slightest difference between the manners of these two classes towards each other." So spoke the magnanimous Frenchman.

This observation, my friends, is memorable because it was based upon his close association with Washington, the man of wealth.

He who was destined to become the first President of the United States jeopardized his great fortune which had been made in the wilderness of America to establish this country of ours. From his own resources he contributed heavily to purchase clothing and ammunition for the soldiers who dared raise a flag against a power to which for purposes of subjugation Rome in the height of her glory is not to be compared—a power, as Daniel Webster describes it "which had dotted the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

Here, my countrymen, is manifested a courage of an unquestionable type. What had he or his fellow colonists of the wealthy class to fear of a government under whom they had grown prosperous? Safety and immunity had been promised them by England if they would but turn upon their countrymen. But convinced that men lived not only by personal prosperity; convinced that there exists a holy bond between every citizen to strive for a national happiness at the expense, if necessary, of the private good, Washington turned his back upon the philandering sophistry of selfishness and of pacifism. To trade with those who were imposing an unjust tax upon the poor citizen was unthinkable to this capitalist who was the Father of our Country. To bargain at the expense of honor were treason.

No wonder it has been said of our warrior President that if our American institutions had done nothing else but furnished to the world the character of Washington, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.

"CHANGE" AND "PROGRESS"

There is a tendency very prevalent among Americans to forsake the principles which characterized Washington and his sterling successors. While we have been busying ourselves in conquering the air with dirigibles or in mocking the depths of the sea with submarines; while we have been harnessing the white waters of Niagara, building production factories, annihilating space and time with our inventions of radio and locomotion, we have permitted our minds to become engrossed with the fallacy that the principles of yesterday must have been inefficient or false.

Thus, there is a powerful propaganda being circulated that our Congress and Senate are detrimental to business. There are voices being raised which whisper to us that as long as these constitutional bodies remain in session, then depression shall remain to accompany them. The insinuation is that our legal bodies are the cause of our distress. Where, as a matter of fact, they have acted nobly in defending the people from powerful amalgamations. Real Americans who have not lost confidence in their Congress have nothing to fear from either ordinary or extraordinary sessions especially in these days when the uncrowned king of the financiers boldly advocates a vacation of all parliaments.

The advocacy of this policy is tinged with Kaiserism, with autocracy. It is far distant from the concept of government originated by Washington and his contemporaries. It is at world's ends with the democracy predicated by Lincoln. It is a gesture to prevent the duly elected representatives of the people from an endeavor to suppress the forces which are at the root and trouble of the depression.

Thus, on every side one hears a thoughtless cant of those who subscribe to every change in the name of progress. The word "change" seems to have become identified with the word "progress." Old views are discarded at every opportunity simply because they are old views despite what Lincoln said: "I shall adopt new views only as fast as they appear to be true views." The wisdom of our ancestors is ceasing to be directive of our national activities. In vain has the Great Emancipator elsewhere said that a "people will not look forward to prosperity who never will look backward to their ancestors."

THUS PACIFISM

Thus, what new coined logic do our modern communistic pacifists employ when they ask us to discard our army and navy? If a just war is such a criminal thing, then the rights and liberties which Washington established were born in the criminal act known as the American War of Independence, and the unity of our nation was preserved by the bloody brutality which history records as the American Civil War.

May I pause to assure you that I am just as loath to enter upon a policy of war as is the most timid pacifist. You can no more outlaw war by Peace Pacts and London Conferences and Naval Disarmament Treaties than you can outlaw thievery and brigandry. Imagine our Mayor of Detroit meeting in solemn session with his council and grotesquely banishing bootlegging and robbery. Imagine the asininity of his dispensing with all policemen!

The causes of war, of thievery, of every other crime are lodged not in battleships nor in cannons but in the hearts of men. Cure them first before attempting to scrap our armaments.

No one is more opposed to having his house burned down than am I. Nevertheless, I carry insurance against such a contingency.

No one is more anxious to follow the Prince of Peace than am I. But I am not unmindful of the prophetic Christ's warning us that there shall be wars and rumors of wars until the end of time.

These things I speak counter to pacifism not only in the dawnlight of his anniversary who purchased for us liberty at the price of war; not only in memory of him who preserved our nation's unity at the cost of civil conflict, but also in view of the fact that Joseph Stalin has pledged himself to scatter the seeds of pacifism in our country and elsewhere while he himself is the commander-in-chief of the world's largest conscripted army—an army that is fed upon the philosophy of destroying the capitalistic nations before these latter are compelled to destroy the Soviets.

WERE THEY LIVING TODAY!

Both Washington and Lincoln were men of action who loved the manly policy of justice rather than cringe behind an artificial decorum of peace and prosperity at any price. They believed that "there are times when words seem empty and only action seems great"—vigorous, courageous and effective action which never feared to take its stand beneath the colors of the tattered flag of human rights; men of heroic action who spurned the siren voice of Judas gold and class prosperity when the meanest of their fellow citizens besought them for aid and comfort.

We of the proud Caucasian race who lay claim to the heritage of an Aristotle, of a Dante, of a Shakespeare; we who rejoice in the scientific achievements bounded by an Archimedes and a Marconi; we who trace our civil history from a Pericles to a Lincoln, have grown accustomed to look askance upon the formerly enslaved negro.

In Lincoln's day this same prejudice reigned more vigorously than it does at present. Yet in the face of odds outbalanced by race, by culture, by wealth, be it said of him that he had the courage, the honesty, and the Christliness to stand four-square against a principle of slavery which could never be countenanced in the courts of human justice.

I make mention of this simply to ask this audience what would Lincoln do were he living today? What would be his policy when those not of the negro race but of his own Caucasian blood were verging towards an industrial slavery for which little redress has been extended during these past few years?

At the height of our prosperity in 1929 the automobile industry required four-hundred-seventy-five-thousand workers for six months of the year—workers who depended totally upon this industry for their livelihood. But seventy-thousand of them were laid off for three months during that year, and one-hundred-fifty-thousand of them were forced into idleness for two months. How in the Name of God can these workers maintain their standard of living about which we prate so much while their incomes are destroyed?

In clothing factories, during that same year of prosperity, one-hundred-fifty-five-thousand workers were required for six months, while eleven-thousand were laid off for three months.

In the cotton textile industry four-hundred-thirty-one-thousand laborers were employed for six months. Thirteen thousand of them were laid off for four months; twenty-one-thousand for two months.

In these three industries we have one-hundred-eighty-two-thousand laborers who lose from two to five months during our most prosperous year—workers who instead of being paid a yearly wage are paid by the hour on the principle that when their hands stop functioning their wives and their children and they themselves cease requiring food and clothing and the necessities of life.

I suspect, my friends, that if the Great Emancipator's spirit could once more be revived he would be more interested in these facts and in the solution of the problem whereby the honest American workman should be guaranteed a chance to earn his livelihood every day of the year than he would be in the facts of the so-called "Licker-sham" Report which does not blush when it fails to explain for us the multiplication of the saloons on every street corner and alley throughout our nation.

At least this report has been well named.

This forced idleness even during a year of prosperity has resulted according to the official report of the American Federation of Labor in the average wage for workers in manufacturing in the United States amounting to only $26.54, a week for June 1929 despite the fact that this same report tells us that for a family of five, if the father is working even fifty-two weeks a year, a standard amounts to $47.00 a week for a decent American living.

Here is the new problem for a new Lincoln to solve. Here is the modern industrial slavery!

These things I speak in view of the fact that at this instant, according to the Fish Report on Communism in America, there is being sown seeds of discontent in the patient souls of our American workmen by the Soviet forces of Russia. "An early and provident fear," spoke Lincoln, "is the mother of safety."

How this must be settled is the business of our diplomats and statesmen into whose hands the welfare of our nation is entrusted.

But that in all morality it must be settled is the business of every citizen and especially of every religionist who is mindful of the first principle of economics and of justice as laid down in the opening pages of the Bible—an axiom, I had rather call it, which warns us that there can be no life without labor, no bread without work: "By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy bread."

These words are spoken in no belligerent attitude. Their purpose is merely to emphasize the necessity of solving both religiously and constitutionally a problem which the so-called scientists of political economy have avoided and which too often the material minded bankers of our nation have scorned when there was a contest between human rights and financial rights.

As an example of this last statement I have in my hand a telegram dated from New York, February 2nd, 1931, and sent forth by the

American Bankers Association, part of which reads: "The American Bankers Association is opposed to legislation before Congress for cashing Soldiers' Bonus Certificates. . . . Kindly have bankers in your State communicate at once with members of Congress in House and Senate voicing opposition."

I wonder what type of telegram they would send if Joseph Stalin's largest conscripted army which this world has ever known shall make good his threat to overthrow our civilization? Nevertheless, the American Bankers Association by their unity of action, of purpose, of attack, and by their undaunted perseverance is only another example of what can be accomplished by any unity or unions. Were the laboring class so banded together in a unity of purpose; were they able through their spokesmen to manifest the determination of their twenty-three-million units in an organization which was builded upon Christian and American principles, there would never be danger of the words "of the people, by the people, and for the people" perishing from the face of this earth. But whatsoever union is founded on principles which are unchristian and unconstitutional had better perish at the outset than raise its rebellious head as it shouts down our civilization.

RELIGIOUS LEADERS

My fellow countrymen, whilst the spirit of Washington hovers over us, I would remind you of his deeply religious sentiments. Have you not heard the story of his kneeling down at prayer in the darkness of Valley Forge? Do you not remember in his Farewell Address to the army how he attributed his victory to the Hand of God? "The singular interpositions of Providence in our feeble condition were such," spoke he, "as could scarcely escape the attention of the most unobservant; while the unparalleled perseverance of the armies of the United States, through almost every possible suffering and discouragement for the space of eight long years, was little short of a standing miracle."

That, my friends, was his sentiment—deeply religious, uncompromisingly for God.

He, the Father of our Country, who regarded his fellow citizen as his brothers in Jesus Christ and not as pawns and competitors in an industrial market has left behind him a tradition which we dare not forget lest we perish.

Thus, as we approach these days which long since have been dedicated to Lincoln and to Washington, we visualize the men who have made glorious the history of the past; men who in the hours of darkest desolation discovered the real principles of life in the alembic of death.

Now their voices mingling with those of every patriot are echoing in the harmony of the stars that shine forever as they speak to us:

> "We are the Dead. Short days ago
> We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow
> Loved and were loved.
> Take up our quarrel with the foe:
> To you from failing hands we throw
> The torch; be yours to hold it high.
> If ye break faith with us who die
> We shall not sleep."

And so the story of civilization moves on and on, sometimes through valleys of despair, sometimes across fertile plains of peace and happiness, sometimes atop the peaks of snow-capped achievement. It is the story which has been written with the pen of love which has always been dipped into the wells of sacrifice and loyalty. As Edmund Burke said years ago: "Civilization is nothing more than an endless pact between the dead, the living and the unborn." The dead have builded the foundations of our nation and have handed to us the torch of truth. It is ours to keep it burning amidst the stormy winds of godlessness and passion. It is ours to pass it down with clean hands to the generations yet unborn.

Thus, my friends, were I gifted with a magic wand, I would roll back the calendar of time for you to the year 1783. I would take you on the wings of fancy to Fraunce's Tavern in New York. It is the month of December. There is Washington seated about the festive board with his leading officers who had suffered hunger and cold and privation with him. Solemnly stands the Father of our Country. Solemnly he speaks to those his brothers in arms.

Listen! You can hear his words reverberating down the corridor of time! "With a heart full of love and gratitude I must now take my leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable. . . . I shall be obliged to you if each will come and take me by the hand."

Fellow countrymen, you have heard the echo of his words. Because you are an American child of his, the Father of our Country, there is extended to you at this moment alongside your receiving set the holy hand of one who lived for God and country. His hand clasps your hand. It is ours to rise from gloomy thoughts and darkened nights of suffering to the glorious sunrise of peace, prosperity and restored blessedness.

Out of a sealed tomb of death rose the glorious Christ. Out of our present suffering, shall rise a more glorious nation. Hold ye fast to the traditions of the past. Let it not be written that we have let perish the pact of the living with the dead.

THE THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

"MY BELOVED SON!"

I have in mind a picture of a Young Man in his twenty-ninth year. He is a beautiful type of young man—tall, accustomed, perhaps, to being out in the fields, muscles hardened from working in his father's shop. This young man is finding His way from a little town named Nazareth down to the banks of the River Jordan.

As He approaches, a great throng of people already have assembled there. They are intently listening to an orator preaching the repentance of one's sins.

Finally he who was preaching to those gathered about him recognized the Young Man from Nazareth, ceased his preaching, ran down to Him and clasped His hands. There was His boyhood friend! There was his Jesus Christ!

And so the story goes how Christ, too, was baptized in the waters of the Jordan for the forgiveness of sin although He did not require it whatsoever. Immediately from above there sounded a voice—a voice never yet heard by those assembled there. It sounded in melodious, golden tones: "This is My Beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased! Hear ye Him!"

Fathers! Christian fathers, you, too, have a son in whom you are well pleased. There he stands beside you, perchance, as you listen to these words. A little curly headed boy filled with the knowledge which he obtains from the public schools! A little boy growing up in your household! A little lad who looks upon you as a king! A boy in whose heart there is that ideal painted after the pattern of your own dear self!

Christian fathers, perhaps, there will be success for you as you acquire money and lands and gold and bonds. Perhaps there will be fame for you as you rise up high upon the ladder of success. Perhaps, there is dreaming in your heart that moment when you can bequeath to your son those golden possessions, those things of heritage which shall make his name and your name revered amongst his fellow citizens.

But that is not all, my dear fathers. Do you know of the law of heredity? Do you not realize that every action that transpires within the soul of your character likewise finds itself duplicated in the mirror of your son? If you have given yourself over to irreligious actions, and left the seed of Christian faith decay and perish can you ever in all sanity and logic expect your boy to be different from yourself?

Christian fathers, I appeal to you for the love that you have for your son to take inventory of that spiritual heritage which you are about to hand down to him who will bear your name.

Oh, close your eyes for a moment! See your curly headed little boy grown to manhood. Your hair long since has turned to silver. Your little boy takes his stand upon the highway of life to go down to victory or to defeat. On occasion, perchance, he, too, has forgotten to mention his morning prayers to God. He, too, has forgotten that Christ loves those most who suffer most. He, too, has forgotten that life is meant only to acquire blessedness in heaven.

Christian fathers, tonight you stand over some River Jordan. You, too, look down upon your boy and say: "This is My Beloved Son!"

Then shall come grandchildren. Then shall your name be perpetuated through life. In all earnestness can you say: "Hear ye Him?" Can you in all Christliness bequeath to those about you, to the wife whom you love, to the child you have, to your fellow citizens, the heritage only of social success? What profiteth a man if he gaineth the whole world? What profiteth a man if he has gold and silver, if success come to him and he loseth his soul?

Oh! life at the best is a struggle for all of us. And life for your little boy will likewise be a struggle unless he, too, can come forth from some Nazareth, from some blessed tabernacle where his mother knew God and loved God and lived for God—unless he can come from blessed Nazareth where foremost before his mind was the picture of his Creator and uppermost in his soul was always the thought of ideal happiness.

Oh, they tell us oftentimes that we require better schools and better education. They prate to us that we need cleaner politics and cleaner religion. But what we do require today is neither schools nor greater politics nor greater inventions. We need better men. Oh, God give us men! Men who live and suffer as did the God Who made them! God give us men who can rear sons, bring them into this life—sons who likewise can look aloft to see their fathers as they hang, perchance, upon the cross of life and whisper to them: "Father into Thy hands I commend My spirit."

And little boys, you curly headed little boys who are listening to these words, I ask you to go to your daddy's knee tonight and beg him to remember the sweet prayers he used to say; to remember the stories of Christ he used to know and to remember that unless he builds the temple of charity, the temple of Christliness within your heart, my little boy, your daddy has forgotten the best gift of all which it is within his power to bestow upon you.

And thus, on this night dedicated to father and son we can envisage this great continent of America of ours peopled and dotted with happy homes where little boys have come to bless and joy their parents' life.

Oh, know you well, my father and my mother, know you well that the child who has come down into your home tonight, or yesteryear or years gone by, is a little soul loaned from heaven to your care. You are the modern Joseph and the modern Mary. And some day he who was entrusted to you shall go back to his Eternal Father in heaven. May his voice I pray, with my voice and every voice, learn to cry aloud: "Our Father, Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

God bless you, my friends!

CHAPTER XIX

BY THE SWEAT OF THY BROW

AN INTRODUCTION

THE chief motive in entering upon this series of lectures regarding labor and unemployment was to recall principles, the re-adoption of which will be of essential benefit to us both in regulating labor and in solving unemployment.

The logical man is only irritated by those who profess that periodic unemployment and depression cannot be avoided. They who preach such a superstition see no practical relation between cause and effect.

Thus, the first philosophic starting point relative to the eight major depressions during the past fifty years and the three industrial catastrophes during the past ten years is that there is a very definite cause or set of causes producing identical effects.

Common sense draws the conclusion that these can and must be removed if this constantly recurring effect is to be destroyed and if our constitutional government shall endure.

It has not been a pleasant task on my part to mention specifically the various ramifications of these causes which more or less are responsible for the world-wide distress. The greed of certain men, unjust competition, modern profiteering, uncurtailed mass production, class preferment, questionable taxation, and questionable international banking, the destruction of the silver market to such a degree that the dollar which you have in your pocket is actually worth only twelve cents—these and a hundred more extravaganzas form a litany of grief to which we say after each invocation: "O Lord deliver us!"

In a democracy such as we possess either in this nation, or in England, or in France, or in modern Germany, the ultimate credit or blame either for prosperity or for depression devolves upon the people themselves and the institutions which they have erected.

In a democracy such as ours it will always be necessary to entrust our government into the hands of men who are not only a success in business but who also possess and who will sustain the moral principles of Him Who both created human nature and Whose only begotten Son became like unto ourselves in all things save sin for the purpose of redeeming us and of helping us to fight life's battles.

NATURALISM

I have had occasion to say that we can expect no remedy for the thousand ills which beset human nature unless we adopt and practice the principles of religion. I refer to that supernatural religion which was brought into the world by Jesus Christ.

Counter to this statement there is the accepted opinion that supernaturalism is passé; that nature alone without the assistance of supernature is sufficient to rectify the topsy-turviness of society.

If we are serious in discovering the ultimate cause of our misery, let us pause for a while for the purpose of discovering just how beneficient and practical is this theory of naturalism; this theory which tells us that the world and politics can get along without God; that injustice and oppression can be vanquished without Him.

First of all nature is a murderess who preaches the gospel of "might is right" and "the survival of the fittest."

Watch a homely hen with her chicks as she crosses the lawn. They peck as they go. With each peck some little insect dies.

Observe the thrush as he interrupts his song to seize a worm in his beak, or a spider who stalks his captured prey.

Beneath the turbulent waves of the ocean, this same incessant murder is perpetuated. There is the walrus battling the seal; the seal gulping the salmon; the salmon living on the herring; the herring taking the minnow; the minnow sucking the larvae.

The larger, fiercer, swifter, more powerful, eternally preying upon and murdering the more defenseless!

Has not the modern industrial world learned well its lesson?

This same gospel of "the survival of the fittest" and "might is right" is also carried on in the vegetable life. It is the jungle law over again.

There is deadly struggle for soil, for moisture and for sunshine. An oak will thrust aside and finally kill a thousand weaker and smaller plants as it expands into gianthood. If plants could speak, or forests groan, a volume of heartrending sounds would rise from the green places of the world protesting against the shallowness of nature's justice.

If your ears still retain the sound of that catch phrase, "the survival of the fittest," I ask you to consider a different angle of approach to this unchristian thought. It is this: That citizen, or Member of Congress, or Senator, or President who is bent on copying nature logically, should dip his pen into her bosom which reeks with the red blood of the slain, and write "murder and oppression" as his prime ethical principle. "Let the weaker live for the stronger. Let the poor be the pawns of the rich, as long as human laws copied after fallen nature sanction such action, then they must be moral despite their inconsistency with Christ's revelation."

They who entrust the salvation of the world and the elimination of its heartaches to the beneficence of nature have forgotten that when she produces something fit and becoming, she also evolves something malign to attack it.

Here we have cattle, and horses, and rich pasture for them to graze upon. At the same time there is the tick, the bot, to weaken and maim them.

There is the grapefruit coming forth from nature's workshop and with it came the vine lice to kill it. The cotton-pod appears and the boll-weevil steps in. Golden ears of grain wave their proud banner of maturity and black clouds of locusts fatten upon it.

Then there is man—the best man, a man who would be a proud specimen of any nationality.

Watch how he is developed. Aside from diseases of childhood and old age, of vicious habits, of immorality, there come cancer, diseases of the heart and of the nerves. He, too, falls prey to spinal-meningitis, or to influenza. He, too, is not immune to sleeping sickness. Oh, why does nature think of asthma, of tuberculosis, of leprosy? Why does nature think out bacteria if she and her policies are the Christ and the gospel of social health?

Science may discover a preventative for one disease, but the history of medicine is the discovery of new diseases which come like thieves in the night to welter in the carnage of animal and of human life.

Pursuing this thought to another plane, we find that in his intellectual nature man left to himself follows a parallel course with lower nature. During the civilization of ancient paganism man elevated himself and his lusts to the throne of a god. In modern paganism he has levelled God to the cesspool of fallen humanity.

Until 1492 men believed that the earth was flat. And since 1492 we have gradually given ourselves over to the error that the soul is flat and was born to die in the grave of this earth.

"Might is right." "Money is wealth." "Pleasure is happiness." "Life is of the earth earthly"—these are the modern intellectual heresies copied from the constitution of a murderous nature and incorporated into the courts of men where human rights must surrender and succumb to the supposed rights of industry and commerce; where the weaker, disorganized units of humanity must submit to the more powerful, to the wealthier!

We before whose eyes there is unfolded the scroll of all history we who can read of the decline of every empire which proudly unfurled a flag need not be very deep scrutinizers of nature to conclude that her philosophy, her morals, and her efforts can do no more for us of this so-called enlightened age than she has done for the peoples of the past. Certainly, our only help is in a power above nature. Our only policy must be one learned from Jesus Christ, the Author of supernature.

BEHOLD THE MAN!

Before venturing upon the supernatural idea which Jesus Christ brought into the world for our guidance and benefit and ultimate happiness, may I recall a few vagrant thoughts on human life as it always was and always will be from the cradle to the grave.

First, there is a struggle to survive. Neither you nor I can escape it. There is a struggle to acquire information and education. There is a bitter contest to attain maturity both of mind and of body against ten-thousand hostile forces of nature which surround us.

Watch the farmer as he clears his land of stumps and rocks or as he bends over his plow. See him removing the weeds which would choke his grain, or observe him as he hews the timbers, builds his house, cares for his sheep and cattle. And why? To ward off starvation, to repel the onslaughts of death and destruction.

There is the factory laborer bending over his lathe. Amidst the drowning noise of clamorous hammers which beat the mark of time as would a supervisor in a Roman slave galley, that laborer plies his trade from morning until night. And why? That he might live and that those his loved ones can also live.

Bread and butter, clothing and rest!

"By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy bread."

And as either farmer or laborer returns to his home at evening and looks into the depths of the setting sun he wonders, too, when his sun of life must set.

For a time he is puzzled with the mystery of it all. But he remembers the days of love when he swore everlasting fidelity to her who shares his joys and sorrows. He is not forgetful of those, his parents, who brought him into this world. He is inspired to carry on to greater extremities as his rough fingers lose themselves in the curly head which rests itself upon his knee.

He is no philosopher. But he does know that if there is such a thing as love, then there must also be such a thing as immortality.

Sweat and bread! Bread and sweat! Surely there must be other items in this life besides its labor and its food. Life would not be worth living unless there were some eternal sunset to this sweat, some eternal sunrise for love.

Thus, he carries on in sweat and in labor. He, with his millions of fellow human beings, level forests, dig coal from the depths of the earth and gold from its mines. They fabricate machinery, build locomotives, string copper wires across continents and oceans. They sweat and labor. And why? Not for industry's sake but for love's sake.

It is love that makes the wheels of civilization turn 'round and 'round. Although these wheels turn only by the sweat of the laborer's brow, he gladly suffers this fatigue because he loves himself and those who are dear to him.

Thus, they into whose hands have been entrusted the destiny of their fellowmen must bend their every effort that this first law of nature and of life may be fulfilled—the law of self preservation, of labor, of sweat, and of bread—because through this law the lamp of love remains lighten and the spirit of courage endureth. This is God's law, the first natural law of human rights which dare be assailed or countermanded and neglected only at the price of chaos and destruction.

SUPERNATURAL

In itself the law which is expressed in the ancient words "By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy bread" is not sufficient. Nature must be supplemented by supernature otherwise the handicap under which the weaker live would be too great. "The survival of the fittest," the doctrine of "might is right"—these would still obtain unless the charity of Jesus Christ had come to our rescue.

Supposing that the governments of modern nations have been anxious to sustain the preliminary law of life as suggested above, what argument could they offer to explain away the catastrophe of the universal breakdown which confronts us?

Either they have been false to this first principle of all political economy, namely, that bread comes through labor and labor only, or else having practiced and accepted it they are forced to admit that in itself it has not been sufficient.

If the latter is so, then some explanation must be offered both for the causes and effects which have conspired to make a world grow weary, and so many millions of its people groan in forced idleness.

About sixteen years ago the first shock of disappointment came thundering upon those of us who believed in the efficacy of our modern, Christless, reign of nature. We lived through a war more savage and destructive than ever befell the nations of medieval or barbaric times. We survived through days and years when international law was thrown into the scrap heap. We began to catch a glimpse of our new god of political economy with his feet of clay and his heart of steel.

It was a war to end wars. But instead of having made the world safe for democracy through the instrumentality of that figment known as the League of Nations, we encounter the results of our mad materialism as they appear under the forms of revolution and the spectres of anarchy.

Behold the spectacle! Russia boasts of the largest conscripted army that ever has threatened the peace of the world; one-hundred-fifty-million population. China almost hopelessly lost to the anarchy of the communists; India determined in its revolution—over seven-hundred-fifty-million population. The great German nation seriously threatened with a radical upheaval. The exchequers of England, France, and Italy are spending approximately six million dollars a day for military preparations. In our own country, with its lakes and rivers teeming with fish; its mines heavy with minerals; its granaries and freighters choking with wheat; its banks teeming with money, there are approximately five-million unemployed men walking aimlessly through the streets of our cities and the by-paths of our countrysides, seeking not doles but labor. In our southland literally thousands in hopeless distress while we debated how we should feed and clothe them while there was being enacted in our Congress the comedy of the ages.

While the spirit of Lincoln's birthday still broods over us in these unbecoming times, I ask you to take your stand before his national monument at Washington with the poet, George Sanford Holmes, who writes these lines so appropriate for the occasion:

"He dreams in brooding bronze; it almost seems
  A word, a touch, would kindle into flame
  The spark of life in that gaunt metal frame
And light those somber eyes with living gleams.

Yet as he patient vigil keeps and dreams
  Deep in the shrine erected to his fame,
  Glib tongues invoke the magic of his name
To purge a party and promote its schemes.

Oh, wake, immortal heart, and breathe again
Thy pulse of mercy into lesser men!
That pulse that beat in anguish for the slave,
That gave its own lifeblood to heal and save!—
That shame those hollow hearts that praise thee dead
And praising, would deny thy people bread!"

CHARITY

But even more than these verses suggest, man's noble experiment to make worthwhile progress without Jesus Christ and His principle of charity is worthy of our consideration.

There is no one so senseless and unintelligent as to charge that the American people do not spend considerable money in building orphanages, poor houses, hospitals and schools for the unfortunates of our country. The existence of these institutions is a concrete proof for our great American philanthropy.

I am citing this simply to insist as a Christian and as a Roman Catholic that these gestures of almsgiving, be they public or private, in themselves do not constitute charity, nor do they solve the situation at hand.

The public mind is oftentimes deceived by false definitions of this virtue. We find ourselves occasionally identifying it, to use the Scriptural phrase, with giving our goods to feed the poor or our bodies to be burned. These are laudable things in themselves. But they do not constitute charity. Paradoxically as it may sound, the poor man must extend charity to the rich man as well as the rich man must bestow this same virtue upon the laborer. At the same time this virtue must be possessed by both the poor and the rich. It is a two-sided coin: Upon its face there is a giving side; upon its reverse there is the having side. You must give it and still you must have it. It must not be identified merely with hospitals, with doles, with soup kitchens and other physical materialities. In his thirteenth chapter to the Corinthians St. Paul is most explicit in telling us that if he should give all his goods to feed the poor and have not charity, he is nothing. Thus, according to the Sacred Scriptures, there is no logic on the part of any Christian who defines charity by the synonym of almsgiving.

If I were asked to translate this borrowed word of charity into a simpler word I would use the one single term of "love"—Charity is love. First of all, it is loving our God with our whole heart, with our whole mind, with our whole strength. It dares not compromise His principles. It is loving our neighbor as ourselves, not less than ourselves. The man who would possess real Christian charity must acquire a new concept of his fellowman. He must regard him not merely as a piece of flesh and blood born either to be a slave or a master, a competitor or a protector. He looks beneath the accidental conditions of wealth, of social prestige, of nationality, and catches a glimpse of a real brother. He is closer in one sense to his fellowman than he is to a brother of his flesh for the simple reason that Jesus Christ, the Elder Member of our family, died for all of us without exception and introduced all of us into His common brotherhood by which we can cry: "Abba, Father," to Him Who created us.

Behold, the maid servant in your kitchen is your sister! The denizen of the dope house, the panderer of a brothel for whom Christ also died, the laborer in your factory—he is your brother and not your economically termed employe. Your attitude towards these persons must be no whit different than were each one a Jesus Christ standing over the lathe where stands the laborer.

I use the word "brother" not in the sleek, commercial sense as it is employed in lodge rooms. I use it in the sense even superior to that for which the word originally was coined when it refers to the brother fathered by the same sire and born of the same womb in which we were conceived.

The Christian concept of charity demands this. We must accept the instruction of our Divine Redeemer that "whatsoever we do unto the least of His little ones we do unto Him."

Ladies and gentlemen, this is not poetry. It is the basic law of

Christianity denied by neither Catholic nor Protestant, but rejected more or less by the modern business and industrial world about us.

There are man-made theories which plan our social relations one to the other. One emphasizes the master and servant idea. Another proclaims to us that there is an eternal conflict between the laborer and the capitalist. Then there are those in our midst who preach to us a doctrine of Marx and of Lenin with all its bloodshed, its hate, its greed. And finally there is that omnipresent political economist who persists in putting the cart before the horse as he talks to us of methods and means to acquire wealth and prosperity by following the worn-out doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But there is only one divine policy which transcends every human thought upon the subject of social relations. It is the one conceived by Jesus Christ on the hillsides of Judea and repeated by Him from the pulpit of His cross.

Pause a moment as upon the screen of your imagination there flashes the scene of the Crucifixion! Our Saviour is surrounded by a jeering crowd. His head is encircled with the regal crown of thorns. His body is arrayed with the royal purple of a thousand stripes. His hands and feet are bejewelled with the blunt nails.

With a last effort He raises His head and whispers: "Mother, behold thy son!"

Could He have said more to us with His last breath? Could He have been plainer in identifying His own brotherhood with John, our representative, who knelt at the foot of that bloody throne?

Still withal, the world rolls on preferring the Roman policy of cowardly justice which crucified Christ rather than the heroic charity which His divine lips pronounced. How long, oh God, shall we continue to re-echo that ancient blasphemy of: "Give us Barrabas! Away with Christ!"

Our America has prospered beyond every dream in its rapid advance towards the peak of material prosperity. But unless all history of the past has been written in vain in its effort to teach us; unless the universal spirit of discontent which broods dangerously over the entire world cannot make us pause, we need never expect to bring about a lasting settlement of the social questions which vex us. Christ was serious when He exclaimed: "Without Me you can do nothing."

I appreciate that we have been like little children concerned more with what we shall wear and wherewith we shall be clothed. Hitherto we have taken our philosophy and many of our customs without pausing to weigh their validity. How many of us have accepted the doctrine of cruel naturalism without having investigated its crueler effects? How many of our leaders, busied about the accidentals of life, have forgotten the primeval law of earthly existence—the law of sweat and labor? How many of us who are clamoring for an opportunity to labor and not for pagan doles, have forgotten Him Who once multiplied bread and love and brotherhood upon the hillsides of Judea?

ST. PAUL ON CHARITY

Now that evening has come and sober thoughts remain, I invite you to open your Scriptures at the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's first letter to the Corinthians. Pause and ponder upon that most beautiful passage as you read the inspired words:

"If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And if I should have prophecy and should know all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I should have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

"And if I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor, and if I should deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

"Charity is patient, is kind; charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely; is not puffed up, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

"Charity never falleth away: whether prophecies shall be made void, or tongues shall cease, or knowledge shall be destroyed. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.

"When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child. But when I became a man I put away the things of a child.

"We see now through a glass in a dark manner; but then face to face. Now I know in part; but then I shall know even as I am known.

"And now there remain faith, hope, and charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity."

If the ancient Scriptures warn us that we shall earn our bread by the sweat of our brows, the Christian Testament insists upon our regarding the humblest bread winner as a second Jesus Christ. Without the adoption of these principles, my friends, there is neither peace nor lasting prosperity for our nation.

THOUGHT OF THE WEEK

"ON THE MYSTERY OF PAIN"

THE problem of pain stands in the heart of every attempt to solve the riddle of the Universe.

A thousand attempts have been made to answer it. A thousand obstacles confront its solution. The Buddhist, at one extremity, informs us that pain and sorrow and oppression are always the result of some personal sin which was committed in some previous existence.

It has been reserved for a modern sect to solve the riddle by absolutely denying the reality of pain's existence. The whole thing, according to these, is an illusion.

Here, then, the problem stands between the two extremes. We see it crying for an explanation in every innocent child who suffers in his body. We behold it asking for an interpretation in every heart that is crowned with the agony of thorns. We witness it in every God-fearing farmer or laborer whose gaunt gaze is held captive by an empty larder, by drought-stricken fields.

I suppose that this riddle of suffering would always remain cloaked in misunderstanding were it not for the revelation of our Christian faith. Only when we turn to the crucified Christ knowing Who He is and What He is do we catch a vagrant ray of understanding.

Turn your eyes upon Him as He hangs upon the cross. It is not only a Man who is transfixed there. It is the guiltless God-Man. That He really suffered is certain when He exclaimed: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!"

That cry of His dispels the sophistry of those who tell us that pain is only an illusion; that it is necessarily the penalty of personal sin. That piercing, anguished cry cheers us with the thought that pain is not to be attributed to a careless Providence or that it is a mark of social inferiority. Was it not Christ Who uttered it—Christ, the Son of God; the greatest of the Sons of Man?

Looking deeper into this problem there is a clearer light cast upon its complexity by the inspired words taken from St. Paul's letter to the Colossians. "I fill up those things that are wanting of the suffering of Christ," wrote he.

In other words: the suffering baby, the sorrowing mother, the tubercular maiden, the worried father—every bed in every hospital ward, every cell in an insane institute, every honest tear and ravaging pain are nothing more than the extended pains of Christ Crucified.

How tremendous, then is the sufferer! With what dignity is the sufferer's soul surrounded! Those who are oppressed, those who are victims of injustice, those whose bodies feel the stripes of the lash of cowardice, whose brows are circled with the thorns of worry, whose hands are pierced with the nails of poverty, whose hearts are opened with the spear of calumny—they are living crucifixes who stand clear of the wrangling world about them!

We see in them not merely separate human beings that twist in agony, but souls that mirror the tragedy of Calvary throughtout the ages. The rose may reflect the beauty of God; the thunder and tossing ocean, His power. All nature is but His mirror. But it is left to the shut-in, to the sufferer, to the heart-broken, pain-stricken fellow citizen of ours to reflect our God as He hangs on Calvary expiating the sins of the world.

My dear shut-ins and sufferers, I greet you this evening in the name of this vast radio-audience as those whom God loves best. I pledge you not our worthless sympathy, but I promise you our prayers. In return may I ask of you who suffer so, to remember us as Christ once remembered the thief who was crucified at His side. Remember us, the less worthy, as you suffer in the Gethsemane of your heartache, in the Pilate's Hall of your poverty, or on the Calvary of your bed of pain.

CHAPTER XX

QUO VADIS? - WHITHER GOEST THOU?

TONIGHT we are venturing upon a new series of discourses. The chief motive underlying these presentations is to make clear to this audience the fact that real religion which incorporates both the material and the spiritual welfare of man is something without which neither you nor I can dispense.

Thus, I have endeavored to show that an honest interpretation of religion does not neglect the truthful explanation of life's problems be they personal or national or international. Its truthful and candid application is the powerful sunlight which dispels the mists of the thousand errors which becloud our vision as we attempt to find our way from the desert land of doubt into the promised land of happiness.

Let me assure you that in these future discourses I do not plan to be silent on the things which are at the base root of the world's chronic depression. I do not plan to cram religion into the narrow walls of a spiritual definition. He Whom I try at a distance to follow went about doing good in a civilization that had given itself over to boundless injustice where slavery prospered; to indescribable lust where sorrow reigned; and to interminable lies and falsehoods many of which were the propaganda of men who defied themselves and their fallible doctrines.

In the short span of three years He had gathered around Himself a tremendous following. He came not to destroy but to perfect. How often did He multiply bread for the poor? How many thousands did He heal from palsey, blindness, leprosy and other diseases of the flesh? How many actual devils of error did He dispel? What innumerable hearts did He console?

All these things enter into the fabric of the religion which He spun for us from the intimate threads which are woven into the texture of your life and of mine—and of His own.

Of these things I shall not be forgetful.

Nor shall I be forgetful of such maxims as He enunciated, that the truth shall set you free; that there is such a thing as unity of belief and unity of action; that the servant is not above the master, and a thousand others which enter both into His concept of life and of religion.

However, before attempting to define this much misunderstood word which those who traffic in truth would have us believe to be something inimical to your welfare and to mine, let us proceed slowly.

Today we find ourselves in a deep valley of doubt. In the distance are the snow-capped peaks of our personal and national ambitions. But we wander hither and yon, seeking some safe road which leads us from the thousand social, industrial, political and spiritual barriers which bar our progress. We have lighted little lamps of reason to guide us as we grope to the single path which leads to the summit. But they are the lights that have failed.

Out of the darkness of our present depression, however, there is arising the bright gleams of Christ's faith. Now that all others have failed, the world is waiting for the return of the blessed Son of Justice. He is our one hope.

II

At present there are millions of us who have retired into the solitude of honest thought, where we can weigh and measure not only our national but also our individual faults, the weight of which is pressing so heavily upon us. Today men are thinking for themselves more than at any other time since the invention of printing and the use of newspapers. We are suspecting that the gods of this world whose words we have been accepting are equipped with feet of clay. We are questioning their definitions of progress, their religion of prosperity. We are all asking ourselves the same question in different words: "Where am I going?" "What is to become of me and of my nation?"

Just outside the gates of Rome there is an humble church which long since has been known in popular literature as the "Quo Vadis" Church. "Quo Vadis" is a latinism which translated means: "Whither art thou going?"

According to tradition it appears that in the age of Nero a general persecution of the Christians was ordered. Learning of this imperial mandate some timid Christians approached Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, who with St. Paul, was then resident at Rome. These Christians, very thoughtful for Peter's personal and physical welfare, urged him to forsake the City lest his life should be lost in this general persecution.

Under the cloak of night with no lamp to light his way save the silvery shining of the stars above, Peter, lost in the folds of his great cloak, hurried out of Rome.

He had not gone so very far when, as the story goes, there appeared out of the shadows the figure of Jesus Christ. Upon His Sacred

Countenance a look of sorrow is evident because His shepherd, like a hireling, was forsaking His sheep.

In astonishment Peter addressed His Divine Master with the words: "Quo Vadis"—"Whither goest Thou?"

The traditional story continues that Christ answered: "To Rome again, Peter, to be crucified." Imagine the apostle's chagrin at hearing this gentle reprimand as He was about to betray his trust.

Needless to say, with bowed head and chastened soul the impetuous Peter returned to the City.

The result was inevitable. The embers of bigotry, greed, lust for power, persecution were fanned by the winds of passion. The air was static with these forces.

At last the storm clouds broke. Peter witnessed the golden sands of the Flavian amphitheatre turned to crimson as they were dyed with the blood of his faithful followers. And but a few days afterwards he himself felt the piercing of the nails in his hands as he was crucified on an upturned cross for the love of Jesus Christ.

The monument which partially bears out the story above narrated is the little church which the centuries have hallowed with the name of "Quo Vadis."

At this moment, my friends, I am not so much interested in this narrative which the loom of time has woven around the name of St. Peter as I am in those momentous words: "Whither goest Thou?" Perhaps you are a business man who all week long has waited this broadcast, anxiously expecting to hear a discussion on some question of economic import. All week long you have been engrossed with ventures on the high seas of financial romance. Honestly, have you stopped once to ask yourself the question: "Whither goest Thou?"

Perhaps you are a civil servant who has engaged your mind and your talents to serve your City, or your State, or your Nation. Unlike the great Wolsey, not once have you mediated within your heart these words: "If I had served my God half so well as I served my country, He would not forsake me now in my distress."

Perhaps you are one of the laboring class, wondering what all this injustice of life is about; laboring at reduced wages, worrying for what the future holds out.

But a few short years ago the glow of youth pulsated through your veins, the joy of strength overflowed the chalice of your heart, storms were laughed away, mountainous difficulties seemed to be easily scanned. But today in the midst of the personal fears which have matured all of us, have you paused to ask yourself to what destination does this road lead?

In our endeavor to answer that question let us not be caught in the net of those who would deceive us by the religion which preaches that "virtue is its own reward."

My fellow Americans, such sophistry forms no integral part of the religion which I profess. Virtue its own reward! If that were the sum total of my religion, I could readily answer for you the question: "Whither goest I?" What use is there in practicing the virtue of honesty if its only reward is oppression and poverty, nakedness in the midst of wealth and splendor and luxury?

If I did not believe in a just God Who eventually will exact of every man according to his deeds; if I did not believe in the immortality of the soul and in the reward of a heavenly existence, I can truthfully tell you that I would bend my every energy, utilize my every faculty to make myself a heaven of this world despite all laws to the contrary. Let the virtues of honesty and justice perish! Let thievery and robbery reign; let statutes and laws become the story-books of effeminate fools! A law unto myself I will become if virtue is its own reward! Money, pleasure and power! These are more tangible than your abstract worldly virtue!

But the thoughtful man who looks beyond the tomorrow of death; the thoughtful man who still possesses that concept of patriotism which endeavors to leave his country more hallowed than he found it, realizes that the only reward which is worth seeking is beyond the portals of this life. Destroy the ideas of immortality and heaven's reward, and the only logical conclusion is to prosper and be happy in this world despite all laws to the contrary.

Nor shall we be deceived by the impractical teachings of those who have misconstrued the real foundation of religion or of those others who disdain it as absolutely useless. This leads to a discussion of the two widespread theories in our modern American life which are poles apart from each other. Both of them are extremes. One which is now perishing in its own ruins, tells us that faith alone is necessary for your personal salvation and your social civilization. The other which is the more modern asserts that religious belief is a useless fanaticism which finds no place in a practical world.

Those who still adopt the first theory are they who are logically forced into the position to express their doctrines in words such as these: "Steal and lie as much as you please. Oppress the poor under the pretext that you are acting within the law. Use trickery and subterfuge. Employ the scourge of usury and the lash of slavery. Give reign to the unleashed passions of lust. Be a law unto yourself as long as you believe that Jesus Christ has died upon the cross for your sins, and you will be saved."

That was the type of faith which a Judas possessed. That was the theory which he advocated when he trampled upon the principles of the Master and eventually sold Him for thirty pieces of silver. That is the type of faith which is the breeder of gangsters, which multiplies grafters and which builds a halo of angelic sanctity and patriotism around the brows of those who have purposely wrecked the markets of the world through their greed for gold, as it assures them that faith and faith alone is sufficient for civilization and salvation.

More dangerous than any other theory that has ever been preached to man, this interpretation of religion has put a premium upon hypocrisy and a smirch upon religion as in its cowardly attitude it ascends the pulpits of the world to preach an equality between chastity and lust, between justice and robbery, between charity and hate, while it numbs our conscience and our patriotism to the fact that "faith without good works is dead."

Did not Jesus Christ enumerate good works as an essential both for salvation and for civilization? Did He not condemn the adulterer, excoriate the pharisee? Did He not incorporate the Ten Commandments given to Moses in the religion which He preached—commandments which forbid us to blaspheme, to steal, to calumniate and to covet the property of others?

If one denies that faith without good works is dead, then faith with no works or with bad works is sufficient. That is the theory that has canonized the trickery of sinners as they wax fat through practicing the doctrines of might is right; through exercising their faculties of keener intelligence to the destruction of the weaker brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ. It is the same theory which salves the anemic consciences of those whose whole religion consists in crying: "Lord, Lord," thinking that this mouth religion will purchase heaven's reward.

At length the pendulum of opinion and common sense has swung to the other extreme. How many of you who are in this audience have relinquished all faith because you have seen through the sophism of such so-called religions which bask in the borrowed divinity of Christ's passion to popularize the weaknesses of the flesh, to wink at the injustices which they commend by their silence, and to beatify the lords of wealth as if real Christliness did not insist on cleaning the inside of the cup as well as its outside; as if genuine religion did not proclaim the necessity of living up to the creed which the heart professes.

There were a few decades of years when some men smugly contented themselves by presuming that they who belong to a church will be saved despite hell itself. But those years have passed as all other mythical periods of superstition melt away.

Who is willing to defend a thesis that because a man is a Catholic or a Methodist or a Presbyterian or a Jew, therefore, he is eligible for the crown which Christ holds out to the elect?

Because Henry VIII was the first Anglican; because Alexander VI was a Catholic Pope, that does not argue that the former's adulteries and murders and the latter's lascivious life gained them a place in paradise unless they died fully repentant from their sins.

Because observant men have seen through the depravity of this one-time popular theory of religion, they have, in large numbers come to regard religion that places virtue and vice, chastity and adultery, oppression and charity on the same plane as scarcely worthy of their attention. But in their anxiety, they have, as I repeat, let the pendulum swing from the one extreme "only believe and heaven awaits you" to the other corresponding extreme which regards faith as an obsolete imposition placed upon the intelligences of our ancestors.

That accounts for the fact that men regard Christ oftentimes as a wonderful historical figure to be revered but not heeded. That accounts for the other fact that approximately seventy-million of our fellow citizens have had the honesty and candor of admitting to the government census officer that they have no affiliation with any church whatsoever.

It is not with Christ that these persons find fault. It is with the interpretation of His religion in the mouths of many who have prostituted His doctrines to the expediencies of the world. It is with the hypocrisy practiced by His so-called followers with which so many have disagreed, and in disagreeing, have come to the conclusion that one religion is as good as another, or, perhaps, all religions are buncombe.

One religion as good as another! One faith as good as another! One religion tells us that Christ is divine; another questions this as it preaches that He is merely human. One religion predicating the necessity of baptism, another doubting its usefulness. One religion prohibiting divorce, another fostering it. One religion believing in the perpetuity of hell, another scoffing at the idea. And so the contraditions multiply without end until they lead us into a mystic maze of indecision while there echoes in our ears the cry that "one religion is as good as another"; while there sounds the spineless slogan that "it does not matter what a man believes."

I wonder if it matters much what a cannibal believes? Personally, I should prefer to keep my distance from a tribe of them knowing beforehand that they would relish a feast on my slain corpse. For to me, it matters much what they believe when there is a question of my life. And it matters much when eternity is at stake whether a preachment or an interpretation of Christ's doctrine is substantiated by truth or cloaked in spiritual cannibalism.

In a candid discussion such as I am trying to make of this, there is no room for poetry or for fine phrasing. Truthfully, I am making an appeal to those of you who have discarded all religion with the purpose that you will pause to reconsider your present position and the reasonableness of faith, which is one of the essentials of real religion.

Faith is discarded especially for one of two reasons. Either you have abandoned it because you are of the opinion that it is not practical in solving the solutions of your life or else you have come to regard it as a burdensome interference which obstructs your liberty and the acquisition of your happiness. Both of these are crystallized into the expression "that faith is filled with seeming absurdities. It must be eliminated from our life because it is beyond the powers of the human intellect to solve its teachings."

Now, as far as the solution of your present difficulties is concerned, I am of the opinion that many of you see clearly that the teachings of the Catholic faith, if practiced, would reconstruct the labor problem; would guarantee food for the laborer and his family if he is willing to work; would insist upon a just and living wage and the opportunity to earn a livelihood for all those who are interested in obtaining it. These things I have made clear in the former discourses which were broadcast from this pulpit.

But insofar as the deeper elements of faith are concerned; insofar as they are termed absurdities, let us weigh that angle of the question.

"How can it be that Christ is both God and Man? How can it be that original sin can be washed away by the pouring of water and the pronouncement of words; that sin can be forgiven; that there are three persons in one God; that both heaven and hell are eternal? How can these things be?"

Well, if it comes to that, how can anything be? Look up at the stars overhead or at the earth under your feet. How came they to be? Look at the bird that cleaves the blue or the worm that wriggles in the earth; at the moss spreading its verdure over the crumbling wall; at the electric light as it floods your room or at the glow-worm's lamp. How came they to be? Can you or I explain them, unfold their hidden secrets? Not in the least, for they are more than a match for us with all our parade of learning. Why, there is not a grain of sand, a particle of dust, but contain marvels and mysteries enough to crush out the assumption of profound knowledge of those who disregard the actuality of mystery and faith in things spiritual. Let the scoffer explain these and a million more natural mysteries to us before he dogmatizes that God, too, has not His supernatural secrets which are too immense for us to cram within the narrow confines of our little heads.

That is one answer to the question: "Why do sensible men bend their minds to the acceptance of things which they do not perceive nor understand?"

In one sense, it is an illogical question in the face of ten-thousand facts which confront us in our daily lives. Are you forgetful that you and I spend almost ninety per cent of our normal lives in the arms of faith? Without hesitation we accept the salient teachings of geography —the existence of Australia, the burning volcano of Vesuvius, the impenetrable Arctic, despite the fact that we have never been able to reduce these things from the book of human faith to the page of personal experience.

Because a scientist tells us that the sun is distant from the earth by more than ninety-two-million miles, we accept his findings; or because a historian informs us of the deeds of a Caesar or the voyages of a Columbus or the struggles and victories of a Washington, we believe.

Evidently the reasonableness of faith is founded upon an absolute structure of human nature. So much so, that it is more human to believe than to know. Faith is the channel of information by which the young mind is filled; the path of progress along which civilization has followed; the library of culture in which is kept the learning of the past.

Therefore, we are not going to be so narrow and ignorant as to say that the teachings of Christ are but the backwash of the dim past simply because we do not comprehend them. Rather, they are the chassis upon which rids the progress of the present.

If it is reasonable to accept the thousand items which enter into our everyday lives on the authority of human science, it is just as reasonable to accept the facts of Christ's life, the standards of Christ's teachings, the truths of Christ's revelations. He was and is infinitely greater and surer than all scientists combined.

Supposing for an instant that we should eliminate the idea of faith from our lives. How, in the name of logic could we send our children to school to have their pretty minds filled with instruction? Supposing that we insisted on having a thorough explanation of any teaching before accepting it or employing it in our daily lives, would we starve to death rather than eat food as in nature's mystery it is turned into sinew and bone and flesh and brain cell? If there is anything reasonable in life it is the reasonableness of faith.

Thus, tonight as the stars are once more keeping vigil, perhaps, you have gone far away from the city of your soul where some modern Nero of indifferentism or of irreligion threatens to rise up against you. Tonight, as you wander down the highway of life you come face to face with the Christ Who lived for you; Who came into this world to be your guide, your Saviour and your Redeemer. No wonder that you pause and ask Him Whom you thought to have died and to have forsaken you: "Whither goest Thou?" No wonder that He replies: "To Rome, to be crucified once again."

Crucifixes are things of ancient history little used in the execution of those who are condemned to death. But there are newly designed crosses, my friends, upon which the principles for which He died will be nailed and destroyed, if possible, unless you and I like Peter of old, will return to guard the heritage of our immortal souls; return to die, if necessary, rather than turn Judas and betray Him for thirty dirty pieces of this world's silver.

And unless those principles of right are acquired once more by a world that has turned its back upon Him; unless those doctrines of Jesus Christ are incorporated into our daily lives, Christ and His principles shall come back until some Nero shall tie Him to the pillar of this civilization that has grown up around him.

"Whither goest Thou?" There is but one answer. We are going back to Jesus Christ.

THE THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

"THE CRUCIFIXION"

It was a day of feast making. About the streets there were those who danced and sang the happy songs of David. Joy seemed to beat within every breast as lonely and sadly there wended His way a figure forlorn to the outskirts of the City into the Garden of Gethsemane.

Peter and James and John were with Him. Peter, whose faith was so great that he would never deny Jesus Christ. John, who had placed his head upon the Divine Master's bosom. And James the stalwart.

Not a sound disturbed the stillness of that hallowed night except a hoot-owl in the distance, except a nightingale, perchance, as he sang his furtive notes, and there alone where Christ had betaken Himself He kneels upon the mossy soil, looks up to those stars that beam down upon Him—stars that His own hand had fashioned and placed like lamps in highest heaven. He looks across at the silvery moon, the last moon in its phase for Him. Then His thoughts rise to God, to God His Father.

Oh yes, this life of Mine, this human life into Thy hands I will give it. But My God, I cannot help but look down the corridor of the ages and see those for whom I died, see them casting adrift the gospel that I came to preach as if I came to lay a burden of interminable weight upon their shoulders. I came to preach purity and the sanctity of the home and there have risen up men who have desecrated and broken asunder what God has joined together. I see those to whom I preached brotherhood upon the mountain top of Judea, and behold them scoffing at it and enslaving their fellowmen.

"My God in heaven, shall My death be so useless!" and He falls prostrate upon the great stone, bloody perspiration coming from His brow.

When He arises, He goes back for human consolation to Peter and James and John. Asleep they were. "Could you not watch one hour with Me and pray?"

Oh my dear friends, can you not watch one hour with Christ and pray the little hour that has been given to you to spend on the stage of life? Can you not sympathize with Him as He suffers? Can you not stand with Him in consolation? Or rather is your type of religion such as was Peter's that night when they came to accost and apprehend Him? He drew his sword ready to fight the physical fight, too cowardly to fight for Christ with the spiritual armor of faith, with the spiritual armor of charity, and with the spiritual sword of sacrifice.

Can you not watch one hour with Him and pray?

Christ in Gethsemane, the Gethsemane of America today, where we, too, have fallen asleep.

Good evening, my friends, and God bless everyone of you.

CHAPTER XXI

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

INTRODUCTION

IN taking inventory of our national wealth the political economist points to the billions of dollars, the acres of factories, the thousands of square miles of productive farm land with which God has blessed our citizens.

The scientist reminds us of the manifold inventions which have leaped into being out of the genius of a Bell, a Marconi and an Edison. For him, these are the fundamentals of wealth.

But in its more careful analysis neither the gold of the economist, nor the devisals of the inventor are to be compared in value to the pricelessness of the youth of America upon whom the foundations of future hopes and prosperity are builded.

It is possible to envision a prosperous and a courageous and happy America without either the gold of the banker or the machinery of the manufacturer. But it is impossible to preserve our civilization unless we preserve the sons and daughters of this present generation as respecters of the laws both of God and of country.

In a previous broadcast I had occasion to refer to the Eighteenth Amendment of our Constitution as a smoke screen which beclouded the vision of the people of our nation from the more substantial and pertinent issue which revolves around the question of labor conditions.

It is a coincident that the development of the ideas of prohibition and of mass production have been almost contemporaneous.

It is a peculiar coincident that no substantial headway was made towards national prohibition legislation until great capitalists began making generous contributions to the professional prohibition organizations. These contributions began to appear after the State and Federal Governments had dissolved the oil companies for violation of the anti-trust laws—trusts that were dissolved by the decree of the United States Court as unlawful combinations in restraint of trade.

Fifty millions of dollars, according to the Anti-Saloon League's own estimate—the greatest slush fund in the history of the Republic—passed through the organizations to finance dry legislation and propaganda.

It is a peculiar coincident that from the time that the prohibition smoke screen was raised, there was not a single prosecution of a trust; not another hostile legislative act by any State Legislature affecting the interests of great combinations of capital and industrial organizations.

There is also no doubt that many of the industrial leaders who contributed great sums of money to the prohibition cause and who sweat their men twelve hours a day in the steel mills believed that they could grind more work out of their employes by depriving them of their beer. But these same capitalists and industrialists took care to throw around their own well stocked cellars the protection of the law and to have written into the legislative statutes certain loopholes under which the farmers who were to be depended upon to furnish the majority for dry Congressmen, were to be guaranteed their legal rights to make wines and cider in their homes.

Ladies and gentlemen, as I approach this subject of prohibition I wish to make it plain that I am neither a wet nor a dry. I am concerned only with cold, dismal, uncontrovertible facts supplied by the documents of our Federal Government. I am concerned with their presentation this evening for the single purpose of sketching a verbal portrait of the present conditions which are of our own making and which we are bequeathing to the youth of America.

Thus, as an American citizen and as a Catholic priest who is vitally concerned in the maintenance of the American home I approach this subject.

THE QUESTION

In a campaign speech at Elizabethton, Tennessee, October 7, 1928, President Hoover has gone on record as saying that: "The purpose of the Eighteenth Amendment is to protect the American home . . . I wish it to succeed."

Keeping this statement of our great prohibition President in mind, and using only facts which cannot be denied insofar as they are official documents, has the Eighteenth Amendment protected the American home?

Let us determine whether it has preserved that respect for law and authority in our nation, which before its adoption, was taught to the American children at their mothers' knees. Has it elevated the morality of our youth? Has it eradicated crime? Has it emptied our prisons and our jails?

WHY PROHIBITION?

The advocates of prohibition promised that all these questions would be answered in the affirmative. Their most powerful plea for the adoption of their policy was that it would protect the youth of the land from the temptations of drink and of crime.

What sane citizen did not listen attentively to this plea; did not picture for himself a day when the street corner was purged of the ungodly saloon? What father and mother did not envision their own boy as he set forth upon the romance of life freed from the handicap of the saloon's temptation! No wonder, that a few short years ago the vast majority of us were advocates of any system or policy which would abolish from our cities' corners the old time drinking houses.

If prohibition had accomplished this, then it were a blessing. But if the reverse is true; if it has demoralized the home, if it has corrupted our youth, and if it has multiplied saloons, then the home, the most sacred institution of civil society, has been attacked.

THE WICKERSHAM COMMISSION

In another of his campaign declarations our prohibition President, Mr. Hoover, defined it as a "Noble Experiment." In accordance with a campaign pledge, he appointed a Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement to inquire into the operations of the prohibition law. On this Commission he appointed a former Attorney General of the United States as chairman; a distinguished Judge of one of the United States Circuit Courts of Appeal; two Federal District Judges; a former distinguished Secretary of War; a one time Judge of the Supreme Court of one of our great States; two eminent deans of law universities; and a noted woman educator. For the use of this Commission, Congress appropriated $500,000 to enable them to make a study of the prohibition question.

A period of eighteen months of study has been completed. A nation wide survey has determined the real facts and has heard the testimony of hundreds of eminent citizens both for and against the law.

OFFICIAL FINDINGS

On pages 32 and 33 of the official reprint of the Report of this Commission to President Hoover, facts are presented which show that home brewing, home wine making and home distilling have become general since the adoption of the National Prohibition Law. It is pointed out in the same official document that the Federal Government itself is making huge loans to the California grape growers to help them manufacture and distribute prepared materials for the home consumption of strong wines on a large scale.

With respect to home distilling the Wickersham Report says: "Home distilling has gone on from the inception of prohibition; and in some localities has at one time or another reached large proportions . . . Also the fact that much home production of liquor is carried on everywhere, facilitates the use of what appears to be dwellings as cloaks for illicit manufacture."

One page twenty-one of that same Report the Commission discussed the prevalence of drinking in homes, in clubs and in hotels. After describing the almost national use of illicit liquor it adds that people of wealth, business and professional men and their families, are drinking in large numbers in quite frank disregard of the declared policy of the National Prohibition Act.

THE MULTIPLICATION OF SALOONS

Now I pause to ask ourselves what is the effect of this disregard of the law and of the manufacture of liquor in the American home upon the homelife of the people and its most priceless possessions—the children?

The Wickersham Commission announced in official words: "To the serious effects of this attitude of disregard of the declared policy of the National Prohibition Act must be added the bad effects upon children and employes of what they constantly see in the conduct of otherwise law abiding citizens. Such things and the effect upon youth of making liquor in the home . . . are disquieting."

These quotations and statements are more or less general. But they are in keeping with what one of the leading dry propagandists of the country has openly remarked. I refer to Canon William Sheaf Chase, Superintendent of the National Reform Association, a professional prohibition organization. On pages 121 and 122 of a book entitled "Law Observance" (issued by W. C. Durant), the Canon is quoted as saying: "The only limitation to the home saloon is that liquors are not sold within its walls, in the presence of federal officers, unless they are trespassers or bribed. But that limitation is easily abated by any bootlegger or moonshiner.

"Here we have the compromise that drove the saloon from the public places where children were protected by being barred from their doors, into the private homes where the children must live.

"The children could not go to the saloon but the Volstead Act takes the saloon to the children.

"Here in the home the adult members of the family and the invited guests sit with the children at the family table, sip these unconstitutionally protected liquors, damn the Constitution, curse and vilify the enforcement officers. Children here are led into lives of crime."

This statement, ladies and gentlemen, comes from the mouth and the heart of one of the most aggressive advocates of the law who appears at every prohibition hearing of Congress to insist that the law which he admits has taken the saloon to the children and is leading them into lives of crime shall and must be retained upon the statute books of the nation.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE GOVERNMENT

Meanwhile, the President has laid the Report of this so-called Wickersham Committee before the Congress of the United States, without one word of comment on the Commission's findings with respect to the effect of the manufacture of liquor in the home in the presence of little children. Although he said in his campaign speech that the purpose of the Eighteenth Amendment was for the protection of the home, yet with this Commission telling him that it is undermining the home and demoralizing the lives of the children he prefers to be as silent as a sphinx.

Moreover, the President's own Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement made bold to call his attention to the fact that: "Prepared materials for the purpose of easy home wine making are now manufactured on a large scale with Federal aid." This means, ladies and gentlemen, that the Federal Government is furnishing money to make it easy to manufacture wine in the home and indirectly has leagued itself with the bootleggers of the nation.

What department of the Federal Government is lending money to make it easy to manufacture wines and champagne in the home? How much money has it lent? How much wine is being manufactured in the home? These are questions which may be answered only by quoting from official government documents.

On page 48 of the booklet issued by the Federal Farm Board there appears this statement: "The grape industry is financed by intermediate credit banks and by the Federal Farm Board."

On page 47 it says: "It is planned that through Fruit Industries Incorporated numerous by-products will be developed so that ultimately the surplus of grapes will be absorbed."

Now the by-products which have been developed consist chiefly of a grape concentrate from which twelve to twenty per cent wines can be manufactured in the home. As shown by a letter addressed to Congressman John A. Cochran, of Missouri, and which can be read in the Congressional Record of February 6th, 1931, the Federal Government has made loans to the California Grape Industries of $19,187,662.27 of which $2,555,330 went to the Fruit Industries, Ltd. (by the way, this word "limited" smacks very much of English origin), whose principal business is making grape concentrate for easy home manufacture of wines and champagnes, containing from twelve to twenty per cent alcohol. Thousands upon thousands of cars of California grapes are shipped every year, and the Federal Prohibition Bureau admits that most of these go into the home under the patronage and protection of the Federal Government who denounces as a criminal every citizen who even manufactures a home brew containing as much as one-half of one per cent of alcohol.

How much wine is manufactured in the home under the patronage and protection of the Government? This is a fair question. And to answer it, let the record of the Federal Government itself speak.

ADMISSIONS FROM THE OFFICIALS

The Federal Prohibition Director of the United States Department of Justice is a gentleman by the name of Amos W. W. Woodcock, charged with the duty of enforcing the National Prohibition Law. In September, 1930, Mr. Woodcock issued a document on page 36 of which we read his estimate of wines made in the United States not only in the year 1930, but from the years 1923 to 1930. These estimates are based entirely upon the production and shipment of California grapes which, as I said a moment ago, are partially financed by the Federal Government.

Mr. Woodcock estimated that the wine production of 1930 was 118,320,300 gallons all containing twelve per cent of alcohol. For the five years, 1925 to 1930 inclusive, he found that the probable production of wine from California grapes was 678,320,030 gallons and that this wine contained 71,366,886 gallons of absolute alcohol which, in the equivalent of moonshine whiskey or brandy would be 142,733,272 gallons of one-hundred per cent proof. And all this in a so-called prohibition nation!

For the five years preceding prohibition Mr. Woodcock quotes the official records of the Internal Revenue Bureau which shows that the wine consumption in the United States during those years was 229,293,090 gallons.

Now the fact of the matter is this according to the official figures of our Government: Almost exactly three times as much wine of twelve per cent alcoholic content is being manufactured in the United States under prohibition as before prohibition!

But pause for a moment! Under a peculiar provision of the National Prohibition Act which you may read in section twenty-nine, this entire production of wine, so far as it is manufactured in the home, is legal, and is so regarded and accepted by the Federal Prohibition Bureau.

The Prohibition Act has made it illegal to operate a saloon on the corner. It has legalized saloons in every household of America.

These are only a few of the facts which it is possible to assemble during the short space of time allotted to me to indicate that the

National Prohibition Act as it stands upon our statute books has made possible saloons of every home of America.

THE LEGAL LOOPHOLE

Let me digress for a moment to state that Fruit Industries, Ltd., which is being financed by the Federal Government and is, therefore, in one way or the other under the protection of the Federal Government, has for its legal guardian Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, former Assistant Attorney General of the United States, who had charge of all prosecutions of violation of the prohibition law, and was most active in the last Presidential campaign for the perpetuation of the Prohibition Act. In the literature of this Company issued under her legal advice, the public is informed that it may lawfully buy and use grape concentrate for making full bodied, dark, red Spanish-type port and other types of wines. In the literature which is disseminated under her legal guidance, you are invited to purchase a keg of their concentrate and wait for sixty days when you will be pleasantly surprised.

Under the late Assistant Attorney General's legal guidance the question is asked of the purchaser: "Is all this legal?" And the answer printed in their pamphlet is this: "Absolutely legal. Section twenty-nine of the Prohibition Act specifically permits you to have Vine-Glo (which is the trade name of the concentrate) in your home provided simply that you do not transport it or sell it." It does not say, however, that you may not drink it or give it to your children.

Mr. Woodcock, who is in charge of the enforcement of this National Prohibition Act, when asked about the constitutionality of the manufacture of fruit juices or wines or cider in your home; in response to a question pressed upon him by Congressman Tinkham to the effect that it was possible under the National Prohibition Law for every home to become a winery, or a brewery, or a distillery, he answers: "This is the law as Congress has made it."

Still quoting from the official Government records, this same Mr. Woodcock asserts that practically 70,000,000 gallons of unlawfully distilled liquors are being produced in our prohibition country each year. The few hundred-thousand gallons smuggled from Canada or from England is a mere bagatel.

GOVERNMENT ACTIVITY

Moreover, we are astounded when we read in the official records of the Prohibition Bureau that during the past ten years, 1,893,396 illicit stills have been confiscated. We are dumfounded when General Lincoln C. Andrews, who was in charge of all prohibition activities of the

Federal Government, testified before the United States Senate that not more than one still in ten has been detected thus making the total of illicit stills in operation 18,934,960.

Contemplate what this means! Practically so many homes have been turned into wineries, breweries or distilleries and producing besides this immense gallonage of liquor 672,320,050 gallons of wine and champagne for the past five years and 683,000,000 gallons of beer in the last year.

Who will say that these millions both of licit and illicit wineries, breweries, and distilleries have a salutary influence upon the home life of the people and particularly that of the children? Who will not agree with the National Commission of Law Observance and Enforcement—the President's own Wickersham Commission—that it is practically impossible to stop home manufacture? On page 33 of this official report the tragic statement reads as follows: "The difficulties presented by home production differ from those arising in other phases of the general situation . . . Law here bows to the actualities."

My friends, can it be more emphatically stated that the present National Prohibition Law has driven the manufacture of liquors into the American home where it is impossible for the Federal Government with all its great powers of investigation, with its swarms of spies, with its legalized speak-easies to root out the evil that has sought refuge at the family fireside?

A NOBLE EFFORT

There are some who are liable to criticize the Federal Government for having been lax in its enforcement of this prohibition law. But bear in mind that the Wickersham Commission frankly states that its enforcement cannot be accomplished without the aid of the State Government. On page 82 of the official report an open confession admits the tragic lack of co-operation between State and Federal authorities and concludes that there are no signs that co-operation from the States will ever be extended.

Do not rush to conclusions by condemning the Federal Government for laxity in enforcement. On page 79 of this official document which I am still quoting we are informed that there has been more sustained pressure to enforce this law of prohibition than there has been of any other Federal statute. More than a thousand victims of the prohibition law are sent to jail and penitentiaries by the Federal Government every week in the year to say nothing of the additional thousands being jailed by the State Governments. Approximately $50,000,000 a year is expended on maintaining this arm of the Federal prosecution. Moreover, a revenue loss of $483,040,854.47 is courageously accepted. The jurors selected for the trial of bootlegging cases are questioned as to their religion and to their stand on the prohibition question before being sworn in to hear a case. Hundreds of pulpits have given themselves over to preach this one "I believe in God" as if it constituted the Ten Commandments which were written among the thunders of Mt. Sinai. The Federal Government has left nothing undone to enforce the National Prohibition Act.

THE RESULT

And with what result? Statistics from 315 of our chief American cities as officially compiled by the police departments prove that there were twice as many arrests for drunkenness in 1929 as in 1919. Washington, our National Capital which President Hoover hoped to make the model city of the Union lamented the fact that for the six years preceding prohibition 51,321 arrests for drunkenness on the public streets were made but in the six years of 1925 to 1930 this total leaped to 79,000 arrests.

In 1928, the City of Philadelphia with less than 3,000,000 population registered 60,395 arrests for public drunkenness as compared with 55,642 convictions for drunkenness in England and Wales combined with a total population of 40,000,000.

We were told that prohibition would empty our jails and prisons. But the prison records as compiled by the official Census Bureau show that there were 68,735 prisoners in the State and Federal prisons and reformatories in 1910. But in the prohibition year of 1927 these same prisons housed 96,126 inmates.

In England and Wales combined there were 9,508 prisoners in 1926, which is the last year of which I possess the statistics.

But, while the United States under prohibition is crowding its jails and penitentiaries to the door with prisoners, England, without prohibition, has been able to sell 27 jails during the last few years. The State of Illinois has practically as many prisoners in its penitentiaries as has the entirety of England.

These figures are more appalling when we stop to realize that by far the greater number of our prisoners are between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five years.

Ladies and gentlemen, to express the chief argument of those who uphold the present prohibition law as it stands upon our statute books, they maintain that its prime function is to protect the youth of the country. Need I remind you that venereal diseases oftentimes are diseases of youth? Must I inform you quoting from official public health service statistics 1,250,000 persons place themselves under treatment every day of the year for these social scourges which wreck the lives and happiness of millions of people? Need I unfold to you the sordid story that last year 16,000 persons died from this plague that is worse than leprosy? Must I blush when I inform you that since the advent of prohibition, this disease of the youth of our nation has increased incredibly? And do not venereal diseases sound the lowest depths of immorality in the ears of those who would keep upon our statute books a hypocritical law which is supposed to guarantee the safety of the youth of America—youths who when they marry will make martyrs of their wives and imbeciles of their offspring?

Do not these indications point to the inescapable conclusion that something has transpired during the prohibition era of almost universal disrespect for law to involve our nation in a wave of criminality unequal to any other period in its history?

And its greatest victims are the youth of the land!

MORE BY-PRODUCTS

And then there is the sordid history of graft. Time permits me but to mention the fact passingly that Colonel Isham Randolph, the President of the Chicago Association of Commerce and the spokesman for the Chicago Business Men's Committee for the Prevention and Punishment of Crime, informs us that the profits of the Al Capone beer racketeering which alone operates 20,000 blind pigs in that city, are so enormous that $2,000,000 a week are available for the bribery of police and other public officials.

Do not be alarmed at this huge slush fund for bribery. When you consider that a 10,000 gallon tank car of legitimate industrial alcohol is worth only $3,000; when you consider that in 10,000 gallons of alcohol there are 80,000 quarts of one-hundred per cent proof gin or moonshine whiskey which retails for $5.00 a quart, what is the answer? In money, it is $400,000! $3,000 becomes $400,000 from one tank car of alcohol. And the bootlegger becomes a capitalist through his illicit activities because he openly preaches that if the Federal Government can loan money to the Vine-Glo Corporation of California for the indirect manufacture of twelve per cent proof wine, he will not surrender his bootlegging until the Federal Government gets out of the racket.

THE CONCLUSION

In this discussion, ladies and gentlemen, I have presented no opinions of my own. I have merely given you the picture of prohibition in its relation to its effects on the family life of our nation as compiled from official, federal, uncontrovertible documents.

During the ten years of this "Noble Experiment" we have had Presidents, Congressmen and Senators whose elections in no mean degree were attributed to those who advocated the present prohibition system. During the major portion of this time the enactment of the National Prohibition Act was in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury whose prohibitionist admirers have termed him to be the greatest since the days of Alexander Hamilton.

Still withal, this Frankenstein of prohibition as it stands upon our statute books has been too gigantic a problem for our prohibition Presidents and for the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since the days of Alexander Hamilton. If these gentlemen cannot control the law, what genius of Americanism can be expected to arise from the ranks of a demoralized country to prevent the National Prohibition Act from completing the destruction of our youth?

I repeat I am neither for nor against prohibition. But I am absolutely opposed to the method in which is being enacted a law that is making hypocrites of Americans, criminals of citizens, and potential bandits of the youth of our country. As it stands today upon our statute books it has been the most diabolical influence outside the actual negation of religion that is destroying the youth of America and the hope of our future.

Ladies and gentlemen, we are confronted today with the recurrence of the "Slaughter of the Innocents." Under the guise of friendship the present Prohibition Act has unsheathed a sword which is reeking with the blood of the youth of our land as Herod-like it spoke honeyed words of kindness and held out a hand filled with Greek gifts of happiness. As of old the infamous Herod mouthed his hypocrisy and manifested his anxiety of going over to Bethlehem to worship the Infant in the manger, so we of today who are satisfied with the National Prohibition Act as it stands upon our statute books are but following his example in devising the destruction of the youth of our nation, the brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ.

Either obtain the co-operation of the States in its enforcement or repeal it. Either correct it or destroy it. Either rewrite it or eliminate it. For as it stands today, it forebodes no good.

I remember having read the funeral oration of John Barleycorn preached by a nationally known evangelist. I recollect that he concluded his discourse with the following words: "The reign of tears is over. The slums will soon be only a memory. We will turn our prisons into factories and our jails into store houses and corn cribs. Men will walk upright now; women will smile, and the children will laugh. Hell will be forever for rent." In the face of the official facts which I have made known this evening—facts which, perchance, many of you do not like to hear but which, nevertheless, does not alter their truthfulness—this prophecy of the Reverend William Sunday has gone wrong. After ten years of the "Noble Experiment" that was intended for the protection of the American home, it will be necessary for some dark angel to substitute "Standing Room Only" over the gates of hell instead of Billy Sunday's sign "For Rent."

CHAPTER XXII

THE PILGRIMAGE

THERE is a yearning in every human heart to revisit scenes hallowed by former experiences of deep emotion. Reverently, we wander amid old familiar associations, living again in spirit the sacred moments that are gone.

It was even so in the early ages of Christianity, when pilgrims journeyed from all parts of the world, bent upon visiting the scenes made sacred by Jesus Christ. But when the Moslem gained ascendancy over the East, these pilgrimages became fraught with such peril as to be rendered practically impossible. Then it was that, lest the memory of all the Saviour had done for us grow dim, God inspired saintly men to bring the Holy Places vividly before the eyes of the people by means of representations of the principal events of the bitter Passion and Death of Jesus.

The effect upon the minds of the faithful was marvelous. The Saviour was no longer just a memory; He became a palpable Personality, living in their midst and entering into every detail of their daily lives.

Such was the origin and development of the devotion known as the Stations or Way of the Cross, than which possibly no devotion in the Christian Religion, outside of the devotion of Our Blessed Saviour in the Holy Eucharist, is richer in graces and blessings.

I.

Thus, pause a while with me, my friends, this lenten evening as on the wings of fancy we take our stand near Pilate's Hall and become pilgrims in heart. Yonder are Annas and Caiaphas surrounded by their satellites. The great court is filled with the throbbing, murmuring mass of men and women. Behind the marble balustrade stands Pilate. He is waiting for the appearance of two prisoners. The one a common murderer and thief, the other—the other Who all night long had been the target of lewd ribaldry and the object of boorish jest and cruel torment. Because He said that He was King of the Jews, a crown of thorns has been placed upon His head; a broken reed has been placed in His hand; and a royal garment of ten-thousand lashes has crimsoned His flesh.

At last the prisoners appear. Pilate's hand is raised for silence. He reminds the thoughtless mob that on this occasion it was customary to release a prisoner. He announces that he finds no cause for the condemnation of Christ. He climaxes his appeal by asking for a decision:

"Whom shall I release to you, Christ or Barabbas?"

Behold Caiaphas whispering to those about him the name Barabbas! Listen to the suborned voices as they take up the cry. Attend to the mighty shout of the unthinking populace as they utter the blasphemy:

"Give us Barabbas! Barabbas!"

Pilate is dumfounded. Once more he questions the dangerous mob, hoping to gain his point and says:

"And what shall I do with Jesus of Nazareth?"

As a mighty roll of thunder begins in the distance, then rolls and cracks above your head, the reverberation of "Crucify Him" rents the air.

Oh, Pilate, well mayest thou wash thy hands of the blood of this Innocent Man!

Well mayest thou condemn Him to death though you find no just cause in Him. The world goes on with generation after generation of new Pilates who, fearful of their political positions and their social prestige, continue to sacrifice the blood of Christ's brothers and sisters because some Annas and Caiaphas bestir the thoughtless throngs and desecrate the principles of justice and of charity as they perpetuate the blasphemy of Barabbas.

II.

The great wooden cross has been prepared. The governor's courtyard is crowded with soldiery.

Behold Christ as He is led forth between Dismas and Gesmas, the two thieves who also are condemned to die. Hungry and thirsty, weak from the torments endured by being scourged and buffeted, the Son of Man clasps the cross; places it upon His lacerated shoulder without a word of complaint.

Already He has uttered His single defense. Already He has prophesied that: "Destroy this temple of My body and in three days I will build it up again."

O my gentle Jesus, why do I complain when I carry the little cross that life has placed upon my shoulder? Perhaps it is a cross of illness; perhaps it is one of unrequited love; perhaps it is one where the cruel scourge of injustice or poverty or the icy hand of death has conspired to break my heart.

But henceforth, for Your sake I shall gladly kiss the cross of life; I shall bravely carry on and trudge my weary, lonely way along life's "via dolorosa."

III.

Just outside the courtyard the crowd jostles in a narrow street. The pious pilgrim to Jerusalem is shown a spot where Christ fell to the ground, oppressed by the heavy burden of His cross.

"The burden of His cross," say I? Rather the burden of my ingratitude.

As He passes along the street, does He not behold those whom He had fed by the thousands on the hillside of Judea? Just yonder, is that not one of the lepers whom He cleansed?

Glancing furtively from a doorway there is the pallid countenance of Peter! Seated on his powerful charger, is not that Jairus whose daughter He had raised from the dead?

And not one of those whom He had befriended—not one to interpose and defend Him! My poor, tired, Jesus would that I could mend your broken heart with a little word of consolation, a little deed of kindness. And in memory of this, Thy first fall on the rough hewn pavements of Jerusalem, may my soul be filled with courage as it is buffeted by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, the victim of ingratitude, the target of hate.

IV.

A few hundred yards further where we approach the gates of the City, there is preserved the scene where both pilgrims and angels pause and mothers weep.

As He carries His cross He remembers that there is at least one who still loves Him. He is thinking of the happy hours He spent with her in the sweet home of Nazareth. He is living over again the moment when He took her into His strong arms; placed a reverent kiss upon her immaculate lips; and whispered to her the sad words of "good-bye" just three years ago. Good-bye to the little home He loved so well! Good-bye to the tender heart which had nursed Him in childhood! Good-bye to his widowed mother whom for love of us He is leaving to the mercies of an unkind world!

Suddenly, as He pauses to wipe away the blood which is streaming into His eyes, He catches a vision of this dearest mother as she stands amidst the crowd, beaming upon Him a smile of compassion.

Oh Mary, it is your Son! Oh sweet mother, it is He Who left you, His most priceless possession, to preach the gospel of the sanctity of the home, to unfold before the eyes of men a new flag of eternal hope, to predicate a policy of divine brotherhood! And all for this, this tragic hour of witnessing the flesh of your flesh staggering along the highway burdened by a cross of rejection!

What were the pains of the lashes and the thorn crown; what were those buffets which He received in the Hall of Pilate compared to the pain which pierced Christ's heart when He saw His own, dear mother suffering this anguish, this unfathomable grief!

V.

At length the guards force the sorrowful Jesus to carry on. He is staggering not only from the weight of the cross but from the tremendous weight of a heavy heart. The soldiers who have been supporting Him realize that He can walk no further.

The captain calls a halt. It is decided that some assistance must be extended to our condemned God, else He will die before the heights of Calvary will ever be gained.

Standing on the roadside there is a giant, swarthy foreigner who as the Scriptures tell us has come from Cyrene in Northern Africa. Him do the guards choose to assist Christ in bearing the cross.

Unwillingly at first, but then out of genuine sympathy because of the outrage which Christ's fellow citizens are perpetrating, Simon places the burden on his right shoulder and with Christ, perhaps, leaning upon his left the journey is continued.

Twenty centuries of the river of life have flowed into the ocean of eternity. Twenty centuries in which we have heard the echo of Christ's teachings that "whatsoever we do even for the least of His little ones we do unto Him," these have come and gone.

My brother or my sister, when have you like Simon of Cyrene come to the assistance of another Jesus Christ to help him carry his cross? What have either you or I accomplished in lifting the poverty from the backs of the working class and in bearing the sorrows of our fellowmen?

Have not we as did the Jews and those thousands whom Christ had befriended stood by the wayside while there was suffering in our midst?

Shall we wait for the foreigner to come or shall we cast aside the figments of social standing, of wealth, of artificial conventions and begin to live over again not in theory but in practice the scene enacted both by Christ and by Simon, the African?

VI.

Simon has taught us and so has Veronica upon whose towel there was impressed the bleeding countenance of Christ. Would that its message be indelibly stamped upon our hearts!

VII.

On a dusty bend of the road near a little grove of olive trees there have gathered a few of the faithful women who sympathized with Christ.

They were waiting for his approach. They watched Him as He came staggering under His burden. Watched Him fall and rise again, No wonder there was lamentation in their voice, tears in their eyes. No wonder Jesus exclaimed as He paused before them: "Weep not for Me but for yourselves and for your children!"

As we, too, pause on our journey towards our own personal Calvary, can we not look back upon our misspent lives and weep because of the sins of impurity, of selfishness and Christlessness which have seared our souls?

Well may our mothers congregate upon life's highway and weep for us! Well may we men who are so proud of our courage and tenacious of our rights bow our heads in shame! In great numbers we have forsaken the lonely Christ and have left it to the women to come forth to comfort His brothers and His sisters on their journey to Calvary.

VIII.

And so the pilgrim wends his pensive way along the road which leads to the Crucifixion. At this point we are told that Christ fell for the third time.

The cross slips from His shoulder. A moan breaks from His lips, prostrate He lies upon the ground with arms extended.

With a last effort His lips kiss the earth!

There the bones of criminals were buried. There, according to tradition, rests the dust of Adam. Behold the new Adam Who has come into the world to save sinners, kissing the earth which had enfolded the remains of our first parent. His mission is almost complete!

IX.

At last Christ is raised to His feet. Here on the summit of this hill we remember that His blood encrusted garments were torn from His gaping wounds, while a new discomfort and a fresh humiliation crushed the heart of the Son of God, the price of our immodesties!

X.

At length those hands that had been raised in benediction are stretched upon the rude tree of the cross. Blow by blow from the rough hammer the blunt nails are driven through gaping wounds. Those holy feet which had walked about doing good—carrying a message of peace and good will—are fastened to the cross!

XI.

At length the deed is done! The cross is raised! The Son of Man hanging between heaven and earth is paying the price of our redemption.

Before the pulpit of the cross there pass those who came to mock and deride Him.

"Yeah! Thou Who savest others Thyself Thou canst not save! If Thou be the Son of God come down from the cross!"

XII.

The reverberation of that cry still haunts the hill of Calvary. We who profess that we believe that Christ is the Son of God stand before Him today as He is crucified upon the gibbet of our own philosophy. We, too, exclaim: "Come down from the cross of your principles! Forsake your Gospel of brotherhood and charity! Forget your teachings of purity and forgiveness! Come, Christ, mingle with us as we prostitute the home of our nations! Approve us as we lead into slavery the bodies of Your brothers! Come down from the cross of Your Gospel for You cannot save Yourself! You must bow to the inevitable, the reign of Christliness has passed.

But amidst the thunder and lurid lightning flashes, the silence is broken. He speaks! Speaks no words of condemnation! His first prayer was for those who calumniated Him, who bore false witness against Him, who condemned Him and crucified Him: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do!" He forgets not the sinner whom He came to save but promised the repentant thief that this day he will be in paradise. Once more He receives us into His brotherhood when turning to His mother and to John He exclaims: "Mother behold thy Son! Son behold Thy Mother!"

The tragedy of tragedies is consummated.

XIII.

And so tonight, my gentle Jesus, when death has come, we, too, shall tenderly take You down from the cross. We too, shall place You not in a lonesome tomb. But we shall bury You in the depths of our hearts.

XIV.

"Destroy this temple and in three days I will build it up again!"

Let the world and its puppets of materialism attempt to destroy the religion of Christ, and in three days it shall rise again glorious and immortal from whatsoever tomb has been fashioned by the hand of man.

Christ has not died in vain nor shall we His brothers and sisters of these United States have learned in vain the mystery of His death and the boundlessness of His love. America, today, Oh Christ, though buried in the grave of a temporal death, shall rise glorious and immortal to acclaim You and Your principles as our King and as our policy!

As we close the book of memory and return once more from those sacred places immortalized by Jesus Christ, we come to our homes and firesides filled with new determination to keep fresh in mind the story of Him Who is the Resurrection and Life of everyone of us. We, too, must pass along our personal highway to some Calvary but as did Christ we shall rise again glorious and immortal in the world to come.

"THE FAT IS IN THE FIRE"

During the past week the offices of the Radio League of the Little Flower have been cluttered with mail bags containing thousands upon thousands of letters from every section of the United States.

Every letter denoted a profound interest in the so-called prohibition question. Taken collectively these letters have served as a more or less accurate thermometer which indicates the attitude of the American public towards this tragic problem.

Be it noted and emphasized that my sole interest in this feverish controversy is to advance the theories neither of the wet nor of the dry. Of course I have my own private opinion as has every American. Nevertheless, I am conscious of the fact of the privilege which has been accorded to me to address as one audience millions of my fellow countrymen who also have formed their own opinions regarding either the goodness or the badness of prohibition.

Consequently, I am endeavoring in no way whatsoever to make perverts of the "drys" or converts of the "wets." I am honestly endeavoring, however, to point out that the Prohibition Act, as it stands upon our statute books today is good for neither one nor the other. It resembles a half truth that is more dangerous than a whole lie. It legislates some acts connected with alcoholism and its manufacture as criminal and exempts certain others as legal and meritorious. It expatriates from the street corner the vicious saloon from which children were barred and sets it up in regal grandeur at the fireside of a home.

This is not the comment of a wet propagandist. The well read and ardent prohibitionist recognizes that this is the true finding of the leaders of his side of the question. The official figures quoted last Sunday have rescued this statement from all discussion.

This law has closed breweries and distilleries. It has padlocked hundreds of wineries. But according to Section 29 of the Prohibition Act it has made it legal for every householder, if it is his desire, to make a winery out of his own cellar capable of producing hundreds of gallons of alcoholic beverages from twelve to twenty per cent proof.

This statement, too, my friends, does not come from the lips of a wet protagonist. Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, the former Assistant Attorney General, who did her best to enforce the Prohibition Act, has vindicated the legality of making wine cellars out of every home. She is actually engaged in that business at this present moment. Surely she should know of what she is speaking. Surely the religionists in whose churches she has so often graced the pulpits with her dry propaganda should acquiesce to her judgment in this matter.

I repeat it is neither with wet nor dry at this moment with whom I am interested. It is rather with a hypocritical law which the Government with all its astuteness and wealth and power and subterfuge can never enforce because it is only half a law and is therefore vicious in itself. On this point both the "wet" and the "dry" are unanimous.

I repeat in other words the thought which I expressed at the conclusion of last Sunday's discourse: If the prohibitionist is honest, let him move heaven and earth if possible to amend the law as it stands upon our statute books so that the making of hard ciders in farm homes, the manufacture of strong wines and champagnes in private city homes, and the indirect co-operation of the Federal Government in this legal moonshining shall cease.

Only the uninformed advocates of the prohibition movement are quick to protest against any one who honestly points out the substantial flaws and weaknesses of a law that is a mockery. But the educated leaders among the prohibition movement do not assume this attitude at all.

Canon Chase, one of the worthy leaders of the prohibition movement has been quick to admit it as were thousands of other prohibitionists whose letters are on file at my office. They all affirm that there is something rotten in the State of Denmark when a so-called law incriminates a brewer for making two-and-one-half per cent beer and subsidizes a vintner who will help you to make legally twenty per cent wine.

Ladies and gentlemen, let us deal with facts and not with prejudices. Let us accept the unpleasant actualities discovered by a prohibition government elected on a prohibition platform when we are officially told in figures which neither you nor any one else may contradict, that drunkenness has increased, murders have multiplied, crime has been on the ascendancy, venereal diseases are prolific, racketeering has become prevalent and poverty is universal, not because of prohibition but chiefly because of the twenty-ninth article which was introduced into the hypocritical fabric of the Prohibition Law."

I repeat, these facts and the figures substantiating them were quoted specifically in last Sunday's address and were taken only from Government reports.

I endeavored to throw a cloak of leniency over the governmental attempt to enforce the prohibition law as it now stands. It was outlined how a mock heroic effort was made to spend fifty-million dollars each year on the enforcement of this "Noble Experiment" while more millions were loaned by a branch of the federal government to assist indirectly in the manufacture of alcohol; how an army of federal agents was organized to sustain the law; how our jails were filled to overcrowding; how official speakeasies were set up in our cities to trap the unwary—all this with the hope of mohammedanizing America and protecting the youth of the land.

But the professional prohibitionist is becoming very critical of his prohibition government. The tide is changing. The "drys" are now beginning officially to point the finger of blame at the constituted officials of the land for the lack of spirit which they manifest in enforcing the Prohibition Act.

Let me quote for you with the author's permission a letter which I received but last week from William R. Nicholson, Jr., the Secretary of the Law Enforcement League of Philadelphia, a prohibition organization. He says: "I trust that you will further enlighten the people by saying that Andrew W. Mellon, the ex-distiller, has been the illogical control of the law and could be held officially and morally responsible for the unfortunate operation, which has disgraced and humiliated all loyal citizens who seek honesty and common sense in Government.

"You will, no doubt, agree that the great wealth, power and influence of Andrew W. Mellon have made him immune from any just accounting as to his stewardship, and in my estimation you are unfair in blaming all the evils and ills of the Nation on prohibition, which has never up to this time become a reality as to its enforcement."

My only answer to Mr. Nicholson is this: The evils and crimes which have increased since the Prohibition Act has besmirched our statute books are not due to prohibition but rather to the hypocrisy of prohibition which has nullified itself with the twenty-ninth article which was slyly incorporated in the Act making it legal to turn your home into a common winery. The effect of the Wickersham report, to my mind, is that it has startled the erstwhile leaders of the drys. They are beginning to realize that if their theory of prohibition is to endure, the law, as it stands, must be amended.

Just a few weeks ago Mr. Hoover in speaking of the children of our nation has publicly said: "These, the children, are the most wholesome part of the race . . . we live a life of apprehension as to what their opinion may be of us." Words well chosen. Words to be pondered upon by some historian as he gathers up and crystallizes the thoughts of a future generation regarding our present so-called civilization which is bent upon sustaining a law which is not a law. Its advocates have discovered its wide open loophole. They condemn its chief officers who have charge of enforcing it; while others of them cry out that it has driven the saloon from the corner to the sacredness of our homes. Only he who refuses to accept facts clings to the fiction of the Prohibition Act as it now stands.

Evidently the prohibitionists were most unfortunate in selecting legal advice in the writing of the Prohibition Act. If they are honest, and I think the majority of them are, they will put forth every effort to abolish the bar in the basement as well as the one on the street corner. As the statute stands today it is the farcical mockery of the age.

Just last Friday, Mr. George Wickersham, President Hoover's appointed Chairman of the Commission on Law Enforcement and Observance, declared in an address delivered before the Boston Chamber of Commerce, that "the report sought to set forth temperately without fear or favor the facts relating to the problem." He also observed that his findings were by far more "wet" than "dry."

May I remark again that the figures which I quoted last Sunday were official Government statistics compiled by men appointed and supported by a prohibitionist President.

Now, vituperation and billingsgate are powerless to assail facts. If those whom the truth hurts desire to refute the testimony given one week ago tonight let them be sensible enough to use as a premise for their argument the disproof of their official facts. Loud mouthed contraditions can no longer fool the American public even though they be uttered in pious platitude. The day has arrived when that prohibitionist or moralist who endeavors to uphold the validity of the Prohibition Act must appeal to intelligence and not to prejudice. Every decent citizen will be with him if he is willing to amend the Prohibition Act to the effect that its twenty-ninth article be revoked. But every thinking citizen shall be opposed to him if he persists in being an advocate of a double standard of legal morality.

This is a question neither for a Democrat nor a Republican. It has grown to be an issue between honesty and hypocrisy. It has ceased being a debate between the "wet" and the "dry." It has developed into a problem between lawfulness and lawlessness, between legalized bootlegging protected by the twenty-ninth article and subsidized in some instances by our Federal Government on the one hand, and criminal racketeering on the other. It has elevated the thug and the brigand, the gunman and the booze-runner to the thrones of power and prestige. And this must not endure.

If the twenty-ninth article of the Prohibition Act will permit the corporation over which presides the former Assistant Attorney General of the United States, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, to co-operate in the production of alcoholic beverages from twelve to twenty per cent proof, by what logic of law and reasoning of justice will it condemn the ordinary citizen from brewing a beverage of two and one-half per cent alcohol?

There is no need of quoting Scripture to uphold either side of this argument; for the devil can quote Scripture for his purposes. But there is need of abolishing a double standard of morality—one for the rich, one for the poor, one for the vintner and one for the brewer. It all reverts to the principles upon which the United States were founded of equal rights for all men before the bar of justice.

As far as the prohibitionist is concerned, let him realize that the fat is in the fire. Let him rescue it, if he can, by amending the law, or let it perish in the flames of its own inherent weakness.

CHAPTER XXIII

"THE GREAT BETRAYAL"

I.

JUST yesterday, Saturday, March 21st, our daily press carried in front page headlines the news item that birth control has been officially adopted by The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

One local paper has gone on record as stating that these signers of this report speak for twenty-three-million people. These figures are grossly gratuitous and erroneous. But the fact of the betrayal cannot be disputed if yesterday's news item is correct. The great betrayal of handing over the fundamentals of the natural law to the ideals of paganism; the great betrayal which coincides with the fact that once more the people of this country whom The Federal Council of Churches is supposed to represent have been traded and bartered to the god of political economy.

One is not surprised that such a thing at last has eventuated. Those of us who are acquainted with the activities of communistic doctrines in this country have long since breathed rather nervously at the activities of certain officials in The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America in abetting the program of Lenin and of advocating the ideals of bolshevism.

I am not so imprudent as to stand before this microphone and make such generic charges as cannot be proven not from the mouths of Catholics or of Jews or of Lutherans but from the pens of eminent Presbyterians and Methodists and from the records which are possessed in the files of our country.

Although I had planned to address this audience on a subject altogether different, I prefer to risk the niceties of rhetoric and speak almost extemporaneously upon this great betrayal.

Be it noted at the outset that there is a total lack of unanimity in this so-called endorsation of birth control of The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. Although such influential laymen as George W. Wickersham and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., have committed themselves favorably for it, nevertheless to his lasting credit the Reverend Dr. Howard Chandler Robbins, the committee's chairman and former dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, has gone on record as opposed to this revival of paganism. The name of Mrs. Robert Speer, president of the national board of the Young Women's Christian Association, and the name of Mrs. Orin R. Judd, president of the Council of Women for Home Missions, are likewise honorably associated with Dr. Robbins.

Moreover, the name of Reverend F. H. Knubel, president of the

United Lutheran Church in America, is signed to a statement which openly opposes this surrender of the so-called Federal Council of Churches in America.

Birth control! A subject that should never be mentioned in decent society but which this very day has been made a by-word in the mouths of inquiring children, thanks to this conference and to the front page publicity given to it by the press of our nation.

What other path is left for us to pursue who blush at the insinuations which surround this phrase, "birth control"? Silence were cowardly.

Thus, under the Divine command to go forth and preach the Gospel to every creature, there is nothing that obstructs the path of the Catholic priest when there arises a question of faith and morals. Thanks be to God, it is not a question of debate between Catholic and Protestant. It has resolved itself into a discussion between the Christian and the pagan.

As far as the Catholic Church is concerned, for I dare not speak for the Lutheran or the Jewish or the ten-thousand Protestant ministers who are opposed to this compromise with decency—as far as the Catholic Church is concerned, there is no surrender.

II.

This question of birth control is nothing new in the annals of sociology or of civilization. It is hundreds of years older than The Federal Council of Churches in America. It was born not because of a great moral issue but because of a matter of dollars and cents. Originally it was an economic issue. Its whole history has been tied up with the so-called science of political economy. And today it is still an economic issue for those who advocate it.

It is true that the endorsers of this revived paganism comment on the fact that "under certain physical conditions of the mother, pregnancy is hazardous both to mother and child." But it is likewise true that the chief reason which they advance for lending their imprimatur and sanction to birth control is because of economic considerations. They say: "Very large families tend to produce poverty." Moreover, they rescue from the discarded sophistries of the past the punctured theory that the problems of over-population are also involved in the consideration of birth control. And finally to clinch their specious arguments—I am quoting from yesterday's news item which the "Detroit Free Press" blazoned upon its front page—they say that the question of birth control "is recognized by all churches and physicians." Gratuitous statements and Corinthian arguments! The Catholic Church, for one, recognizes it as a revival of paganism.

III.

Let us approach this subject along the highway of history.

In the Jewish dispensation we find no mention of contraception. It remained for the nations of luxury, of wealth, of social prestige to bring into the world the theories of birth control.

Even the sinful Canaanites are without indictment on this crime that is contrary to the nature of matrimony. But with Grecian culture and Roman civilization the theory of race limitation arrives. Plato and Aristotle for the Greeks urged the control of population in their communistic states. They urged it by controlling birth and regulating marriage, lest the means of support from the soil be insufficient for all citizens.

Here then is the birth of a theory. Here is the origin of perhaps the most heinous and vicious of sins. Control birth lest the nation starve! An appealing argument to the selfish, luxury loving people of all time; a people who advocated and practiced slavery; a people who prated of liberty and had none of it; a people who knew not the meaning of a just and living wage.

Greece under the sting of its own decadence fell before the eagle of Imperial Rome. But eventually the Roman conquerors adopted the vices of the conquered. Soon the Greek theory of economic pressure was borrowed to cover vice. In the higher strata of society at Rome birth control was openly practiced. From Macauley we remember the lines condemning Rhea:

"The children to the Tiber,
The Mother to the Tomb."

The poet, Ovid, writing of the Roman upper classes comments on the practice of birth control. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, recognized the evil—the physical evil of this same birth control. His voice alone in ancient Greece remains to remind us that always the leaders in medicine protest the violation of nature's laws. For Hippocrates bound by oath the physicians "not to give woman drinks fatal to the unborn child."

But Aspasia, the most wicked of the women of antiquity, was daily teaching contraception.

So historically, my friends, we see the origin of this so-called new theory just adopted into the "Apostles' Creed" of The Federal Council of Churches. It had its historical origin among the well-to-do. Birth control was advocated by the cultured lest the nation perish. It was practiced by the selfish and the luxurious rich. It was woven around an economic argument. And its disciples throughout the centuries have canonized Aspasia who preached to the women of her day the art of child prevention. For then as now men and women desired all the freedom of the marital union without the consequences. For then as now passions dictated to reason. For then as now the selfish and the slave owners desired their pleasures and their possessions uninterrupted either by self-sacrifice on their own part or starvation on the part of the laborers. For then as now the economic theory was brought into play—the theory that some day the race would be in danger from over-population; the pagan theory of Aristotle and Plato whose little city states were hemmed in by unproductive mountains. And above all for then as now the cowardly leaders instead of attempting to remedy the conditions of slavery in which the working people found themselves, prostituted their intelligences and their combined activities of leadership to the lords of wealth and the masters of commerce. They endeavored to curtail the birth of children instead of endeavoring to raise their voices in protest against the overlords of tyranny.

But at length the wheel of civilization turned. New manhood and the eternal labor of the races of Western Europe left little to be felt through the ravages of birth control. Population was limited as Almighty God saw fit to limit it—by war and pestilence and disease and famine and the marriage customs and the fecundity of His peoples.

In the ages that followed the two great pagan empires of antiquity the voice of the early Church put an end to birth control. Where the Church entered, contraception ended.

No sooner had Christianity appeared than conditions changed. Constantine, the first Christian emperor, enacted two great laws which reflected the influence of Christian teaching on the subject. By the first, funds were supplied to families who were overburdened economically with children. This emperor was Christian enough to scuttle the economic argument. Has this piece of history escaped the Federal Council of Churches, or, knowing it, have they refrained from raising their voices to go to the root of the matter instead of harmlessly hacking at the dead branches of its effects? Instead of that, it appears that they have surrendered, to repeat, to the overlords of industry.

Greece and Rome, China and Japan and India, and now America all admit the right to prevent the conception of the unwelcome babe. First birth control was advocated in these other countries. Then slowly but surely infanticide and abortion and murder became legalized upon their statute books. Does it mean that America must follow suit?

Wherever the pagan spirit of Greece and Rome, China, Japan and India exists today there is found in counterpart the theory that economic pressure however distant bears the right to kill the unborn child or to prevent its being conceived. In modern times the issue has been reborn. Population is once more the basis for an argument. In modern times the issue has found exposure upon the front pages of our daily journals to prevent conception because the father of a family is no longer able to support his offspring from the unjust and unliving wages which have followed in the wake of mass productionism.

The greatest of all English economists, Adam Smith, recognized a scarcity of subsistence was a thing of past ages. This was in 1776. A few years later it was Ortes, a Venetian Friar, who first taught that population was increasing in geometric ratio 1-2-4-8-16- and that sustenance was increasing in arithmetical ration only 1-2-3-4-5.

Here my friends, is another way of stating that as far back as these days it was being recognized that a just and living wage was not being accorded to the population of Europe.

But the discovery of the Venetian Friar led to the conclusion which he observed must be corrected by sexual restraint and by a re-adjustment of the laws of labor.

And then came Malthus—the greatest theorist and the most active student on the question of over-population and birth control. Writing in 1798 a reply to William Godwin, he attempted to answer the argument that poverty was largely a result of the improper distribution of wealth. For Godwin advanced the theory that there was wealth enough in the world for us all; the theory that nature was bountiful with her gifts and that man was at fault in their proper distribution.

Malthus wrote for the classes. He wrote to shift the responsibility of poverty on the child bearing, child rearing poor of his day. His thesis was that the fecundity of man out-ran the fertility of the soil. His principle was that man reproduced in geometric ratio; that land increased its productivity in arithmetic ratio. He recognized the acts of Providence—war, pestilence, famine, disease, etc. But in a deep pessimism he predicted the day when the nations would starve unless birth control stepped in to save the situation.

Malthus was writing in a peculiar day. Men who read him today forget the temper and nature of his time. Forget that he wrote just after the French Revolution when the downfall of the old social system left no improvement in the conditions of the French nation. We forget Malthus was writing as an Englishman of 1798, after a series of successively bad harvests.

But we do not forget that the temporizers and lineal descendants of Malthus of our own day have likewise given voice to their theories of contraception and birth control on the heels of another depression.

Let us not forget that in the days of Malthus the national credit was low; that imports were few; that population was increasing due to the freedom of life in the new cities. Let us not forget that the Poor Laws gave paupers doles and increased tremendously the number of improvident marriages and illegitimate births and unemployment.

Then it was that Malthus wrote his thesis and put in the minds of the cultured of this world an idea. That idea was that population should be checked for the well being of man. That idea was that the short-comings of this new capitalism which was born in that day should be perpetuated and that the poverty which followed in its train should be wiped out by the prevention of children to the poorer classes.

What matters if Malthus was wrong? What matter if he had no facts—facts such as would show that the human race always fought against economic conditions on their own battle ground and refused to surrender to the circumstances behind the smoke screen of child prevention? Had not slavery been abolished after the preachings of Peter and Paul? Had not the Magna Charta been signed and wrung from the unwilling hands of a despot king? In his own England, had not the beginnings of the Reform Bills of 1832 and 1864 pointed to liberty and to a just livelihood? These facts of course he did not remember, and could not have known.

What matter if none of his arguments are applicable today? We have now the science of agriculture when then there was only the art. Today we have transportation facilities which make the goods of one clime available to the people of another almost immediately. Today our savings deposit vaults in this country are loaded with twenty-seven-billion dollars of deposits; our granaries are choked with one-hundred-twenty-five-million bushels of stored wheat; our great mid-western Mississippi empire is capable of accommodating more than one-hundred-twenty-million more Americans. Our schools are more numerous in proportion to population than at any other period in the history of civilization. The only argument advanced by Malthus and which can hold water today is the argument for the classes and not for the masses.

Today famines have become artificial famines; man made famines; disciplinary famines. The shortage of money is one that has been negotiated by filibustering the Seventh Commandment of Almighty God. Both the shortage of money and the shortage of food are due solely to the criminal perverseness that refuses a sound plan of distribution for the world's goods. And the shortage of labor and the low wage rate are likewise due to the perverseness of legislators who refuse to harness the Frankenstein of mass production.

Malthus wrote buncombe to the wealthy. And the wealthy from that day to this have listened and liked it. And I fear that The Federal Council of Churches of Christ are again writing buncombe to the wealthy and have not taken up the problems of the poor. Instead of preaching the practical brotherhood of man; instead of insisting on a just and living wage so that a father can provide for his offspring they are tossing a sensual sop of perverse sexuality in their doctrine of birth control and contraception. "Enjoy sexual intercourse but limit your children to the measurement of the pocketbook which is under-filled and incompetent to take care of a normal family."

In 1798 Malthus had no remedy, no cure for the disease of population; no cure for the disease of growing mass production.

Be it said of this Anglican clergyman that in 1803 he brought out a new edition in which he applied the remedy. It is all summed up in the one word "self-restraint." But the thousands who had read his thesis were little interested in his remedy. They had the idea. It was an idea precious to the luxury loving, self centered classes who now had a "spiritual reason" to do what they desired. They had found in Malthus the classic alibi of the ages; an alibi as old as Aristotle; an alibi dear to the profligate heart of Aspasia.

Here was the answer to control the laboring population. Here was the answer whereby the laboring class could continue eking out an existence with an under-filled pocketbook through a religious sanction of birth control. If the surplus of children is an evil insofar that a father of a family can no longer take care of his offspring, here is the solution of that evil. If murmurings of dissatisfaction and rumblings of revolt bestir the laboring class in their thickly populated tenement districts, let us drown out those cries of dissatisfaction by preaching to them the sanctity of the doctrine of birth control. And at the same time let us keep fat our ecclesiastical revenues by bending the pregnant knee of unchristliness before the overlords of wealth.

There are, my friends, four reasons today advocated for birth control. There is first over-population. Those who use this argument had better study the geography of the United States of America or let them go back to England whence they came. The second is that income will not permit of child bearing and child rearing. The answer to that is to correct the evils of capitalism and mass productionism. The third is the mother's health. Granted immediately that many mothers suffer an impairment of health through bearing children. But did not St. Paul once say that "a woman shall be saved by bearing children?" I wonder what argument would be employed to the five-hundred-thousand Christians who crimsoned the sands of the Flavian Amphitheatre with their martyred blood? I can almost hear the advocates of birth control telling them: "Renounce your faith for it is bad for your health."

And the fourth argument is human welfare and human happiness—these demand the privileges of birth control if they shall exist. Reach out your hand and let it rest upon the golden crown of your baby boy or darling girl. All the gold and wealth of America could not purchase this child from your possession. All the tinseled joys of life could not repay you in happiness for the loss of your child. Supposing that you had practiced contraception and birth control when in the Providence of God a pure soul had come to bless your marital love, today there would be no child, and there would be no happiness. Your stretched out hand would grasp the empty air!

In this endeavor to give publicity to the birth control endorsation of The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, I have attempted to do but two things. The first was to show that the idea is by no means new. It was conceived and cradled and practiced by pagans. It was assailed by Christians from the time of Constantine down to this present day of Pope Pius XI. And secondly, it was always connected with the betrayal of the population of nations; always identified with an economic question of starvation; always advocated by the so-called cultured and wealthy. It is nothing new.

As far as the Catholic Church is concerned, we adhere to the principle that the sacrament of matrimony was not instituted by man but by God; that the laws made to strengthen and to confirm and to elevate it are not of man's devisal; and that the nature of matrimony is entirely independent of the free will of man as much as is the law of sunrise and of sunset. It is our belief that matrimony was instituted by God for the procreation and education of children and not merely for the pleasures of sexual intercourse enjoyed independently of the object of matrimony. On this question we may not be silent. For, in the words of Pope Pius XI: "If any pastor of souls, which may God forbid, lead the faithful entrusted to him into the errors of birth control or should at least confirm them by approval or by guilty silence, let him be mindful of the fact that he must render a strict account to God, the Supreme Judge, for the betrayal of His sacred trust, and let him take to himself the words of Christ: 'They are blind leaders of the blind. And if the blind lead the blind, both fall into the pit.' "

Upon what texts of Scripture do The Federal Council of Churches in America rest their argument for birth control? The Bible is their sole rule of faith. They have read it and so have I. They have scrutinized it and so have I. But in all my readings, I have never found a passage to contradict the pristine command of Almighty God: "Increase and multiply." I have never discovered a contradiction to the inspired words penned by the mighty Paul that: "A woman shall be saved by bearing children." I have read that Christ once said: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." I have been impressed by the sheen of the golden thread which runs through both the Old and the New Testament as it emphasizes that children are to be considered a blessing from Almighty God. And I have been taught from childhood that a father and mother are nothing more than the co-operators with Almighty God in peopling the courts of heaven.

Thus, when we measure life not by months and years; not by pain and sorrow; not by the yardstick of gain and loss, but by the faith of God which lifts aside the cloak of time and permits us to glimpse beyond the gates of eternity, I am impressed with the thought that every child born into this world and baptized in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost is but another jewel rescued from the dark depths of this earth to adorn the crown of Christ above. Christ came into the world to save souls, not to limit them.

Had I time at my disposal, I could show that many of the geniuses of civilization have been the offspring of large families.

But I had rather emphasize what the Head of the Catholic Church, Pope Pius XI, has said regarding this thing of birth control. Here is the Catholic remedy for poverty. The Federal Council of Churches cry "Birth Control." We say in the words of Pius XI: "Such social and economic measures must be set up as will enable every head of the family to earn as much as, according to his station in life, is necessary for himself, his wife, and for rearing his children. For the laborer is worthy of his hire." This is the Catholic solution of our economic question; a solution founded in accordance with the Scriptures and not against them.

The thought occurs to me that if we Catholics and Protestants will open the pages of the Bible at the thirty-eighth chapter of Genesis, verse the fourth, we will read of the birth of a man called Onan. Further in the same chapter at the eighth verse we read where this same Onan, who was the Biblical founder of birth control and the lineal progenitor of his modern brethren—we read that it says: "Go into thy brother's wife and marry her, that thou mayest raise seed to thy brother. He knowing that the children should not be his, when he went into his brother's wife, spilled his seed upon the ground lest children should be born in his brother's name. And therefore, the Lord slew him because he did a detestable thing."

I am glad that I remembered this text from the Scriptures upon which The Federal Council of Churches base all their faith; for to them the Bible is the sole rule of faith. And I am somewhat grieved when in this so-called day of perfect Christianity we must dig out of the far distant Book of Genesis the condemnation of Almighty God Who calls the founder of birth control a murderer, and Who brands his sin "a detestable thing."

Ladies and gentlemen, there is no one who sympathizes more with the laboring class of this generation than does the Catholic Church. More than forty years ago Leo XIII of immortal memory came to their defense. And today Pius XI has likewise raised his voice amidst the protestations of capitalists and tyrants. Both of them place their finger in blaming the unjust economic system under which the laboring class is forced to live as a partial cause of the growth of birth control.

In conclusion may I point a lesson to all those who seek the truth. Out of France comes the story of a maid, a great anti-birth controlist.

> "O my god," prayed Zelie Guerin after ill health had prevented her from entering the cloister. "Since I am unworthy to be Thy Spouse, I shall enter the married state to fulfil Thy Holy Will and I beseech Thee to make me the mother of many children and to

grant that all of them may be dedicated to Thee."

And Zelie's husband, Louis Martin, had in the same manner sought in vain to enter the religious order.

The ninth child born to this marriage was Ste. Therese, the "Little Flower" of the Child Jesus.

How empty are the arguments of over-population, a mother's health, economic pressure and human happiness when we consider the argument without answer—the life of a ninth child—Ste. Therese, the "Little Flower" of the Child Jesus.

For in her case there was the mutual love and respect and affection of parents united in true marital life; unconscious of remote and artifical problems of over-population; unassailed by suggestions of selfishness predicated upon a mother's health; welcoming the burden of economic pressure; secure, only through the bearing and rearing of children of a true and substantial happiness. The ninth child of that marriage was a saint.

We are indeed thankful that this is not an argument between Protestant and Catholic. It is a discussion between Christian and pagan. Now that some members of The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America have chosen to seek a remedy for our social conditions in the cesspool of Grecian vice; now that they have surrendered their leadership and have preferred to follow the doctrines of Aspasia, let them realize that they have sounded the death-knell of The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

CHAPTER XXIV

EASTER SUNDAY

THE sadness, the sorrow and the tragedy of Good Friday have passed. The whistling lashes, the cruel thorns and blunt nails are but a memory. Christ is dead. As He Himself said: "It is finished."

In its last analysis the life of Christ was crowned by His death. In its final interpretation the death of Christ on the cross fulfilled the essential mission of His coming into the world. Of this we are certain. And upon this fact is builded the structure of our faith, of our hope and of our charity.

It is true that Christ preached on many occasions throughout Palestine.

Nevertheless, this preaching of His was but incidental. He the Founder rather entrusted to His apostles and their successors the task of teaching the world when He issued to them the Divine command of "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." Andrew to Greece, James to Spain, Peter and Paul to Rome, Austin to England, Boniface to Germany, Bernard to France, Francis to India and the companions of Columbus, of Cortez, of Cartier, of Champlain and of Cadillac to America.

Christ has preached more efficaciously through the mouths of these His apostles who have set foot upon every shore of the seven seas than He did through His own lips which never sounded word outside the narrow confines of Palestine.

It is also true that Christ went about His native land doing good. The multiplication of the loaves on the hillside of Judea, the raising of the dead to life on the streets of Naim, in the household of Jarius and in the graveyard of Bethania where in the midst of thousands He gave life to the dead Lazarus—of these miracles we shall not be forgetful. Nor shall time ever rob us of the memory of those incidents when He cleansed the leper, when He gave back sight to the young man born blind, when He calmed the stormy waters of Lake Geneserath or when He dared the rash accusers of the woman taken in adultery to cast the first stone.

Stupendous as these events are in themselves, nevertheless, they are not of equal importance when we measure them alongside the tragedy of the cross where Christ surrenders His life for the redemption of the world.

Peter, in the Name of Jesus, has raised the dead to life. Miracles have been multiplied at Lourdes, at St. Anne de Beaupre and a thousand other Shrines. Wherever in truth there is faith as much as a grain of mustard seed, there will be miracles; there will be those to say to the insurmountable mountains of fear, of illness, of oppression—cast thyself into the sea.

Therefore, Christ has not only commissioned His apostles to preach but He has left behind Him the power of miracles to those who exercise the gift of faith.

These things I cite, my dear friends, to emphasize the fact that the death of Jesus upon the cross was the essentially Christly thing in all His life. Others may preach. Others through His Blessed Name may work wonders. But He alone could and did die for the redemption of the world.

In one sense the Resurrection of Christ from the dead becomes almost equally important as the passing of Christ from the living to the dead. "If Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain," says St. Paul.

Was it not in Pilate's Hall that Christ gave utterance to the one boast of His life: "Destroy this temple and in three days I will build it up again"?

Was it not because of this statement that Annas and Caiaphas and the suborned witnesses gathered about the cross to taunt Him with "Thou Who sayest that Thou wouldst destroy the temple and in three days build it up again, come down from the cross"?

Was it not because of this boast as they considered it that these same persons had accused Christ of being a blasphemer and had clamored for His crucifixion; for none but God, so they understood, had power over both life and death.

Here then is the test of it all. Here they will prove to the people that by the power of Beelzebub the lepers had been cleansed, the lame were cured and the loaves were multiplied.

Thus, reverently my friends, we take our stand beneath the cross. The crowd which had come to witness the death of Christ had dispersed. Only the intimate disciples and friends of the Saviour together with His Blessed Mother remain.

The Sabbath was approaching. In accordance with the ancient regulation, it began at sunset. And this was a particularly solemn Sabbath because it fell within the Paschal Feast.

Although it was the Roman custom to leave the bodies of those crucified for considerable time upon the cross, nevertheless, the Mosiac Law, on the contrary forbade that the corpse of one executed be left on the gibbet for the night. To leave it there, would have been to profane the entire holy land and to draw down divine malediction thereon.

Before Our Lord expired the chief priests sent to Pilate a request that he would order Christ's limbs to be broken with a club so as to hasten His death. This was an additional act of barbarity. Nevertheless, the governor, having no reason to refuse this request, at once sent soldiers who broke the legs of the two thieves. When they came to the Saviour's cross, behold He was already dead. One of them, Longinus by name, by way of precaution pierced His side with a lance. Thence flowed a mixture of blood and water.

Christ was already dead. Dead beyond all dispute. And to this fact His enemies have born witness.

Well have the prophecies of the ancient Scriptures been fulfilled! "You shall not break a bone of Him," says one Scripture. "And they shall look upon Him Whom they pierced," is the foretelling of Zacharias.

It may have been four o'clock in the afternoon when these last events took place. At this season of the year in Palestine the sun sets at about six o'clock. Consequently, whatever steps were to be taken regarding the Saviour's burial had to be attended to speedily.

Then it was that Joseph of Arimathea intervened. First of all before he could act, Pilate's authorization was required. With his attendants he goes to the procurator's home.

Do not forget that this Joseph of Arimathea was a member of the Sanhedrin. Do not be unmindful of the immense courage which was required on his part to act as a friend of Christ in the face of the majority of the Sanhedrin's members who already had condemned the Innocent Victim to death.

But he who became forever illustrious by this act of courage obtained permission to take the corpse from the cross and bury it in his own tomb.

Carefully the nails are withdrawn from the hands and the feet. Tenderly the bruised head is let down into the arms of His afflicted mother. Nicodemus was there. So was John both of whom assisted Joseph in this holy task.

Behold the Blessed Mother who once bathed her Baby Boy at Bethlehem's cave as she washes the congealed blood from those thousand gaping wounds. Pity her as she lifts the crown of thorns from the tender brow which she had so often kissed!

With all the love of a sorrowing mother she wraps His arms and limbs in linen cloths. The precious ointments and spices which Joseph and Nicodemus brought are placed about the corpse—myhrr, aloes.

The wisemen of old had brought myhrr to the crib of the infant Jesus. I wonder if its fragrance on the day of His burial brought back the memory of it all to Mary's broken heart.

And thus, His sacred body was temporarily embalmed. Mary's last kiss had been pressed against His cold lips. The little procession sets out from the hill of Calvary just as the crimson sun is setting into his grave in the west.

According to tradition the distance from Calvary's Hill to Joseph's tomb is only one-hundred-thirty feet.

Poor Jesus—really poor! He was born in a cave which was owned by shepherds. He was too poor to have had in His possession a tomb for His own burial.

Tenderly Joseph and Nicodemus placed His body upon the cold slab. Gently does John take Mary by the arm and lead her away.

Then, the servants and Joseph roll a great stone before the entrance.

With Mary Magdalan, with Mary the mother of James, the sorrowful Virgin Mother wends her way to the great city. The sun has set. Her heart is broken. But it is still filled with hope—a hope that is born of heaven.

In the matter of the Saviour's burial St. Matthew relates a final detail which reveals the violent hatred held by Caiaphas for Christ—a hatred that pursued Him even after death. On Holy Saturday morning a delegation made up of the chief priests and pharisees went to Pilate and said to him: "Sir, we have remembered that the Seducer said while He was yet alive, 'After three days I will rise again'. Command to have the sepulchre to be guarded until the third day lest perhaps his disciples come and steal Him away and say to the people: 'He is risen from the dead'. This last error shall be worse than the first." Worse than the first! Caiaphas, little didst thou know how truly thou didst speak.

Although they respectfully address Pilate, they still fear Christ Who is cold in the tomb. They fear Him lest He shall rise again. The day before they were triumphant as they mocked Him on His cross. Now their triumph staggers under the banner of defeat. What has become of their arrogance?

Pilate at once accedes to their request. "You shall have guards. Go, guard it as you please." A group of soldiers is placed at their service. They hasten to the tomb that is now deserted by all save the corpse of Christ and the angels which hover about it. The great stone is sealed. The soldiers are stationed about it. Exact orders are given them to exercise the strictest watchfulness. All these precautions were providential. They serve to place entirely beyond question the miracle of miracles which is about to happen.

And so into the long hours of the night in the lurid glow of their campfire, the soldiers watched. No one approached to disturb the tomb.

Just as the morning sun is beginning to paint the east with roseate hues behold to the consternation of those present who are guarding the tomb, the great stone trembled, then poised itself upon its pivot, and comes tumbling back. There stands Jesus glorious and immortal, risen from the dead. The temple which had been destroyed is rebuilt within three days.

The temporary anointing bestowed upon Jesus by Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea was planned to preserve the corpse from decaying until after the Sabbath Day. Now that the Feast of the Pasch was over; now that the first day of the week had come behold the Galilean women setting forth at sunrise to Joseph's garden for the final anointing of Christ's body. There was Mary Magdalan and Mary the mother of James. There were Salome and Joanna. As they were nearing the place, they thought of the heavy stone which they had seen set against the entrance to the tomb. And they said one to another: "Who shall roll us back the stone of the sepulchre?" They knew even with their combined strength they would be unable to effect this removal. They were not yet aware that the Jewish authorities had set guards at the sepulchre and sealed the entrance.

Great was their amazement when, upon going forward and raising their eyes to the slight eminence that formed Golgotha they perceived that the stone already had been rolled away and that the tomb was open. There were the soldiers prostrate on the ground! There was an angel at the entrance to the tomb! Just as at Bethlehem angels sang the birth of Christ, so at Golgotha an angel told of His resurrection.

As all the women save Mary of Magdala timidly approached the tomb, the messenger from heaven addressed them: "Be not affrighted. You seek Jesus of Nazareth Who was crucified. Why seek ye the living with the dead. He is not here, and He has risen as He said."

Imagine how rapidly their hearts beat within their breasts. The miracle of miracles had transpired. Christ had risen from the dead. Doubt bowed to certainty. Faith gave way to knowledge and experience. Jesus is their God.

As if sensing the drama which was being enacted within each heart, the angel invites them to come and inspect the tomb. "Come and see the place where the Lord was laid," said he. "Remember how He spoke unto you when He was yet alive in Galilee saying: 'The Son of Man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men and be crucified and the third day rise again'."

The empty tomb, no doubt, shone with light supernal. There was the slab upon which His corpse had been placed. There were the linen cloths which had bound His limbs and body. And there were the joyful women kneeling and pressing to their lips those sacred signs of victory.

No wonder that the angel of God interrupted them. They had a mission to perform. "Go," said he, "and tell His disciples and Peter that He is risen and that He goeth before you into Galilee. There you shall see Him as He told you."

As I repeat, Mary of Magdala was not present at this scene, because as soon as she had perceived that the tomb was open she did not even glance into it to note what had happened, but ran back and communicated the news to Peter and John. "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre and we know not where they have laid Him," were her disturbing words.

With a desire to verify the facts, the two apostles set out speedily. What happened is narrated minutely by St. John. They soon arrived at the tomb. The great stone now rolled away was observed, the lingering soldiers were questioned. The linens were examined.

"He saw and believed"—these are the words with which St. John closes his account.

In the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead we begin to understand what He meant when He defined Himself in the words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." We begin to understand more clearly that life is not bounded by the cradle and the grave. We begin to appreciate more clearly His teaching of "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice and all these things shall be added unto you."

There is not one single home be it a palace or a humble cottage into which my voice is being carried this evening which does not ring with newer hope that in the victory of Christ over death some day there shall be duplicated the miracles of Bethsaida, of Naim and of Jerusalem where Christ raised Lazarus, the widow's son and the daughter of Jairus from the cold grasp of death.

Some loved one has departed from your midst. Some chair is vacant. Some heart is lonesome. But in the memory of this first Easter morn there is the promise extended to all who believe in Jesus Christ that every grave shall be opened and every corpse though crushed and worn with the weight of this life shall be returned to your possession. Arms to grasp you in eternal embrace. Voice to whisper to you the words of lasting love. Lips to impress yours with the seal of a sacred kiss. Oh grave where is thy victory! Oh death where is thy sting!

Thus in the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, hope is born within every human heart. To those of us who are crushed in grief in some Gethesmane; to the thousands of our fellow citizens whose brows are crowned with the thorns of worry; to the millions of our brothers and sisters whose poor bodies are lashed by the scourge of illness; to everyone who either today or tomorrow must set forth from some Pilate's Hall bearing a heavy cross upon his shoulder as he staggers along a highway that leads to Calvary, there is that unfading, imperishable memory of Jesus Christ Who has gone before us and there is that Divine assurance that just beyond the hill of skulls there is the tomb of the resurrection.

Through His blessed Name and blessed victory over death the great stone of doubt has been rolled aside. In His resurrection from the grave there is given strength to everyone of us to thread our weary way along life's journey confident in our own resurrection both of body and soul from the dead.

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